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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Old Doll's House

a short story by

Damon Runyon

MAY 13, 1933

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Mix 1 pound cured ham, ½ pound ground fresh pork, 2 cups Heinz Rice Flakes, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon Heinz Worcestershire Sauce and pepper. Form half the mixture into an oblong layer. Arrange 3 hard cooked eggs end to end on the meat, then cover with remaining meat and pat into a loaf. Bake in a moderate oven 375° F. for about 1¼ hours, basting with a small amount of water as needed. Serve accompanied by Heinz Tomato Ketchup.

* * *

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

YOUNG PETE RIPLEY had been around and about. He had kissed a duchess in a Park Avenue penthouse and played bridge with an unemployed king at Biarritz. He was suave and attractive and possessed of a cosmopolitan air. In addition he was Washington correspondent for a large New York paper — a statesman - journalist really, though you had to smile when you called him that.

When he fell in love he did it thoroughly and at once; he didn't even have time to learn the girl's name. Then his past rose up and overwhelmed him. He found out that she was Eunice Belden of Rivermont—one of those Beldens whose almost legendary grandeur had hypnotized his youth.

In a dramatic story of love and politics Elmer Davis tells you what became of this "Man with a Past."

IN ANOTHER story of a small-town boy—this time fact and not fiction—you will witness the wartime mobilization of the American Red Cross under the inspired leadership of Henry P. Davison. Thomas W. Lamont, in the final installment of his narrative, shows you Davison at the pinnacle of his career—a man who talked with kings and never lost the common touch.

"IT'S an old story," Judith Gay said. "You work to possess something. Then it possesses you." She was talking to Jim Cherburg, the champion buckaroo of all the Western rodeos. No one could touch him for throwing a steer or riding a killer. He was at the top of his profession and he couldn't quit. "Kings," Judith said, "don't quit. They die." That very nearly held good for Jim Cherburg, but, luckily, not quite. Ernest Haycox takes you to see the romantic conclusion of "The Last Rodeo."

EVERYONE knows that love and business shouldn't be mixed. That's a kind of elementary copy-book maxim. And the younger you are the truer it is. George Merrill had been told, but he didn't wholly believe it. And so when his father conspired with the father of the girl he loved to prevent them from marrying, he tried out the dangerous mixture. Things looked pretty bad for a time, but, as Lee Harriman reports, everything's lollipops now. His short story is justifiably entitled "Plenty of Sparkle."

JEFFERY FARNOL, T. R. Ybarra, Grantland Rice, Don Marquis, Sax Rohmer (alias Fu Manchu), Arthur Somers Roche, Freling Foster and others no less famous crowd the stage. You'll be lucky to get standing room.

This Week

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May 13, 1933

DAMON RUNYON
The Old Doll's House. **Many citizens will give a large cheer for the old doll.** **Page 7**

JAMES FRANCIS DWYER
Far From Java. **A weird drama, involving as principals one girl and one black panther.** **Page 10**

THOMAS W. LAMONT
Henry P. Davison. **Wartime benefits to American industry and agriculture.** **Page 12**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Slander, Part VI. **A crisis in three lives.** **Page 14**

W. B. COURTNEY
The Lie of the Line. **All about trout.** **Page 16**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Soft Assignment, **by Gerald Mygatt.** **Page 17**

FRANK LEON SMITH
Coming Attractions. **Mr. Kiley said it with subtitles, but the message got across just the same.** **Page 18**

DON MARQUIS
Variety. **Mr. Marquis' show.** **Page 19**

SAX ROHMER
Fu Manchu's Bride, Part II. **Alan Sterling in beautiful and unscrupulous hands.** **Page 20**

SELMA ROBINSON
Masterpieces for Fare. **Food for the famous.** **Page 22**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **On the frontiers of knowledge.** **Page 47**

EDITORIAL
Let the Seller Beware. **Page 54**

●

Any Week

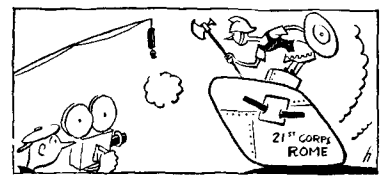
PERHAPS the New Deal hasn't reached Morehouse, Missouri. Anyway, Mr. J. J. Connelly, who lives there, hasn't seen it. He's feeling pretty cynical. He suggests that we make April 1st our great national holiday instead of July 4th because "there are lots more damn' fools around than patriots."

"JUST to show you how things are going down here," says Mr. Ted O. Burns of Washington, D. C., "I met a new congressman the other day who told me that when the smoke clears away he wouldn't be surprised to find that he had voted for his own impeachment and didn't know it."

AND Mr. John H. Ferris of Norwalk, Connecticut, hastens to relay to us a remark of Mrs. Ferris' while entertaining at bridge. "Yes," said she, "we subscribe to quite a number of magazines. We read Collier's."

MRS. MARJORIE E. McNULTY of Dunsmuir, California, wants it understood that when she was quoted recently in this column that whenever her husband was called to return to his job for a few days it was by a "foreign-born foreman," that's not what she meant. Her husband's foreman, she assures us, is American-born and quite proud of it.

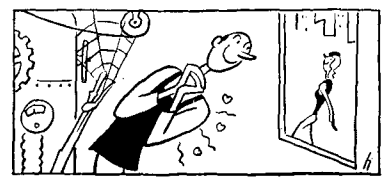
WHAT some people call a responsive chord was twanged in the heart of Mr. R. P. Crawford of Shreve, Ohio, by John B. Kennedy's "Hits and Errors." Having seen a recent popular movie, Mr. Crawford sees no reason whatever for the Emperor Cæsar's Tenth Roman Legion following military maneuvers according to the Manual of Arms of the 1917 regulations of the United States Army.



THIS, thinks Mr. Ernest T. Krowley of Seattle, Washington, is a perfectly magnificent opportunity for an honest man. "Provided," he concludes, "he has anything to be honest with or about."

A LETTER from Miss Nancy Pope of Hollywood tells us a lot of things we hadn't heard about California's latest earthquake. But what sticks in our mind is her picture of a lady who, at the first temblor, came rushing from her home, arms uplifted and shouting: "Lord, Lord, I'm a Presbyterian."

MR. DAVID DWOSKIN of Fayetteville, Arkansas, admonishes John Erskine. In Mr. Erskine's story, Erginette, he has it that where his heroine, Erginette, does her devastating, twenty thousand ergs was a fair year's work. "Twenty thousand ergs," protests Mr. Dwoskin, "would be so negligible an amount of work that it would practically be nothing." But, Mr. Dwoskin, with a gal like that in the neighborhood how could a man do more?



AND here's one from a young woman in Emaus, Pennsylvania, who hopes that we have noticed that the people of that great state refuse to lower their moral standards by permitting the devil-distilled and Sabbath-desecrating game of baseball on Sunday but take no legislative notice of the girls in Emaus, and probably elsewhere, who are working in shirt factories for a dollar and a quarter a week.

"I'M GLAD to meet you, Senator," said a gentleman, introduced to Kingfish Huey Long in Washington recently. "Yeah?" bellowed the Kingfish. "Why are you glad to meet me?" "Because," our friend replied, "I'm the fish-and-game commissioner of Connecticut and I'm interested even in the kind we don't have at home."

AMONG others, here is a letter from the Hon. John Kinley Tener, a man of superior parts. Once he was Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, later he became governor of Pennsylvania and before either he played first base for the Philadelphia National League Club. Or was it the Pittsburgh Club? Anyway, he liked Teresa Hyde Phillips' story "As a Gentleman Should" so well that he went to the trouble of telling us so, as a gentleman should.

MR. ARNOLD LUSK of Birmingham, Alabama, asks us to work on this one: He received a bill for interest on a loan he had negotiated four months ago from a bank in which he is a depositor but which is closed. He sent a check for the amount, drawn on that bank which refuses to let him have a dime of the five thousand dollars he had on deposit. Now he gets the check back with the information that it's no good. He admits that he is beginning to suspect that there is something wrong.

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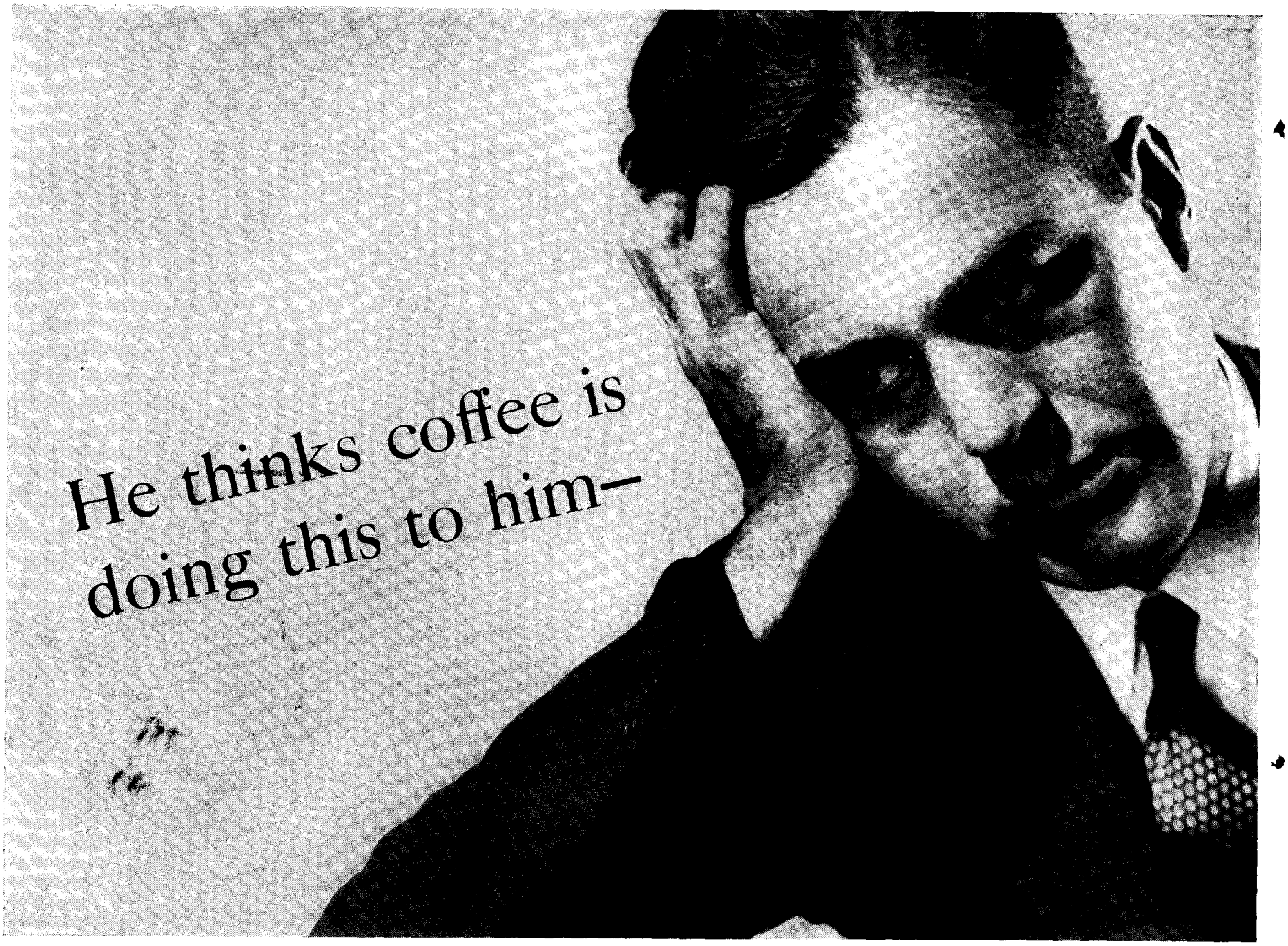

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The Old Doll's House

By Damon Runyon

A very romantic story —so romantic that some very romantic people, indeed, are still scratching their noodles over it. They will never get anywhere. Miss Abigail Ardsley has plenty of potatoes. And she is not the sort to talk

He stands there somewhat dazed, and she tells him to sit down

NOW it seems that one cold winter night, a party of residents of Brooklyn comes across the Manhattan Bridge in an automobile wishing to pay a call on a guy by the name of Lance McGowan, who is well-known to one and all along Broadway as a coming guy in the business world.

In fact, it is generally conceded that, barring accident, Lance will some day be one of the biggest guys in this country as an importer, and especially as an importer of such merchandise as fine liquors, because he is very bright, and has many good connections throughout the United States and Canada.

Furthermore, Lance McGowan is a nice-looking young guy and he has plenty of ticker, although some citizens say he does not show very sound business judgment in trying to move in on Angie the Ox over in Brooklyn, as Angie the Ox is an importer himself, besides enjoying a splendid trade in other lines, including artichokes and extortion.

Of course Lance McGowan is not interested in artichokes at all, and very little in extortion, but he does not see any reason why he shall not place his imports in a thriving territory such as Brooklyn, especially as his line of merchandise is much superior to anything handled by Angie the Ox.

Anyway, Angie is one of the residents of Brooklyn in the party that wishes to call on Lance McGowan, and besides Angie the party includes a guy by the name of Mockie Max, who is a very prominent character in Brooklyn, and another guy by the name of The Louse Kid, who is not so prominent, but who is considered a very promising young guy in many respects, although personally I think The Louse Kid has a very weak face.

He is supposed to be a wonderful hand with a burlap bag when anybody wishes to put somebody in such a bag, which is considered a great practical joke in Brooklyn, and in fact The Louse Kid has a burlap bag with him on the night in question, and they are figuring on putting Lance McGowan in the bag when they call on him, just for a laugh. Personally, I consider this a very crude form of humor, but then Angie the Ox and the other members of his party are very crude characters, anyway.

WELL, it seems they have Lance McGowan pretty well cased, and they know that of an evening along toward 10 o'clock, he nearly always strolls through West Fifty-fourth Street on his way to a certain spot on Park Avenue that is called the Humming Bird Club, which has a very high-toned clientele, and the reason Lance goes there is because he has a piece of the joint, and furthermore he loves to show off his shape in a tuxedo to the swell dolls.

So these residents of Brooklyn drive in their automobile along this route, and as they roll past Lance McGowan, Angie the Ox and Mockie Max let fly at Lance with a couple of sawed-offs, while The Louse Kid holds the burlap bag, figuring for all I know that Lance will be startled by the sawed-offs and will hop into the bag like a rabbit.

But Lance is by no means a sucker, and when the first blast of slugs from the sawed-offs breezes past him without hitting him, what does he do but hop over a brick wall alongside him and drop into a yard on the other side. So Angie the Ox, and Mockie Max and The Louse Kid get out of their automobile and run up close to the wall themselves because they commence figuring that if Lance McGowan starts popping at them from behind this wall, they will be taking plenty the worst of it, for of course they cannot figure Lance to be strolling about without being rodded up somewhat.

But Lance is by no means rodded up, because a rod is apt to create a bump in his shape when he has his tuxedo on, so the story really begins with Lance McGowan behind the brick wall, practically defenseless, and the reason I know this story is because Lance McGowan tells most of it to me, as Lance knows that I know his real name is Lancelot, and he feels under great obligation to me because I never mention the matter publicly.

Now, the brick wall Lance hops over is a wall around a pretty fair-sized yard, and the yard belongs to an old two-story stone house, and this house is well known to one and all in this man's town as a house of great mystery, and it is pointed out as such by the drivers of sight-seeing busses.

This house belongs to an old doll by the name of Miss Abigail Ardsley, and anybody who ever reads the newspapers will tell you that Miss Abigail Ardsley has so many potatoes that it is really painful to think of, especially to people who have no potatoes whatever. In fact, Miss Abigail Ardsley has practically all the potatoes in the world, except maybe a few left over for general circulation.

THESE potatoes are left to her by her papa, old Waldo Ardsley, who accumulates same in the early days of this town by buying corner real estate very cheap before people realize this real estate will be quite valuable later on for fruit-juice stands and cigar stores.

It seems that Waldo is a most eccentric old bloke, and is very strict with his daughter, and will never let her marry, or even as much as look as if she wishes to marry, until finally she is so old she does not care a cuss about marrying, or anything else, and becomes very eccentric herself.

In fact, Miss Abigail Ardsley becomes so eccentric that she cuts herself off from everybody, and especially from a lot of relatives who are wishing to live off of her, and any time anybody cuts themselves off from such characters, they are considered very eccentric, indeed, especially by the relatives. She

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lives in the big house all alone, except for a couple of old servants, and it is very seldom that anybody sees her around and about, and many strange stories are told of her.

Well, no sooner is he in the yard than Lance McGowan begins looking for a way to get out, and one way he does not wish to get out is over the wall again, because he figures Angie the Ox and his sawed-offs are bound to be waiting for him in Fifty-fourth Street. So Lance looks around to see if there is some way out of the yard in another direction, but it seems there is no such way, and pretty soon he sees the snozzle of a sawed-off come poking over the wall, with the ugly kisser of Angie the Ox behind it, looking for him, and there is Lance McGowan all cornered up in the yard, and not feeling so good, at that.

Then Lance happens to try a door on one side of the house, and the door opens at once and Lance McGowan hastens in to find himself in the living-room of the house. It is a very large living-room with very nice furniture standing around and about, and oil paintings on the walls, and a big old grandfather's clock as high as the ceiling, and statuary here and there. In fact, it is such a nice, comfortable-looking room that Lance McGowan is greatly surprised, as he is expecting to find a regular mystery-house room such as you see in the movies, with cobwebs here and there, and everything all rotted up, and maybe Boris Karloff wandering about making strange noises.

"Do you recognize him?" Judge Goldstein says, pointing at Lance and giving him the office to stand up. Well, the little old doll takes a gander at him and nods her head

But the only person in this room seems to be a little old doll all dressed in soft white, who is sitting in a low rocking chair by an open fireplace in which a bright fire is going, doing some tatting.

Well, naturally Lance McGowan is somewhat startled by this scene, and he is figuring that the best thing he can do is to guzzle the old doll before she can commence yelling for the gendarmes, when she looks up at him and gives him a soft smile, and speaks to him in a soft voice, as follows:

"Good evening," the old doll says.

Well, Lance cannot think of any reply to make to this at once, as it is certainly not a good evening for him, and he stands there looking at the old doll, somewhat dazed, when she smiles again and tells him to sit down.

So the next thing Lance knows, he is sitting there in a chair in front of the fireplace chewing the fat with the old doll as pleasant as you please, and of course the old doll is nobody but Miss Abigail Ardsley. Furthermore, she does not seem at all alarmed, or even much surprised at seeing Lance in her house, but then Lance is never such a looking guy as is apt to scare old dolls, or young dolls either, especially when he is all slicked up.

Of course Lance knows who Miss Abigail Ardsley is, because he often reads stories in the newspapers about her the same as everybody else, and he always figures such a character must be slightly daffy to cut herself off from everybody when she has all the potatoes in the world, and there is so much fun going on, but he is very courteous to her, because after all he is a guest in her home.

"YOU are young," the old doll says to Lance McGowan, looking him in the kisser. "It is many years since a young man comes through yonder door. Ah, yes," she says, "so many years."

And with this she lets out a big sigh, and looks so very sad that Lance McGowan's heart is touched.

"Forty-five years now," the old doll says in a low voice, as if she is talking to herself. "So young, so handsome, and so good."

And although Lance is in no mood to listen to reminiscences at this time, the next thing he knows he is hearing a very pathetic love story, because it seems that Miss Abigail Ardsley is once all hotted up over a young guy who is nothing but a clerk in her papa's office.

It seems from what Lance McGowan gathers that there is nothing wrong with the young guy that a million bobs will not cure, but Miss Abigail Ardsley's papa is a mean old waffle, and he will never listen to her having any truck with a poor guy, so they dast not let him know how much they love each other.

But it seems that Miss Abigail Ardsley's ever-loving young guy has plenty of moxie, and every night he comes to see her after her papa goes to the hay, and she lets him in through the same side door Lance McGowan comes through, and they sit by the fire and hold hands, and talk in low tones, and plan what they will do when the young guy makes a scratch.

Then one night it seems Miss Abigail Ardsley's papa has the stomach ache, or some such, and cannot sleep a wink, so he comes wandering downstairs looking for the Jamaica ginger, and catches Miss Abigail Ardsley and her ever-loving guy in a clutch that will win the title for any wrestler that can ever learn it.

Well, this scene is so repulsive to Miss Abigail Ardsley's papa that he is practically speechless for a minute, and then he orders the young guy out of his life in every respect, and tells him never to darken his door again, especially the side door.

But it seems that by this time a great storm is raging outside, and Miss Abigail Ardsley begs and pleads with her papa to let the young guy at least remain until the storm subsides, but between being all sored up at the clutching scene he witnesses, and his stomach ache, Mr. Ardsley is very hard-hearted, indeed, and he makes the young guy take the wind.

The next morning the poor young guy is found at the side door frozen as stiff as a board, because it seems that the storm that is raging is the blizzard of 1888, which is a very famous event in the history of New York, although up to this time Lance McGowan never hears of it before, and does not believe it until he looks the matter up afterwards. It seems from what Miss Abigail Ardsley says that as near as anyone can make out, the young guy must return to the door seeking shelter after wandering about in the storm a while, but of course by this time her papa has the door all bolted up, and nobody hears the young guy.

"And," Miss Abigail Ardsley says to Lance McGowan, after giving him all these details, "I never speak to my papa again as long as he lives, and no other man ever comes in or out of yonder door, or any other door of this house, until your appearance tonight, although," she says, "this side door is never locked in case such a young man comes seeking shelter."

THEN she looks at Lance McGowan in such a way that he wonders if Miss Abigail Ardsley hears the sawed-offs going when Angie the Ox and Mockie Max are tossing slugs at him, but he is too polite to ask.

Well, all these old-time memories seem to make Miss Abigail Ardsley feel very tough, and by and by she starts to weep, and if there is one thing Lance McGowan cannot stand, it is a doll weeping, even if she is nothing but an old doll. So he starts in to cheer Miss Abigail Ardsley up, and he pats her

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

on the arm, and says to her like this:

"Why," Lance says, "I am greatly surprised to hear your statement about the doors around here being so little used. Why, Sweetheart," Lance says, "if I know there is a doll as good-looking as you in the neighborhood, and a door unlocked, I will be busting in myself every night. Come, come, come," Lance says, "let us talk things over and maybe have a few laughs, because I may have to stick around here a while. Listen, Sweetheart," he says, "do you happen to have a drink in the joint?"

Well, at this Miss Abigail Ardsley dries her eyes, and smiles again, and then she pulls a sort of a rope near her, and in comes a guy who seems about ninety years old, and who seems greatly surprised to see Lance there. In fact, he is so surprised that he is practically tottering when he leaves the room after hearing Miss Abigail Ardsley tell him to bring some wine and sandwiches.

And the wine he brings is such wine that Lance McGowan has half a mind to send some of the lads around afterwards to see if there is any more of it in the joint, especially when he thinks of the unlocked side door, because he can sell this kind of wine by the carat.

Well, Lance sits there with Miss Abigail Ardsley sipping wine and eating sandwiches, and all the time he is telling her stories of one kind and another, some of which he cleans up a little when he figures they may be a little too snappy for her, and by and by he has her laughing quite heartily indeed.

Finally he figures there is no chance of Angie and his sawed-offs being outside waiting for him, so he says he guesses he will be going, and Miss Abigail Ardsley personally sees him to the door, and this time it is the front door, and as Lance is leaving he thinks of something he once sees a guy do on the stage, and he takes Miss Abigail Ardsley's hand and raises it to his lips and gives it a large kiss, all of which is very surprising to Miss Abigail Ardsley, but more so to Lance McGowan when he gets to thinking about it afterwards.

Just as he figures, there is no one in sight when he gets out in the street, so he goes on over to the Humming Bird Club, where he learns that many citizens are greatly disturbed by his absence, and are wondering if he is in The Louse Kid's burlap bag, for by this time it is pretty well known that Angie the Ox and his fellow citizens of Brooklyn are around and about.

In fact, somebody tells Lance that Angie is at the moment over in Good Time Charley's little speak in West Forty-ninth Street, buying drinks for one and all, and speaking of how he makes Lance McGowan hop a brick wall, which of course sounds most disparaging to Lance.

WELL, while Angie is still buying these drinks, and still speaking of making Lance a brick wall hopper, all of a sudden the door of Good Time Charley's speak opens and in comes a guy with a Betsy in his hand and this guy throws four slugs into Angie the Ox before anybody can say hello.

Furthermore, the guy throws one slug into Mockie Max, and one slug into The Louse Kid, who are still with Angie the Ox, so the next thing anybody knows there is Angie as dead as a doornail, and there is Mockie Max even deader than Angie, and there is The Louse Kid making a terrible fuss over a slug in his leg, and nobody can remember what the guy who plugs them looks like, except a couple of stool pigeons who state that the guy looks very much like Lance McGowan.

So what happens but early the next morning, Johnny Brannigan, the plainclothes copper, puts the arm on Lance McGowan for plugging Angie the Ox, and Mockie Max and The Louse Kid, and there is great rejoicing in copper circles generally because at this time the newspapers are weighing in the sacks on the coppers quite some, claiming there is too much lawlessness going on around and about and asking why somebody is not arrested for something.

So the collar of Lance McGowan is water on the wheel of one and all because Lance is so prominent, and anybody will tell you that it looks as if it is a sure thing that Lance will be very severely punished, and maybe sent to the electric chair, although he hires Judge Goldstein, who is one of the surest-footed lawyers in this town, to defend him. But even Judge Goldstein admits that Lance is in a tough spot, especially as the newspapers are demanding justice, and printing long stories about Lance, and pictures of him, and calling him some very uncouth names.

Finally Lance himself commences to worry about his predicament, although up to this time a little thing like being charged with murder in the first degree never bothers Lance very much. And in fact he will not be bothering very much about this particular charge if he does not find the D. A. very fussy about letting him out on bail. In fact, it is nearly two weeks before he lets Lance out on bail, and all this time Lance is in the sneezer, which is a most mortifying situation to a guy as sensitive as Lance.

Well, by the time Lance's trial comes up, you can get 3 to 1 anywhere that he will be convicted, and the price goes up to 5 when the prosecution gets through with its case, and proves by the stool pigeons that at exactly twelve o'clock on the night of January 5th, Lance McGowan steps into Good Time Charley's little speak and plugs Angie the Ox, Mockie Max and The Louse Kid.

Furthermore, several other witnesses who claim they know Lance McGowan by sight testify that they see Lance in the neighborhood of Good Time Charley's a o'clock, so by the comes Judge Goldste.. turn to put on the defense, many citizens are saying that if he can do no more than beat the chair for Lance he will be doing a wonderful job.

Well, it is late in the afternoon when Judge Goldstein gets up and looks all around the courtroom, and without making any opening statement to the jury for the defense as these mouthpieces usually do, he says like this:

"Call Miss Abigail Ardsley," he says.

At first nobody quite realizes just who Judge Goldstein is calling for, although the name sounds familiar to one and all present who read the newspapers, when in comes a little old doll in black silk dress that almost reaches the floor, and a black bonnet that makes a sort of a frame for her white hair and face.

Afterwards I read in one of the newspapers that she looks like she steps down out of an old-fashioned ivory miniature and that she is practically beautiful, but of course Miss Abigail Ardsley has so many potatoes that no newspaper dast to say she looks like an old chromo.

Anyway, she comes into the courtroom surrounded by so many old guys you will think it must be recess at the Old Men's Home, except they are all dressed up in clawhammer coat tails, and high collars, and afterwards it turns out that they are the biggest lawyers in this town, and they all represent Miss Abigail Ardsley one way or another, and they are present to see that her interests are protected, especially from each other.

Nobody ever sees so much bowing and scraping before in a courtroom. In fact, even the Judge bows, and although I am only a spectator I find myself bowing too, because the way I look at it, anybody with as many potatoes as Miss Abigail Ardsley is entitled to a general bowing. When she takes the witness stand, her lawyers grab chairs and move up as close to her as possible, and in the street outside there is practically a riot as word goes around that Miss Abigail Ardsley is in the court, and citizens come running from every which way, hoping to get a peek at the richest old doll in the world.

WELL, when all hands finally get settled down a little, Judge Goldstein speaks to Miss Abigail Ardsley as follows:

"Miss Ardsley," he says, "I am going to ask you just two or three questions. Kindly look at this defendant," Judge Goldstein says, pointing at Lance McGowan, and giving Lance the office to stand up. "Do you recognize him?"

Well, the little old doll takes a gander at Lance, and nods her head yes, and Lance gives her a large smile, and Judge Goldstein says:

"Is he a caller in your home on the night of January fifth?" Judge Goldstein asks.

"He is," Miss Abigail Ardsley says.

"Is there a clock in the living-room in which you receive this defendant?" Judge Goldstein says.

"There is," Miss Abigail Ardsley says.

(Continued on page 53)

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Far from Java

There were two who loved her, each in his way. How little did the thousands who flocked to see her guess her strange, fantastic story—or what drama was to come

By James Francis Dwyer

JAN KROMHOUT was trying to tempt the appetite of a large, frilled lizard by an offering of blue flies. The lizard, a member of the family *Pygopodidæ*, whose habitat is the Malay and northern Australia, steadfastly refused the dainties.

"He is a queer fellow," said the big Dutch naturalist. "I call him Gandhi because if he does not get his own way he starts to fast. *Ja*, he is a funny fellow."

"Will he keep to his fasting tricks when he is in a zoölogical garden?" I asked.

"*Neen*, he will forget," answered Kromhout. "Lizards and snakes do not fret much in captivity. A zoo is a nice place for them. They are well-fed and secure. It is for the big cats alone that I have sympathy—the tigers and the leopards. And whenever I see a black panther in captivity I cry."

I watched a blue fly that crawled along the nose of Gandhi and waited for Jan Kromhout to inform me why a caged black panther produced tears.

"The black panther has the intelligence of an elephant, the viciousness of a cobra, and the swiftness of the lightning," said Kromhout. "The Shans say that the devil was the father of the first black panther. The devil trod on the panther's tail with his hoof, and the panther got mad. He scratched the devil's face and got thrown from hell into the world. That is what they say. He is the very seed of wickedness, is that animal, and he is brainy. And proud, so very proud. The black panther thinks he is as much above an ordinary leopard as a Dutchman is above a coolie.

"I will tell you a story about a black panther and a young girl named Morea. She was a very beautiful girl, and one day a hunter gave her a cub panther that was only three weeks old. I saw that animal on the day she got him. He was in her arms. A little black bundle of deviltry with two yellow eyes that looked at everyone with hate. And now and then he would pull back his top lip and swear, panther fashion.

"MOREA asked me to give him a name. 'A nice name, Jan Kromhout,' she said. 'Something sweet because he is so lovely.'

"Women have a sympathy with devils. A great sympathy. If you offered any young girl a choice between a nice white lamb and a baby panther she would pick the panther. I know. We Dutch have a proverb: *Eene vrouw wil bedrogen zijn*—a woman likes to be deceived.

"'A pretty name,' said the girl, and I looked at the eyes of that panther and I thought of the story that the Shans tell about the father of all panthers. 'Call him Mynheer Lucifer,' I said. 'It is a name that suits his eyes of sulphur.'

"At first she did not like that name for the cub but in a little while it pleased her, and that panther became Mynheer Lucifer. I saw him and the girl every day. The mother of Morea was dead, her father was a drunken Dutchman who swigged schnapps from morning till night, so the girl and the panther played together in a big garden of their house, which was on the road from Ambarawa to Toentang. I was catching specimens of the leaf-tailed gecko, the *Ptychozoon homalocephalon* of the Malay, and I passed that garden many times each month.

"THAT girl, Morea, was about sixteen years of age when Mynheer Lucifer came to live with her. She was tall, with long legs that were beautiful, and a back that was strong and flexible like a steel blade. And she walked as Balkis might have walked. *Ja*, proud, and stepping on air. Sometime, way back, a wild man from the forests had contributed a little twig to the family tree of Morea, and it showed in her grace. Showed a lot.

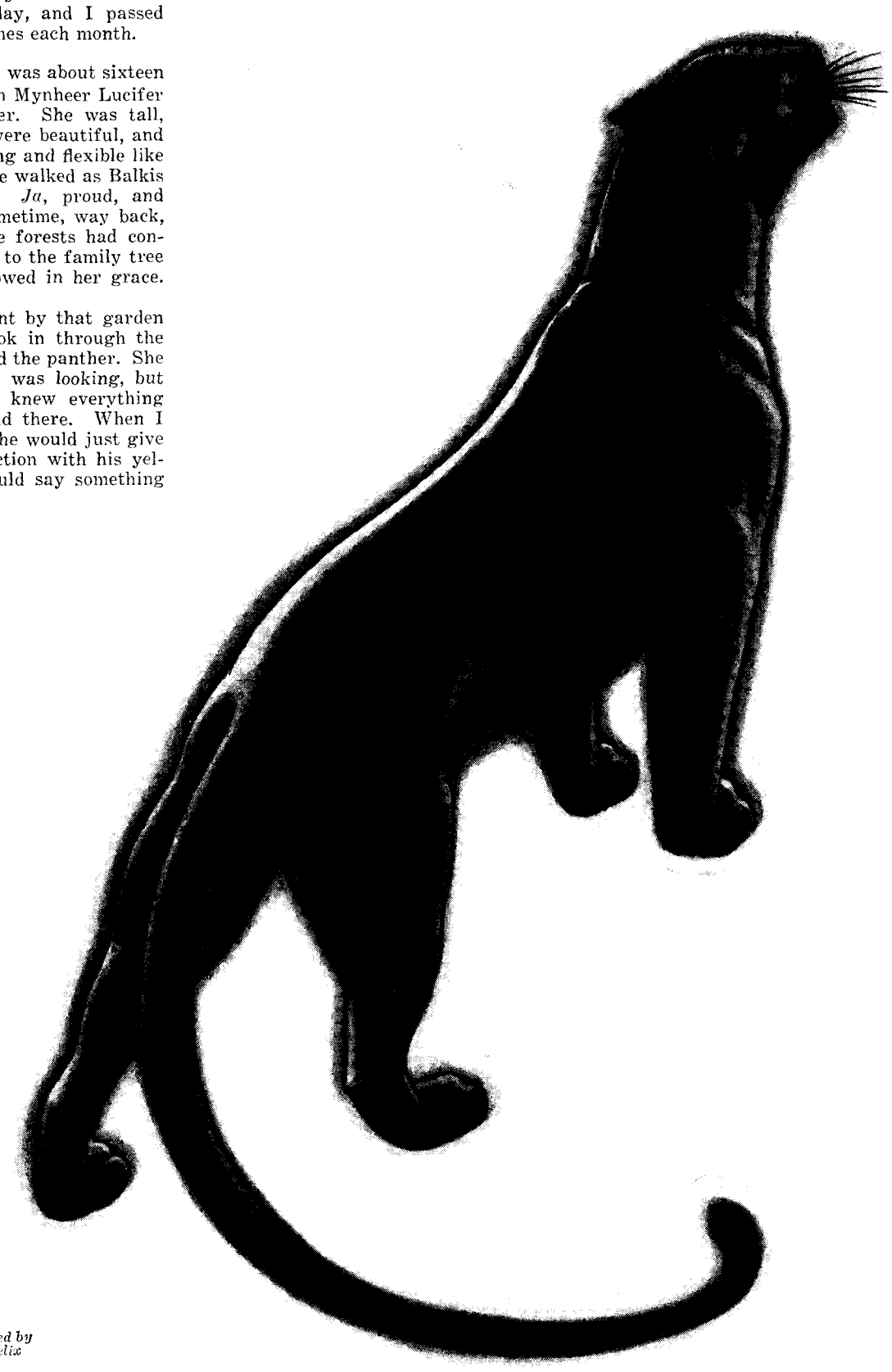
"Often when I went by that garden I would stop and look in through the palings at the girl and the panther. She did not know that I was looking, but that cat knew. He knew everything that happened around there. When I stopped at the fence he would just give one look in my direction with his yellow eyes and he would say something bad in his own lingo. I think she told him that I had named him Mynheer Lucifer, and he did not like me because of that.

"Now I will tell you something funny. As I watched the brute and the girl I began to think that a lot of her movements were like his movements. It was strange. There was about her walk that curious cloaked activity of the big cats. It was hidden but you knew it was there. *Ja, ja!* You knew it was there like you know that a dagger is in a sheath.

"Listen: One day I passed that garden and I saw that black panther giving her a lesson. He was showing her how to spring suddenly in the air when no one expected him to spring. It was like a dancing master with a pupil. There was a white flower of the *klang* tree that hung high in the air, and Mynheer Lucifer was showing the girl how to stalk that flower without letting the flower know that he wanted it!

"THAT black devil gave me a thrill. He would walk lazily forward, looking at everything except that flower, and then, *swish!* he would fly upward like a flame and snap at it. It was the sleepy approach that made the lightning-like spring wonderful. It was startling, that quick leap.

"Five times I watched that brute jump without touching the flower, then



Illustrated by Franz Felix

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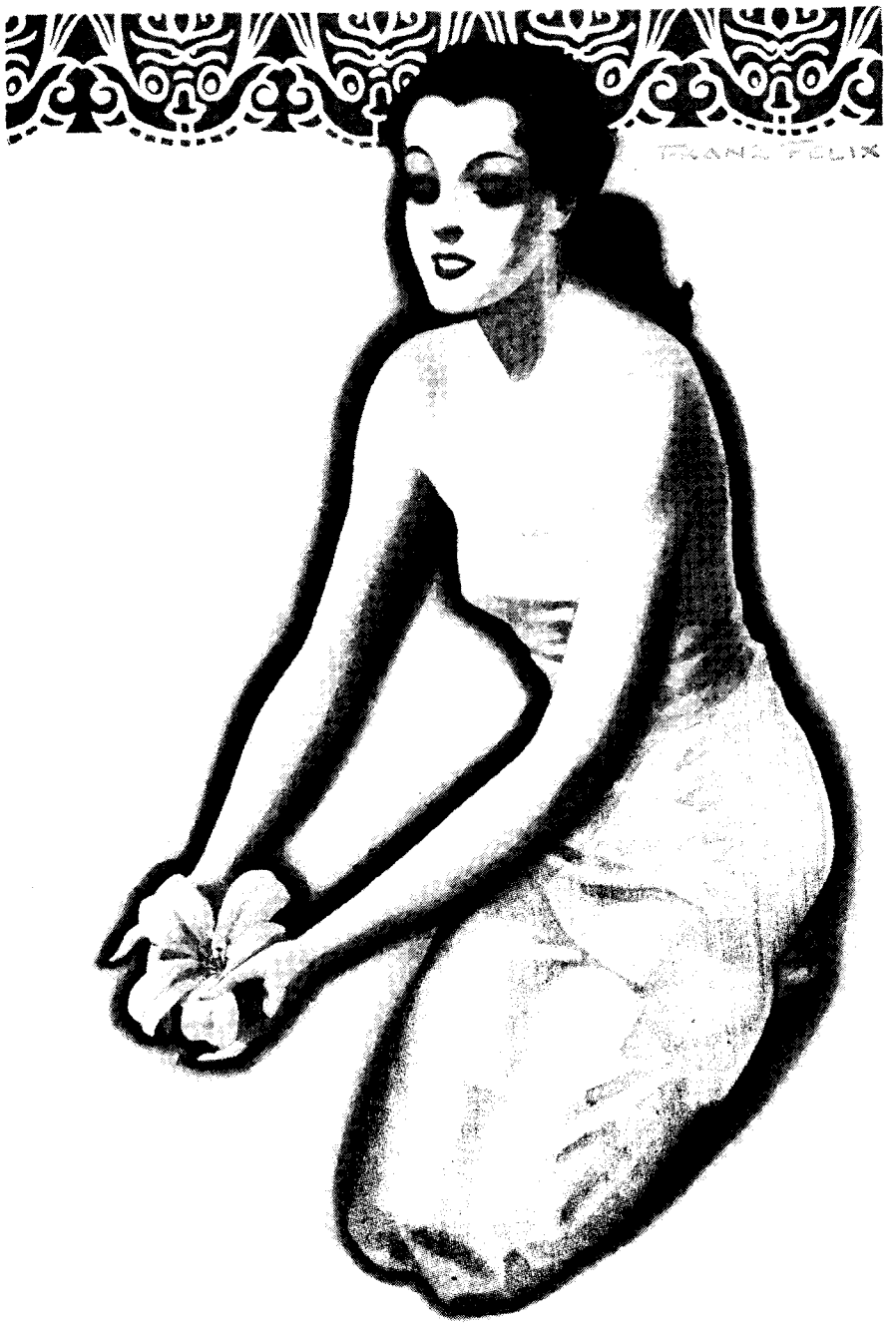

She dropped to the ground with it and carried it to that panther. Carried it as if it were something alive!

he sat down on his tail and looked at the girl. Looked at her as much as to say: 'Now see what you can do.'

'That girl was barelegged. She had a tight *kabaya* of thin cotton around her bosom and a crimson *sarong* wound around her hips. And the grass did not bend under her feet when she walked. It was not walking, it was swimming. Swimming through the air!

"I watched with a funny little feeling that was not altogether nice. That panther knew too much. A lot too much. I did not admire him sitting there like a drill sergeant watching a recruit.

"The girl walked slowly forward just like Mynheer Lucifer showed her. She did not look at the flower, but when she was directly beneath it she sprang! *Ooop!* I nearly cried out with surprise. She went up as if an invisible hand had come down from the sky and clutched her *kabaya!* Straight up till the tips of her long fingers touched the petals of the flower! Touched them! Then she dropped softly to the ground and looked at the panther.

"That animal seemed pleased. He pulled the skin back from his teeth and grinned. He stroked his mustache with his paw just as if he was saying: 'Not bad at all. Try again.'

"Morea walked back to the starting point, and the yellow eyes of the cat were on her as she came forward for the second jump. Swimming through the air. Not looking at that flower. Stalking it, but pretending she did not know that it was hanging high above her.

"Up she went for the second time! Up like an arrow. Those long fingers of hers shooting for the flower, and the crimson *sarong* pulled tight by the spring, made her look like a tongue of flame!

"She got it! *Ja!* Her fingers tore it from the bough. She dropped back to the ground with it and carried it to that panther. Carried it as if it was something that was alive! And that brute took it and worried it, holding it between his paws. It made me a little cold. He would snap at the petals of the flower and then look at her, as much as to say: 'We did this between us. Two good hunters, eh?' That's what he was saying in his own way. I liked it so little that I went away. . . .

"NOW, there was a boy at Grabak-Merbaboe who liked that girl. His name was Piet, and his father was a rich planter. Piet was a fine young fellow. He was six feet tall and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. Just muscle and bone. He was a year older than the girl.

"One day, about a month after I saw that girl leap at the flower, I met this boy Piet galloping to the station at Ambarawa. He looked as if he was crazy, and I asked him what was wrong. You would never guess. One of those scouts who buy animals for the big zoölogical gardens had got a hurry-up order for a male black panther. One had died in a zoo, and the female panther was pining away because it had no mate.

"That scout had no panther on hand, but he thought of Mynheer Lucifer. He was cunning, that scout. He came in the night to the drunken father of Morea and he made him an offer. A good offer. That Dutchman thought of all the schnapps that he could buy with the money and he said *Ja* pretty damn' quick. He was a little tired of Mynheer Lucifer anyway. When the Dutchman was drunk he would sometimes fall over that panther, and the panther would show his teeth and swear like the devil. The panther did not know what schnapps does to the legs of a man. He thought the Dutchman kicked him in temper.

"The animal scout understood his business. He had brought a crate, and he pushed the open end of this crate against the door of a shed at the back of the house in which Mynheer Lucifer slept. Then he jabbed that panther with an iron bar and opened the door of the shed.

"Mynheer Lucifer had never been prodded with an iron bar. Not once. He rushed out to find who was so cheeky, and before he could sneeze he was locked in that crate and rocking down the road in a bull wagon. He was the most surprised animal in the whole of Java. He used all the panther swear words that he could think of, and then said some of them over again, but it was no use. Not a bit.

"MOREA sent a note to that boy Piet, and that was the reason Piet was galloping to Ambarawa. 'If I catch that fellow,' said Piet to me, 'I will kill him! Morea is crying her heart out!'

"Piet did not catch that scout. When he got to Semarang he found that the fellow had jumped a boat of the Koninklijke Packetvaart, and with Mynheer Lucifer was rocking up and down on the Java Sea. He was a very mad boy, was that Piet. I am sure he would have killed that scout if he had caught him. He had big hands that could choke a man quick. And he loved Morea. Loved her very much.

"That girl did not forget the panther. Not at all. He was in her mind a lot. That animal had a personality, you bet. He was a fellow that you would remember for a long time. There are many animals like that. Sometimes, not often, I have met a snake or a lizard that is a little queer. This lizard, Gandhi, is that way. He knows a lot.

"Piet and that girl had a bit of a tiff and, while they were sulking with each other, the girl and her father took a trip to Semarang. They stayed at the Hôtel des Indes on the Bodjong Road, and while they were in the hotel there was a little carnival. Someone heard that Morea could dance, and they asked her to do something on the lawn of the hotel.

"She did the stalking dance that I had seen her do with Mynheer Lucifer. *Ja,* that was what she did. She came out of the bushes at one side of the lawn, moving swift and sneaky like a panther on the prowl. She was tense, all her muscles drawn, her face thrust forward, her nostrils straining the little puffs of air that came along the avenue of tamarind trees.

"The people who were watching her sat up and stared. You bet they did. Something came out from her that made their jaws open and their eyes grow big. The way in which she moved touched something primitive in their make-up, something that had been asleep for hundreds of years. For thousands of years! Son.. the brain of each that had mem.. days when the mammoth was abroa..

"They gaped at her like fools, and when they were all tied up with the funny emotions that she brought to them, she sprang! High in the air like she did when I watched her playing with Mynheer Lucifer. Sprang at a flower eight feet above her head. A flower that she had not glanced at till she shot from the ground. Not looked at once.

"SHE got that flower, clutched it in her strong, brown hands, then she slipped back into the bushes, leaving the people free to come out of the trance that she had put them into. She could do that stalking trick fine. *Ja, ja!* I have seen her.

"At the hotel was a theatrical man who was looking for attractions for a big theater in Berlin. He wanted things that were new, because those Berlin people are always hungry for new things. When he got his breath back he went and spoke to Morea and her father. He wrote a contract on a sheet of paper and her father signed it. That old Dutchman was to get five thousand guilders paid to him next morning at the office of the Javasche Bank in the Heerenstraat. That was an advance on the salary that was to be paid to Morea.

"The girl did not care. She had quarreled with Piet, and she was tired of Java for the moment. Next day she went with the theater man to Singapore and took a Messageries Maritime steamer for Europe.

"Did you ever hear of her when she danced in Berlin? *Neen?* She appeared at a place called the Alhambra. I know that is so because she sent back pictures of herself that were printed in the papers. And she sent back a photograph of the theater with her name in electric lights. I saw it when that drunken father of hers carried it around to show people. The electric lights made words. German words. 'Morea the Wild Girl in Her Panther Dance.' That's what the lights said. I laughed. I had watched her learn that panther dance.

"ALL Berlin came to see that girl. They got chills down their backs when they watched her. She would creep out of the wings of the theater just like Mynheer Lucifer had taught her to creep. Barelegged, and with just a pelt of a leopard around her. And she would sniff the air for danger, her muscles rippling and her eyes fixed. And no one would speak or cough or sneeze, because there would come out of her something that glazed their brains. That *something* that you feel in the jungle when some beast has made a kill. The *something* that gets in through the pores of your skin.

"And then she would jump! *Ooop!* High at a red flower hung many feet from the stage. And her jump would knock grunts from the stomachs of the fat men and little screams from the lips of the women. Before she leaped she had twisted their nerves up like I twist a spring, and the leap in the air unloosed them. Unloosed them good and plenty.

"She was dancing at the theater for eight weeks when a man came around to the back of the stage and spoke to her. 'Fräulein,' he said, after he had complimented her on her dancing, 'I was very anxious to speak to you.'

"'Why?' asked Morea.

"'I wanted to tell you something,' said the man. 'At the Zoölogical Gardens there is a black panther who walks like you walk, and who leaps in the air just like you leap. He cannot leap so high because the roof of his cage is low.'

"Morea had rushed at that man and

(Continued on page 32)

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Henry P. Davison

The Record of a Useful Life By His Friend and Partner

Thomas W. Lamont

Davison's part in the great Anglo-French Loan in 1915—its enormous benefits to American industry and agriculture—the attempted assassination of Mr. Morgan—the Joint High Loan Commission—Lord Reading's visit to Chicago—the crisis in Allied credit plans—how it was met—Davison's conferences with Lloyd George and Lord Kitchener—Davison helps to coordinate Allied purchases of American materials—Mr. Thomas' investigation—Stettinius' work in the Export Department—he joins the Morgan firm

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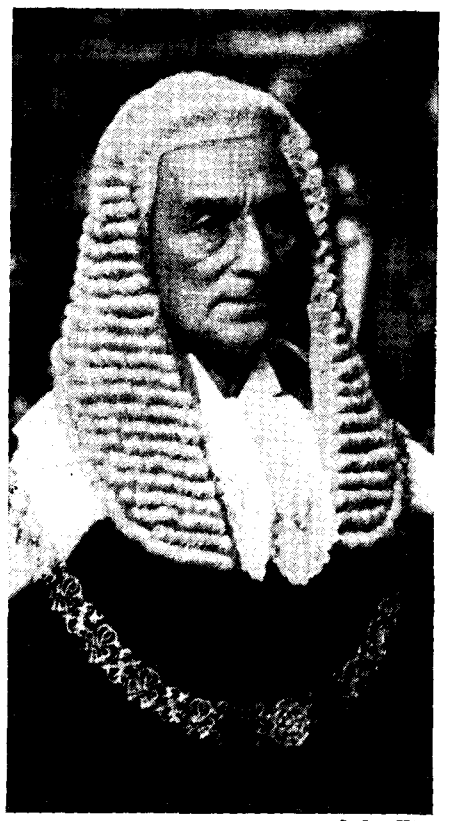

J. Jay Hirz

Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England and head of the Joint High Loan Commission. He might have been a good Chicagoan!

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The Anglo-French loan enabled the Allies to make huge purchases of American agricultural products. This is a wartime shipment of American flour

Brown Bros.

E. R. Stettinius worked early and late developing new sources of supply. He contributed immeasurably to industrial "preparedness"

NO POSSIBLE estimate could ever have been made of the enormous tangible benefits flowing to American agriculture and industry from the proceeds of the great Anglo-French Loan of $500,000,000 issued in October, 1915. Sixty per cent of its proceeds was expended in the Mississippi Valley alone. It was a striking operation—the first piece of important war financing for any of the foreign governments in which Davison played a conspicuous part.

There were three ways—and three ways only—through which the Allied governments could find means of payment for their rapidly growing purchases in the American markets. One was to ship gold. And such shipments of gold between August 2, 1914, and April 4, 1917 (the date when the United States declared war against Germany), amounted to over a billion dollars.

A second way was to gather together masses of American securities held chiefly by British investors—only a limited amount by French—and sell these in the American investment market. This plan was followed on an extensive scale.

The third method of finding money for their American requirements was for the Allied governments (chiefly the British and French) to borrow money in the American markets. Early in the war the members of the Morgan firm realized the advantage which would accrue to America's export trade if the Allies were able to find adequate credit facilities here, such as would enable the Allied governments to continue their enormous purchases of American grain, cotton, copper, steel, leather and other products.

After the war was well over, the cry began to be raised that American bankers had dragged the United States government into the conflict in order, as it was often put, "to make good their foreign loans." Of course, any such charge was so absurd and unwarranted as to be ridiculous. It could be believed by no one not misled by prejudice. The total amount of unsecured loans, issued in America by the British and French governments and outstanding at the time America entered the war, did not exceed $500,000,000, and there never could have been any valid doubt of their goodness. At the time of their issue they had been widely distributed throughout the American investment community, and were not—contrary to common belief—held in bulk by bankers.

During the period when the American agricultural and industrial community was so manifestly benefiting from the proceeds of the Allied loans in America, comparatively little was heard of the allegations that I speak of. It remained for sensational writers of a later day to draw a false and fantastic picture of an informed and patriotic Congress entering a world war in which it was destined to authorize outlays of close to thirty billions of dollars—including eleven billions in loans to these Allied governments—all at the behest of crafty bankers—a picture so ridiculous as to refute itself by the mere statement of it.

In the autumn of 1914, the first year of the war, Davison represented the firm in working out various plans, like the so-called Gold Pool, for meeting the sudden financial strain in the American markets occasioned by the temporary breakdown of much of the existing credit machinery. Another plan was the "Cotton Loan Pool," organized to provide a credit for financing the southern cotton crop.

Davison visited London early in December. The first time that the question of an American loan was raised was at a luncheon on December 16, attended by several of the leading British officials and Davison. Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, inquired of Davison whether J. P. Morgan & Co. would, in case of need—say, six months later—be in a position to arrange with the British government for some American financing. Davison assured him that the firm would be interested in doing anything possible, and indicated that some operation might be handled even earlier, perhaps in late February or March.

As far, however, as a public loan offering was concerned, Davison explained that his partners in New York thought the wisest course was to let the situation rest until the extent of Britain's needs for the wholesale purchase of American supplies had been clarified and until the time should have become ripe for a more comprehensive operation.

A Tremendous Demand for Dollars

In April, 1915, J. P. Morgan & Co. consented to bring out a French Republic one-year loan, which was successfully issued in the amount of $30,000,000. And again in June the French received substantial help through the so-called de Rothschild Frères Loan of approximately $40,000,000, one of the firm's early activities in behalf of the French government. This operation involved the utilization of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and Pennsylvania Company franc securities, turned in by French nationals in exchange for the new National Defense Bonds of their own country.

The British Treasury, in these early months of 1915, had been successful in maintaining cash balances in New York without recourse to any large public loan. It became clear, however, that with the enormous payments for supplies purchased in the United States, a large-sized loan would soon become in order for issuance on the American market. The situation became one of growing concern to the British Treasury and to American agricultural and manufacturing interests as well. British purchases were increasing apace, and the problem of making payments for them in dollars was a pressing one.

Davison went abroad early in June, 1915, to consider with the British authorities what should be done to meet the situation. He conferred with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Governor of the Bank of England. He also talked with Mr. Harjes, of Morgan, Harjes & Co. of Paris, who met him in

NOTE: The articles in this series are taken from Mr. Lamont's biography of Mr. Davison, later to be published in book form.

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London, in regard to France's problem. He had in mind the possibility of a loan, either jointly to the British and French, or to the British alone. But in the confusion attendant upon a changing ministry, the British Treasury was unable to decide upon a line of action. The various officials he talked with were, apparently, not greatly concerned over the situation, feeling in the last analysis that they could always ship gold.

Davison returned to New York, believing the situation rather serious, inasmuch as he had ascertained that with their growing purchases of American wheat the total exchange requirements of Great Britain and France to the end of 1915 would be approximately $400,000,000.

This was the summer in which an attempt was made on the life of Mr. Morgan. The account of all this was, of course, published fully at the time, and it is hardly necessary to recall the matter, except in so far as it showed the apparent effort, on the part of either cranks or German sympathizers, to cripple the plans of the Allied governments for obtaining supplies in the United States. The attack was made at Mr. Morgan's Long Island home. Although two bullets from the assassin's revolver struck Mr. Morgan, the wounds were in no wise serious, and within a few weeks he was again at his office. His own presence of mind and his overpowering rush upon his assailant had saved his life.

The 1915 Anglo-French Loan

The month of August, 1915, brought in fresh cash resources in the shape of the first systematic utilization of British-owned American securities, a large shipment of which arrived from England on August 11. In this same month the French Treasury, now thoroughly aroused, reached an understanding, in Paris, with the British Minister of Finance in regard to a joint-loan operation in the United States. Therefrom developed the Anglo-French Loan of $500,000,000, issued on October 15, 1915. In all the negotiations with the Joint High Loan Commission, which preceded an agreement, and in the difficult task of floating a loan four times larger than any the American public had ever taken, Davison took a leading part.

The commission, headed by Lord Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, arrived in New York on September 10, 1915, and was met by J. P. Morgan and Davison. Actual negotiations began on Monday morning, September 13, at a session which Morgan, Davison and myself held with the commissioners at the Hotel Biltmore. They had arrived with only a vague idea of the conditions prevailing in the United States. They had supposed that the American public would be eager to lend Great Britain and France practically any sum of money, at a moderate rate. Almost at the outset it became evident to Lord Reading and his associates that a radical revision of their views would be necessary.

In one of the first discussions that the Morgan partners had with the commission, they advised Lord Reading that in view of the importance of the transaction to American, as well as to Allied interests, they would accept no compensation for their services.

Finally, on September 25, an arrangement was reached. The Morgan firm agreed to endeavor to form a syndicate which would underwrite—that is, guarantee—the purchase of $500,000,000 of 5 per cent, five-year bonds which should be the joint obligation of the British and French governments. The syndicate was to underwrite the whole issue at a price of 96, and to offer it to the public at 98. Incidentally, it may be noted that this issue has now been entirely paid off.

Then came the question whether the firm would be able to mobilize the banking community to an extent sufficient to get the $500,000,000 issue underwritten. The organization necessary to handle the Anglo-French Loan was extensive. It required the largest group for distributing bonds ever organized in the United States. In it were 1,570 members representing all parts of the United States. Its managers consisted of sixty-one banks, trust companies and investment houses in New York City.

By October 13 the total amount of the underwriting secured, outside of the firm's own subscription, was for $508,000,000 bonds, and, on October 14, the arrangement was concluded by the commission in behalf of the British and the French governments, and by J. P. Morgan & Co. as agents for the syndicate managers. It so happened that agreements covering participations amounting to something like $162,000,000 were not yet in hand. But to enable the members of the commission to sail on the following day, as they had planned, J. P. Morgan & Co. assumed the responsibility involved. At a time when underwriting pledges of only $320,000,000 had been secured and there seemed some doubt as to whether the gap could be filled, Mr. Morgan said to his partners: "The firm, regardless of the risk, commit itself to this task. I have faith that the necessary participations will be forthcoming to help out, whether they come from the sky or the earth or the waters under the earth."

The distribution of this great loan issue was a memorable achievement. In the American community there were millions of German-born, or citizens of German parentage. These groups were especially powerful in centers like Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis. Naturally such groups as a whole, with certain notable exceptions, were openly hostile to the cause of the Allies. Ably abetting, and frequently outdoing them, were certain other elements which rejoiced at every development unfavorable to British success. Such groups had aroused in some quarters a deep feeling of hostility against the loan.

Thus the final result was deemed by the whole American community a great triumph for the Allied cause.

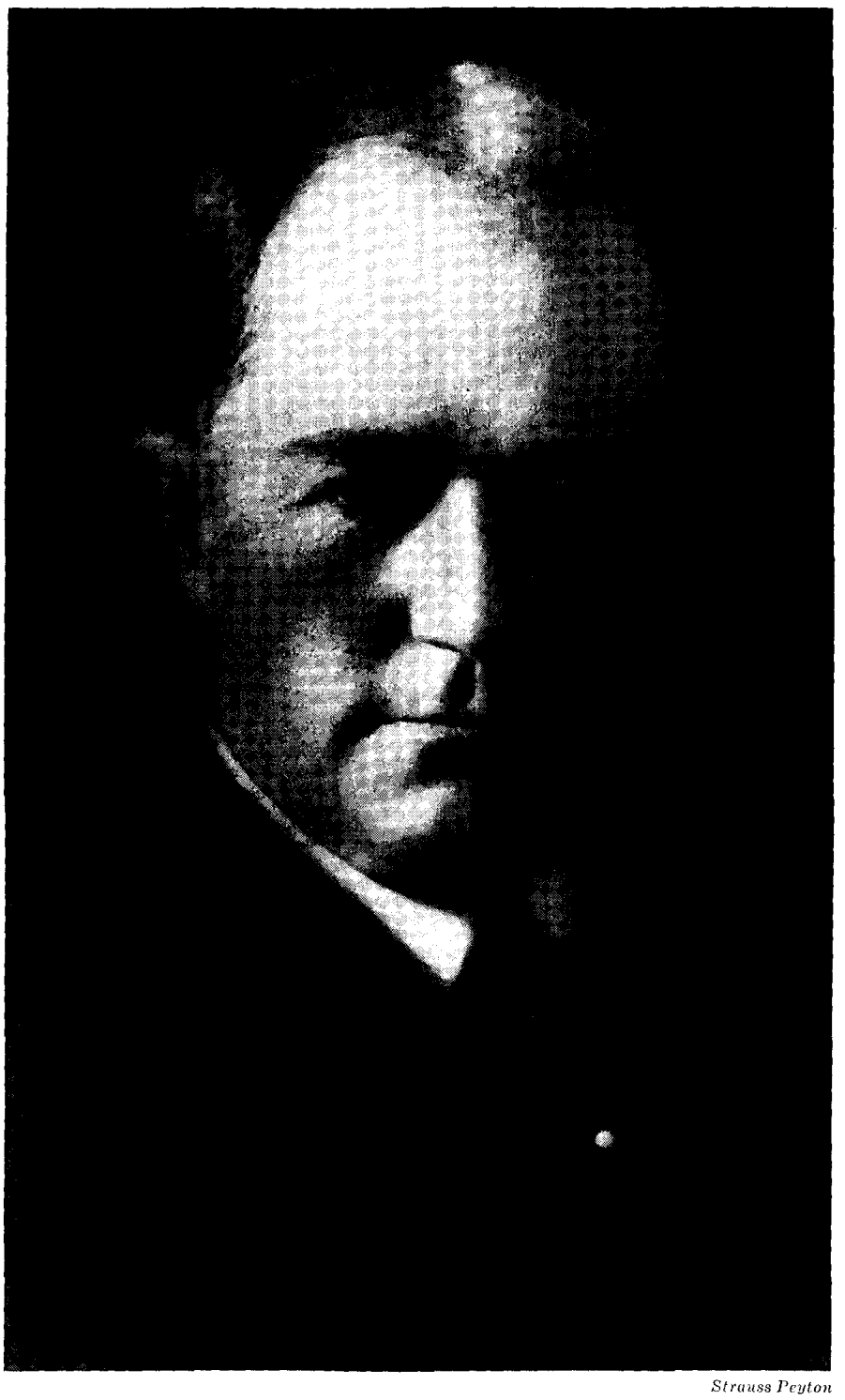
No Charge for Services

The final commitment on the part of the firm and Drexel & Co., including the partners of both houses and their customers, amounted to over $30,000,000. And, as stated, neither the firm as agents for the managers of the loan, nor the managers themselves, made any charge for their services. The syndicate had to deduct its costs of advertising and selling from the margin of two per cent between cost and sale price, and its only possible profit lay in such residue, if any, as there might be after the work had been accomplished.

Throughout an extremely difficult situation, Lord Reading had displayed extraordinary firmness and persistence, as well as great intelligence. When the success of the loan was assured, Davison suggested, as a strategic move, that Lord Reading and his mission should visit Chicago, for the purpose of paying their respects to the great commercial and banking community of the Middle West, especially inasmuch as more than half the proceeds of the projected loan were to be spent in the Mississippi Valley. I was designated to escort Lord Reading and his colleagues to Chicago where their welcome, to tell the truth, was not overwarm, because Chicago had no great hankering to take a share of the loan. Nevertheless that community, abounding in hospitality as it does, paid due honor to its distinguished visitor.

So Chicago gave to the mission a

(Continued on page 48)



Strauss Peyton

Henry P. Davison helped first to coördinate Allied purchases in American markets. Then he found a way to finance a part of them

The New York Times

Docks at Galveston, Texas, early in 1915, with a freighter taking on a cargo of supplies for the Allies

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Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

HER small estate in the hands of Gerald Gerrish, a broker she has trusted, Martha Blaisdell receives a rude shock: Gerrish, she learns, is spreading the rumor that he is having an affair with her, is supporting her!

Dismissing the man—who amazes her by *protesting his love for her*—she learns, to her dismay, that she is confronted with poverty. She must have a larger income. What can she do to obtain one? A sweet, honorable girl, but desperate, she makes her decision: she will *marry for money!* Two men are in love with her: Dr. Peter Baxter and Herbie Cranston. Baxter—a red-haired, freckle-faced young giant—is a "charity" doctor. He is poor. Cranston—handsome, socially prominent, charming—is an explorer. He is rich. If Cranston proposes—

Meanwhile *the gossips have been discussing* an episode in a restaurant where, while Cranston and Martha were dining, Gerrish (very drunk) had appeared, insulted Martha, and had been thrown out by Cranston. And Cranston has heard many ugly rumors coupling the names of Martha Blaisdell and Gerald Gerrish. But what of it? He knows Martha. *And he knows Gerrish.* In love with the girl, he asks her to marry him. And Martha accepts him....

Gerrish *does* love Martha—in his way. He resolves to destroy her, rather than see her marry someone else. In a frenzy of anger, he threatens to blackmail her. And Martha is terrified. . . . Peter Baxter is an extremely outspoken young man. He makes no effort to hide his love for Martha. But Martha does not encourage him. While they are chatting at a dance, given by the Lemmings at their Long Island estate, two men stride up to them. Process servers! Gerrish is suing Martha to recover funds advanced her on her promise to marry him!

Baxter glances at his watch. Then—"It is Sunday morning—and you can't serve a summons on Sunday. Get out!" The intruders (obviously bribed by Gerrish) slink away. . . . The following day Martha goes to New York, leaving a note for her hostess, Trudie Lemming. Trudie reads the note, which informs her that Martha, unwilling *to drag Cranston through scandal, is getting out of his life.* . . . Cranston arrives, reads the note, dashes to New York—and Martha's apartment. Martha herself opens the door. "You silly little—" Cranston begins. But the girl cuts him short, points to her bedroom. There, on the bed, is a man. He is clad only in pajamas. Gerrish! Gerald Gerrish—*dead!*

VI

THE little things of life always bothered Cranston. He could spend minutes deciding whether to send a telegram instead of a letter, whether to take a taxi or hop aboard a bus. He would discard four rumpled white ties and then decide that a dinner jacket was more suitable anyway. But great emergencies always found him cool and collected and instinctively doing the right thing. That finicky fussiness which is so often a part of bachelorhood never accompanied him into the jungle. When a false step might mean destruction to himself and his followers, he wasted no time in bewailing his fate; he came to decision instantly and, having embarked upon a course, wasted no time in later doubts as to the correctness of his decision.

A lesser man, face to face with a situation like this, would have allowed his own alarm to increase the obvious terror of the girl. Such a man, in panic himself, would have been incapable of restoring her to calm. But Cranston showed none of the shocked amazement that possessed him.

As a matter of fact, shock and amazement nearly always waited until after the event to visit Cranston. In the moment of emergency his emotions seemed nonexistent; only a cool mind seemed to animate his every move.

He dropped the one hand which he still grasped. Two strides took him to the bedroom door and a sweep of one hand closed that door. The very decision of his action did a lot to calm the girl. It was almost as if shutting out the sight of Gerrish also shut him out of Martha's mind.

Nothing less than a sheer genius for emergency could have dictated the action. When hysteria is close to us we are strengthened by another's strength. The mere fact that Cranston did *something* was enough to assure Martha that probably he could do more. Light appeared in her eyes, livening their dullness.

HE TURNED back to her, reached her side as swiftly as he had left it, grasped both of her hands again and led her, not too hurriedly, to a couch. The pressure of his fingers made her sit down. Without relinquishing his grip he kicked a chair into position and sat down opposite her.

"Now don't cry," he said crisply. "Just tell me everything."

Her eyes widened and there was visible a convulsive movement of her throat, as though she fought to swallow and found the muscles too tight. He recognized at once his error: to ask her to tell him everything meant that she would begin with horror and perhaps hysterically end there.

"Never mind. Answer my questions," he ordered. "What time did you get here?"

She seemed to sense the purpose in his change of attack, as though she recognized her nearness to breakdown and knew that he was trying to help her avoid that.

"About ten o'clock," she replied.

He glanced at his wrist watch. It was eleven thirty-five now. He had left the Lemming house slightly over an hour ago. But as he left the butler had told him that Miss Blaisdell had departed several hours before that. Several hours must mean at least three or four.

"But you left Trudie's a long time ago," he objected.

"I know. But I had to wait for a train, and I felt so dreadfully about last night—and now it's a hundred times as bad!" Her voice rose and Cranston deliberately slapped her on the cheek. For a moment fury burned in the eyes that were no longer black, but violet, and then complete sanity appeared in them.

"I won't break down," she said quietly. "Thanks."

Once, twenty years ago, when Letty pulled his hair, Cranston had taken a mild punch at his sister. But never since had it occurred to him to strike a woman. Had he been asked, ten minutes ago, if there were any conceivable circumstances which would have aroused him to the point of slapping a woman's face, he would not even have bothered to answer so ridiculous a question. And if, ignoring his silence, the questioner had asked him what he thought a woman would do if he slapped her, a million guesses—provided his dignity permitted him to hazard them—would not have brought him to the truth. He had slapped a woman and she had thanked him. Some time in the future a recollection of this morning would come vividly to him and the most salient point in the recollection would be Martha's quick recovery of her self-possession and her complete understanding of the reason for his light blow.

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"I left Trudie's at about six. There aren't many trains on Sunday morning, I discovered. The next one—one was just pulling out of the station as I arrived there—didn't leave until eight two. I suppose I could have hired a car, but I was too miserable to think about it. I just sat in the station. As a matter of fact, I didn't want to spend the twenty dollars that a car would have cost. I got into town a little after nine. I knew there'd be no one here. I had let my maid and cook off for the week-end. And they'd both told me that they wouldn't be back until tonight. And I was in no mood to cook my own breakfast."

SHE drew a long breath, and Cranston noticed that she had no difficulty now in breathing or swallowing. Also the ashen quality had left her cheeks and a hint of red showed through the creamy skin.

"I went into the railroad restaurant and ordered something to eat. I went through several of the papers, thinking there might be something in them about—" she flushed painfully—"last night. I took a long time over breakfast. Somehow, it seemed to me that I never wanted to see my apartment, to see anyone I knew, ever again." Her eyes narrowed; they glanced toward the bedroom door. "We must do something," she said.

He shook his head.

"I want to know everything first," he told her.

"Well, I finally decided to go to my apartment. What I'd do after that I hadn't decided. I came up here, unlocked the door and found Gerry here."

Once again her voice became faintly shrill and he leaned toward her.

"Never mind. There's nothing to be afraid of. Go ahead."

"He was in pajamas. He was out of his mind. I saw that instantly and

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started out. But he got between me and the door and said that if I left he'd make such a noise that the employees would come in. He said he'd give me more scandal than I could imagine. He'd been drinking, and I could tell that he wanted an excuse to bring people to the apartment. He raved. He talked about you and threatened all sorts of things. And he said that that summons last night was just the beginning. He said that those men had reported to him what Peter Baxter had said, and he told me that he was going to sue Baxter. Then he stopped threatening and pleaded. He said that I was ruined unless I married him. He said he wouldn't leave my apartment, that he'd call in newspaper men, let them find him here in pajamas. And he asked me how I would explain that. I tell you, he wasn't merely drunk, he was mad. And I was frightened."

She snatched her hands from Cranston's grasp and covered her eyes with them.

"How did he get in here?" asked Cranston.

She dropped her hands and looked at him.

"HE ASKED me how I would explain that. He told me that when he had rented this apartment for me he had had a key made for himself. But he asked me who would believe such a statement if it came from me. I tried to calm him, and he simply laughed at me. He said that he'd not leave until he had my word that I'd marry him as soon as he got his divorce. He said that he wouldn't trust my word, and that he'd make me sign a paper admitting that I had borrowed money from him and that he'd given it to me on my promise to marry him. And then, when I told him to telephone downstairs and ask the hallman to come up, when I told him to telephone the newspapers, he went completely, utterly, raving mad. For a moment I thought he'd kill me. He ran toward me and I was too frightened to move. But he stopped, turned, went into the bedroom and fell upon the bed. He was so silent that I went in there, and I saw that he was dead."

Again her hands hid her face and Cranston asked a quick question:

"How long ago was that?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know. Maybe half an hour ago."

"Have you been sitting here all that time?" he asked.

"I couldn't make up my mind what to do. How could I explain his being here, undressed? After all he said, after he brought a suit against me? I've been half insane. My God, who will believe what I've just been telling you?"

"I believe it," said Cranston quietly.

She flashed him a look of gratitude.

"You would. But who else would believe that he'd do such a thing, that he'd come to my apartment this way unless —unless he'd been in the habit of coming here? There isn't a thing to do except telephone the police. I've known that ever since he staggered into the bedroom and fell upon the bed. But I've put it off, hoping, praying that I could see some way out of it. But I can't. There *isn't* any way out of it."

BETWEEN his eyes appeared furrows. Desperately he tried to think of some response to her statement. She had phrased her hopelessness flatly, yet he knew that she put it as a question. She was relying upon him, in a moment when there could be no reliance upon anyone.

"You stay here," he ordered.

He walked to the bedroom door and opened it. The distortion of Gerrish's features had told him at his first glance that the man was dead, and a quick examination now merely verified what he already knew. Cranston had seen death many times. Men died from fever, from hardship, from sudden accident, in those explorations of his. But he had never seen death in so unpleasant a face as now. The man reeked of liquor, and his face looked as though not merely pain but terror had overwhelmed him in the moment in which he was struck down.

He turned away from Gerrish and looked about the room. There were the clothes which he had taken off and drunkenly thrown upon the floor. There was a small handbag, initialed G. G., in which he had brought his night things.

Cranston bit his lower lip. Amateur though he was in such matters, he knew that Gerrish's death had been due to an apoplectic stroke which had not been mitigated by his drunken condition. No blame—for his death—could attach itself to Martha. But there was no place in the civilized world where the name of Martha Blaisdell would not cause a lifting of eyebrows and the clatter of tongues. If she had been gossiped about heretofore because of her supposed relations with Gerrish, what would be said about her now when the man's body, clad for the night, was discovered in her bedroom?

Those friends of Martha who knew what a lying scoundrel Gerrish had been would accept her explanation. But the rest of the world would not believe her bizarre tale. Why should it? It is always so much easier to believe the obvious than to strain one's credulity in believing the bizarre. Also, the world liked to believe scandal. And the higher placed the subject of scandal was, the more readily the world believed whispers and insinuations. No woman on earth could live down the implications of this affair.

NOT merely because he loved her, but because she was a woman in unjust distress, Cranston racked his brains to discover some way out of the situation. To his credit be it said that the fact that he hoped to make her his wife, and that such a scandal about his wife would make life almost unendurable for him, in no way entered his thoughts now. Not dread for himself, but terror for her, stimulated his mind.

He thought, of course, of telephoning for a doctor. That was the natural thing to do; indeed, pertinent questions would be asked as to why Martha had not done this instantly.

But the doctor would have to file such reports as physicians must always file in the event of death. By this afternoon, at latest, newspaper men would be questioning Martha. In despair he went back into the living-room.

Martha was seated where he had left her. Only yesterday she had been more alive than any girl he knew. There had been about her a magnetism that was not solely her appeal to him but was something that made her akin to the birds, to trees, the moving waters of the Sound. She was life itself, youthful life. But now the faint color that had come back to her cheeks had retreated again. Haggard and frightened, she looked almost old.

"What can we do?" she asked.

He took his place again in the chair before her.

"If we wait too long—" She shuddered. "Can't a doctor tell how long he's been—dead? Won't a doctor think it's funny that we didn't send for him sooner?"

The way she said "we" thrilled Cranston. A few hours ago she had fled from Trudie Lemming's house determined, obviously, not to see Cranston again. But now she leaned upon him, counted upon him to help her in this appalling situation.

The two men appeared in the doorway. Between them they supported the figure of Gerrish

"I suppose he would," he admitted, "unless we got a doctor that would be willing—"

"Pete!" she cried.

Cranston put away an unworthy feeling of annoyance. In need like this why should he care that Martha's tongue uttered, almost spontaneously, the name of another man? He wondered at, and was ashamed of, his quick jealousy.

"Of course," he said. He picked up the telephone and called Trudie Lemming's house at Green Point. Because caution gripped him he did not give his own name, but said that Mr. Wilson wished to speak to Dr. Baxter on a matter of great importance.

(Continued on page 40)

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The Lie of the Line

By W. B. Courtney

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

This is the only authoritative article ever written about trout fishing. It comes from a source that renders obsolete and nugatory all other authorities from Izaak Walton to Teddy Hewitt. The information in it is, therefore, absolutely to be relied upon

The idea is that your clothes should match the brookside tree

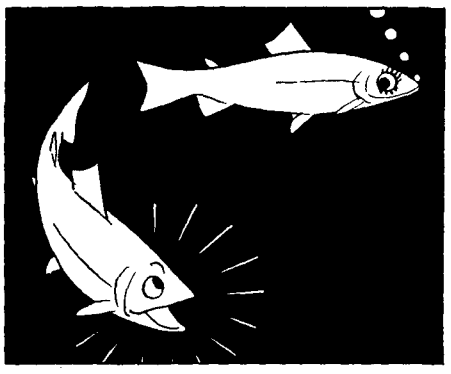
FIRST you must tog yourself out to look like an old tree. Albert told me that, and if anyone should know all about how to catch trout it is my old friend Albert. "Of course," he laughed, "I don't mean that you have to wear leaves in your hair or hold out your arms like boughs in the wind. The idea is, merely, that your clothes should match the sober hue and the rough texture of the bark of a common brookside tree."

I suggested timidly to Albert that the strategy of masquerading as old trees might not appeal to the ladies, now that they are finding it smart to fish. I reminded him that certain states are marking off miles of rivers exclusively for feminine use, appointing comely game wardenesses, sponsoring fly-casting tournaments for women only and taking even further steps, consonant with revenue and beauty, toward building up a sisterhood of the sedge and gut. Here is a trend so fresh, so delicately modern, that you hesitate to mention it to any veteran of the broken waters; even to one who is as tried and as patient a friend as Albert. His face is extraordinarily pokerish, never an index to his emotions; yet it came close to expressing gay interest right then.

"You're wrong," he said, "if you have doubts of the soundness of this newfangled idea of admitting ladies to full membership in the angling fraternity. It will be no longer necessary for a sweetheart or wife to be a fish widow unless she wants to be. She can learn casting, and the difference between a hackle and a Hare's Ear, and how to disentangle a Number 6 Limerick tapered shank hook from her coat elbow without language unbecoming a lady, on a stream preserved for the novices of her sex, far and safe from the derision of friend husband. Later, experienced and skilled, she may take her independent place at his side, as befits a plighted comrade, whenever he goes fishing.

"It's a great idea. It will revolutionize the whole sport. Men—except, of course, those shabby fellows to whom angling is only a means of respite from the Missus—will have stimulating competition. More business for the tackle houses. More revenue for the states from licenses. It's a way out of the depression, and—now we come to your original qualm!—what a chance for the dressmakers. Ah," he continued, revealing a touch of poesy I had never suspected, "as if the trunks of trees held all of Nature's sweet camouflage!

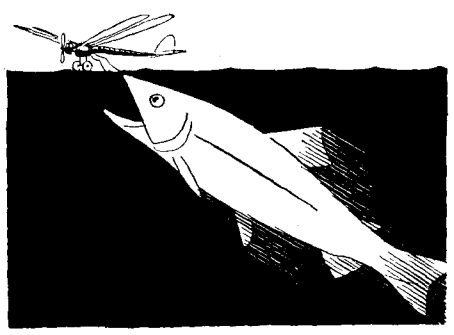
"Why could there not be spun for milady angler fabrics with the lovely colorings of a riverbank in springtime? The misty gray of pussy-willow buds; the green cloth of newly sprung meadow grass stitched with the silver threads of April rain; white birches leaning over the water with their heads tangled in a creamy yellow mesh of catkins; the smoke-blue cloud of a beech grove where the river bends across the valley floor toward a bright notch in the distant hills; and ruddy glow of red-pine bark, and the waving of dark, feathery hemlock plumes against a laurel-colored slope. I wish I were a modiste. I'd give the fisherwomen colors to wear that would offend neither them nor the trout!"



Just Another Trout Season

Alas, my friend Albert will never be a modiste. He is a fat brook trout. I attribute the longevity of our friendship to the inaccessibility of his home, a swift brook deep in a briery New England woods; Albert is six years old now, which is the trout equivalent of human late middle age. He used to weigh about a pound and a half, but has failed lately; trout do, as they age—particularly around the waistline. Recently I paid my first call of the year upon Albert, following my custom when there is naught left of winter but necklaces of corroded ice around each mid-stream boulder.

"Well," he greeted me philosophically, "the land is filled with the sounds of creaky reels being oiled, tackle boxes being overhauled, and the oaths of dry-fly men who stand in the kitchen when their wives aren't home and try to cast a No. 10 Fanwing Royal Coachman or a No. 33 Cinnamon Sedge onto dimes set upon the distant parlor rugs. In other words, we are in the midst of another trout season. Excuse me—" He dashed away, but returned in a jiffy with a pleased fluttering of his dorsal. "I knew that beetle was going to fall in, and I'm quite hungry at this time of the year. You see, I don't eat much down there in the pond all winter. Just kind of sit around on the deep bottom and doze."



"Albert," I began, "my boss said there have been so many pieces on fish by fishermen, so many interviews with trout-catching experts—but never one with a trout, and wouldn't it be nice if my friend Albert would let me quote him, and thus we could be the first to print an interview with a trout? You know, Albert, all about where and how you live and what you eat and your relations, and is it best to try to catch you in early morning and what kind of poles and baits should we use—"

"Leaping sunfish," Albert shouted, looking nervously around, "shut up! If any of the other trout hear you I'll be ostracized in this pool. No self-respecting trout is caught by a fisherman. Angler is the word you want, my boy. You do not use a—ugh!—*pole*, but a *rod*. Tackle and rod. Why, the whole trout philosophy of a hereafter is bound up in the proper terminology—"

"Excuse me, Albert," I said humbly, "I had no idea—and how's that?"

"I mean trout are Mohammedans, so to speak. To die in glorious battle with an angler is to go straight to reward. Of course there are degrees of reward. The highest goes to the dry-fly trout. It is the hope of every trout to be taken on a dry fly. It requires self-restraint, discipline, asceticism. It is an intellectual adventure worth waiting for; but the less cultured trout masses are, generally speaking, content with a wet fly. There is a still lower class, of course; those whose greed permits them to take artificial bait devices—trolling spoons, true-spin minnow, eel tails and the like.

Underwater Ethics

"And"—Albert's voice fell to a whisper—"I really hate to mention them, but there are also the Trout Untouchables—those gross, bestial creatures who take worms. They achieve the frying pan, but not in a spirit of exaltation; they go to a very bad place, where the memory of frying lasts with them through all eternity, and serves them right. Within each class there are degrees. I shan't go into that, for it's really quite complicated. Only a trout or a most expert angler could appreciate why it is more spiritual to be taken on a Spent Drake tied in the manner of Mr. Henderson, than on Twilight Bivisible hackle tied in the manner of Mr. Palmer."

"Albert," I said, when he paused to swallow a skating bug, "religion is a matter we always avoid in the public prints. A trout's religion is his own business, we say. Therefore, please just tell us where you were born, and raised, and what you do with yourself in this brook all day, and all year."

"I was born in Montana," he replied, "in a tin bucket. I don't remember much about it, because I was only an egg, but a fellow soon learns the facts

(Continued on page 36)

The English angler is a walking laboratory; a scientific expedition

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Soft Assignment

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Gerald Mygatt

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

THE sergeant said: "I'm giving you a soft one tonight, Bert. You go to Joe's and camp there till this phony prince comes in. Go easy on the stuff though, because if he does come in I want the bracelets on him."

I had to remind the sergeant that I don't drink on duty. All he said was, "Yeah? You and who else?" You can't argue with a sergeant. He's been through it.

Joe's was about like any other speakeasy in the Fifties. You walked down three steps into an areaway and you pushed a dusty bell button and you waited. While I waited, I noticed that a young couple had come down the steps behind me. Funny how you can add people up the minute you look at them. You learn plenty in my business.

These two were okay; even a harness bull or a traffic cop could have told that. The young fellow had a nice, decent face. Tall young fellow with a good smile. About twenty-two years old. But it was the girl that took me. I don't mean she was Broadway-pretty. She wasn't anything like that. She was innocent and young and sweetly excited. She didn't look a bit like my kid sister, but that was what I thought of—my kid sister. My sister's fifteen. This girl was older—seventeen maybe. My sister's blond and this girl was darkish, but that was how it hit me. It hit me that I wished that girls like my sister and this one didn't have to go to speakeasies to get fun and learn about life.

Now an inside door rattled and clacked open, and there was Joe himself, bowing. Night or day, Joe was always in a tuxedo.

"Oh, hello, Bert," said Joe, recognizing me.

"Hello, Joe."

"These people with you, Bert?"

"Not with me," I said.

Joe opened the gate, just enough to let me in. Then he slammed it again. I waited and listened. The young fellow was putting up an argument.

"I'm very sorry," said Joe.

I could see the young couple looking blankly at each other. They weren't going to be let in. Then all of a sudden I thought to myself that there were plenty of speaks in New York and that if they couldn't get in here they'd get in somewhere else—maybe not so nice.

"Listen, Joe," I said, catching his arm, "I got an earful from these two. They're okay."

So Joe let them in.

I LEFT my coat in the hall and went upstairs, where the bar was. Maybe the phony prince might be here already. But he wasn't. There were a lot of half-baked cubs in the bar, singing college songs; cubs of both sexes. There wasn't much difference between them, except skirts and pants. Fool kids, going goofy on money their fathers had earned. I took a peek all around. No prince. So then I went downstairs.

"I'll take my regular table," I said to Joe. "You know, that one over there."

"Waiting for somebody special?" Joe inquired.

"Who, me? Gosh, no! I'm off duty. Listen—bring me a rye and ginger ale, only I like to mix 'em myself. See?" When the rye and ginger ale were planted on my table I poured myself the ginger ale and tucked the jigger of rye in back of my feet. Some day the sergeant will believe me.

Up to now I'd been thinking about what I was here for, but now I remembered the young couple again. I mean the one that reminded me of my sister. I could see the whole entrance hall from my table and by listening hard I could even make out who was at the front gate. So it was all right for me to keep an eye on this couple across the room.

They had two highballs apiece. I don't think so much of highballs. I've seen too many of them. They tighten you up like a banjo string and make you think a lot of things that aren't so. Particularly with girls. Highballs do things to girls. Especially girls.

I had to watch these two go through the regular routine. First they were happy and their fingers were twining right on top of the tablecloth. The girl was looking at the boy, and the boy was looking at the girl, and her eyes were devouring his. Swell! I was for it.

Then, little by little, the liquor did its stuff. If the girl had been my sister I would have walked over and picked her up and carried her out. But I couldn't do that. She wasn't my sister.

All at once they were arguing about something; you could see that. Their hands sort of let go of each other. Both of them, the girl and the boy too, began looking straight across the room at the opposite wall. I tried to think hard of something I could say to them, something like sensible advice; but young people don't take sensible advice.

IT BOTHERED me. I just couldn't look at it any more. So I got up and strolled out of the room and went upstairs again to the bar. The washroom was behind the bar; a wash wouldn't do me any harm.

The bar was pretty bad by now; just a lot of children feeling their oats. One girl in a slinky yellow dress was doing hot-cha steps and applauding herself. I stood in the doorway, looking them over and being glad I wasn't that young any more. Then I turned sharply, because somebody was at my shoulder.

It was the boy from downstairs. "Washroom in through here?" he asked. I said yes, it was. Straight back. The boy brushed past me and walked into the bar.

"Oh, lookee!" shouted the girl who had been doing hot-cha steps. "Here's a new little playmate. I spied him first. He's mine." She flung herself upon the boy, half-clowning, half-serious.

The boy was annoyed. He tried to shrug her off.

"Naughty, naughty!" chided the girl. "Nice kiss or mamma spank." She was holding him now, holding him tight, laughing at him. It was speakeasy stuff, but it looked like a wrestling match.

"I'll kiss you so you won't forget it," the boy blazed angrily.

Standing there in the doorway of the bar I became aware of somebody else at my shoulder, and I looked around and there was the girl from downstairs. Her face was dead white. She caught feebly at my coat sleeve, then she wheeled and raced down the stairs. She fumbled for her coat that was hanging on the downstairs rack, tore it off the hook and made for the door.

WHAT else was there for me to do? I ran downstairs after her. I got her by the arm as she was turning the door-knob. "Listen," I said, "it isn't his fault. Please wait a minute. It isn't his fault. That girl's terrible."

"Let me go!"

I used my head. "I won't let you go. Stop it! Be sensible. He's a nice lad and he loves you and you love him. You stay right here—"

Then she lifted her voice and screamed, "Jimmy! Jimmy!"

Instinctively I looked up the stairs. There he was, poised, hot-eyed, and then down he came like a load of coal.

"Listen," I said, because I wanted him to understand.

He didn't listen, and I didn't get my elbow up quite fast enough. He had a very sweet right, that lad! But even while I was sprawling I couldn't feel mad. Because I heard the girl whisper, "Jimmy!" And then, opening my eyes, I saw them shoulder out, her arm tucked under his.

I stood up and grinned at Joe. "I'll bet that girl won't go to a speak for a long, long time," I said. I was saying what I felt. Maybe by the time my kid sister is seventeen there won't be any speakeasies.

"I'll kiss you so you won't forget it," the boy blazed angrily

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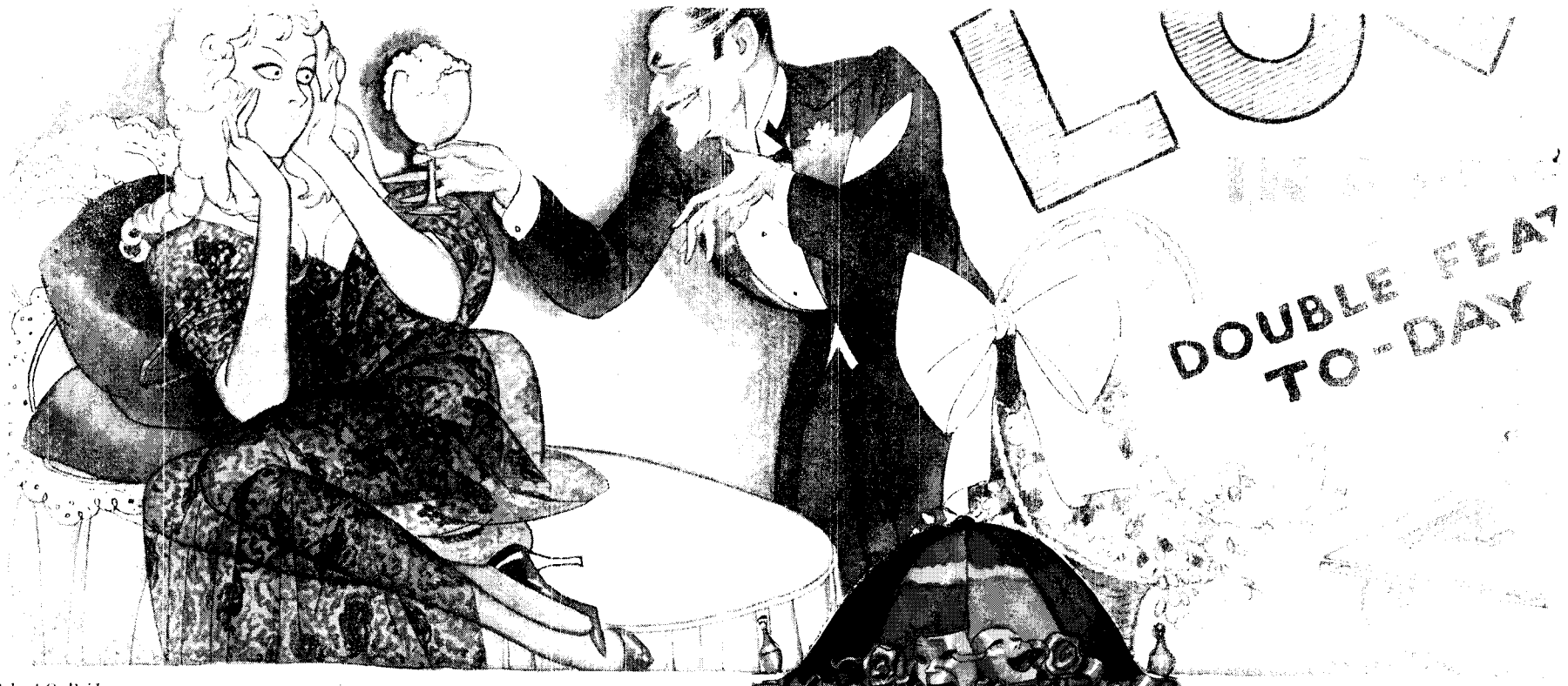

Robert O. Reid

Coming Attractions

By Frank Leon Smith

The Kiley system is not patented. Anyone can use it. And what girl could resist it?

THE morning Clarence Kiley was to start on his new job he got up so early he had to kill half an hour walking around the block. Tharen Haynes saw him the second and third times he passed.

Tharen sold tickets at the Murillo, in Third Avenue, and her boss, Max Schnipsel, said of her she was "so handsome you got to add up from Clara Kimball Young to Claudette Colbert, and getting prettier every day she comes to work."

She was busy that morning, stopping runs at first base in silk stockings and drying silk other things on a folded towel on her chiffonier, when she noted Clarence.

Clarence could have been more conservative in his attire for that neighborhood and occasion, but the fact was, he wore a beautifully tailored and pressed gray suit, gray spats, polished black boots, gray hat, with a lavender cravat and handkerchief to match, and red-headed young Clarence wore them as such things should be worn.

On the brownstone steps opposite Tharen's rooming-house sat five sturdy neighborhood young men, of the genus garage, basking in the morning sun. They surveyed Clarence, first in disbelief, then in reluctant admiration, but being slightly caste-conscious they fell back on derision, and saluted him with that peculiar sound known as The Bronx Cheer, The Old Razz, The Berry, or The Bird. All five of them. Loudly.

Clarence stiffened slightly and passed on. Tharen, in her window, reacted agreeably to his trim figure and bearing. But like the five on the steps opposite she was aware that he was as strange here as he'd be in a jungle. "The Razzberry Man," she named him so she could identify him if she thought of him again.

NOT five minutes later, as she was hanging something on a chair by her window, she had her second view of him. Again the five on the steps were loudly, disapprovingly vocal. This time Clarence stopped. He drew his lavender handkerchief from his upper pocket and wrapped it snugly around his right fist, while the five and Tharen watched.

Then the huskiest rose from his seat and stretched his arms and deliberately rendered the razzberry, watching Clarence's right the while. Clarence shifted his feet. His left fist shot to the other's chin. The husky man's head flew back and while it still was back Clarence smote that chin again, this time with his right. The man tumbled among his astonished mates.

"Now that," said Clarence, "is a dirty way to fight, but why not? Who's next?"

There were no volunteers.

"That Razzberry Man is a big bully and some kind of gangster," thought Tharen, and hoped he wasn't going to live in that peaceful if not quiet neighborhood.

Feeling very high, Clarence advanced to a certain one of the Daley chain grocery stores, under the roaring elevated. He waited there beside three cases of milk with a big cake of ice on top until a compact, dark-vis-

Smiling at the startled girl, he went on, "She's astonishing! Amusing! Adorable! Romantic! Different!" Again Miss Haynes cried out

aged gentleman arrived and produced keys.

"Mr. Donlon?" said Clarence. "I'm Kiley—the new assistant manager."

"Okay, Kiley, wrestle in the milk," said Donlon, and in that moment Clarence verified his suspicion that the title of assistant manager had been given him in cheerfulness. There was no one for him to assistant-manage. He was the entire staff, rank and file.

And another thing—if Clarence had an idea he was going to present, behind the counter, a contrast as magnificent as John Barrymore pushing a broom in a dock street, he discarded it. Customers, harassed, hurried, happy, haughty or humble, took him for granted in the apron Donlon introduced him to.

As for introducing any revolutionary ideas, schemes and displays, he found that Daley had stores by the hundred, each exactly like the others; that the systems of display were laid out exactly at headquarters and no latitude allowed the local managers. "Just a wheel in a slot machine," he called himself. "I turn over once when a sale is made, and I can hear the pennies slide down the groove but I can't touch 'em"—for Daley never let a new man work the cash register. The only important toil entrusted entirely to Clarence was that of restocking the shelves daily from the vast supplies left at the curb by trucks.

EIGHTEEN bucks a week, with seven out for room rent, soon led Clarence to put all the burden of Amusements, Recreation, Etc., on the neighborhood picture houses. Now, for the first time, he encountered that fascinating institution, Coming Attractions, wherein a week's bill of double features was announced in exciting clips from the new films and in language just as exciting.

Coming Attractions, to Clarence, was better than the pictures themselves. He was delighted. He felt that something should be done about

(Continued on page 26)

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Variety

By Don Marquis

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

ONE thing about the country having been a little down on its luck . . . we haven't been getting so many English lecturers the last year or so.

It looks to me as if Franklin D. Roosevelt will go down in history as The Man Who Took Hold.

No writer has the right to speak of sorrow until he has conquered it and can laugh at himself.

Business is what the country makes it.

The pawnbroker is the cleverest juggler of them all. He can keep three balls in the air and smile all the time.

The successful people are the ones who can think up stuff for the rest of the world to keep busy at.

A good many soap-box orators know more about the boxes than they do about what the boxes originally contained.

Good luck usually picks out a hustler to wish itself onto.

If a woman of forty can't find Romance anywhere else, she will even pick on her own husband.

A man marries a woman for what she thinks he is. A woman marries a man in order to change him. Very often both lose.

It is better not to have so much information than it is to have a lot of it and not know its significance.

I've never heard a peanut scream,
In a peanut roaster lying,
But that I've thought its mate would grieve
To know that it was dying.

A critic isn't always a person who has tried to do it himself and failed. Sometimes he is a person who has always felt too darned superior even to try to do it.

All systems of philosophy ultimately coil up and kick at themselves.

Class conflicts do not always result from misunderstandings; often they are due to the fact that the combatants understand each other only too well.

Some prophets are so grouchy they can make an optimistic lie sound as unpleasant as the truth.

they tell me
that love ceases
to laugh at locksmiths
when he gets into
a bigamists cell in jail archy

A Grand Passion sounds splendid and magnificent. But after a few years most women would rather have a husband who knows how to put up window screens.

It is all right to listen to your conscience . . . but don't encourage the darned thing to jabber and gabble, or it will get the habit of garrulity.

Work, of course, is a very nice thing—
With the possible exception of the season called spring.

An Awful Warning

dear boss i was walking along
the curbstone yesterday
and i ran spang into an old bum
who was sitting happily
in the gutter singing
in part as follows

oh i ruined my prospects
by wicked desires
which i put into action
as far as i could
but now ive arrived
within sight of hell fires
and i wish id done better
i wish id been good

as i sit in the gutter
and look at the sky
the man in the moon
is looking at me
and i thinks to myself
id have risen that high
if i had behaved myself
proper as he

now all you young fellows
and pretty young janes
as passes me by
and dont pitch me a dime
take warning by me
and avoid all the pains
which comes from remorse
in the fullness of time

and all you young fellows
thats out on a bust
and lively young flappers
so spick and so span
i oncet had a sweetheart
and me she did trust
to maintain myself always
a proper young man

i was lured to a barroom
and there i was tempted
for the bartender cried
be a man and drink rum
and after that first
glass of liquor i emptied
i found myself jobless
and went on the bum

now all you young fellows
and flappers so gay
that passes me by
and dont toss me a cent
there oncet was a time
when i went on my way
with ladylike janes
like an elegant gent

now i sits in the gutter
and looks at the stars
and wish i had always
behaved and been good
and never drunk rum
at them elegant bars
and never been wicked
as much as i could

you gents and your girl friends
should tip an old man
for his horrid example
of not being good
you must try and behave
in so far as you can
and should spare me a dime
for my warning you should
archy

Advice to hoarders: Spend your money, or your heirs will.

Don't spank your kids for the deviltry your father couldn't spank out of you.

many a financial shark
has disappeared
under a cloud
only to emerge
with a silver lining

It seems to me that America was never destined to be ruled by Reds—ask the Indians; they know.

Money (if you will pardon a little misquotation) is the Root of All Evil. But, oh, what darned pretty posies can spring from it also!

The springtime always makes me sad . . . the sad sun, full of woe, sinks swooning in the west because there's no place else to go. The melancholy raindrops fall, ker-flip, ker-flop, ker-flup, and not a raindrop of them all has ever fallen *up!* And sadly fall my own salt tears, ker-flup, ker-flip, ker-flop, and I can never pick them up when I have let them drop.

Fate often puts all the material for happiness and prosperity into a man's hands just to see how miserable he can make himself with them.

A new Sphinx has been found in Egypt. That's somebody else to ask questions of, as to how to get prosperity back again.

Staid, orderly, methodical people are not the most hilarious companions—but they usually have a stamp when you want to borrow one.

"I DIDN'T shout none when Congress saw the light about beer," confided the Old Soak, "for beer never made much difference to me one way nor the other. I always regarded it as a soft drink, like maple sundaes and sarsapariller. Hard liquor is what made this country good and great; and, as I've said afore this, there's only three things got teeth enough in 'em to hold onto me—hard liquor, the Old Testament and calomel, for in all departments of life I always needed something with a big kick in it. And them three things has got it."

The man who knows the Inside Dope on every situation seems somehow never to know anything else.

You may be able to fool your wife about the kind of life you lead. You may even get away with a lie to the insurance doctor. But it is difficult to keep the truth away from the undertaker.

In all systems of theology the devil figures as a male person . . . yes, it is women who keep the churches going.

Beggars and millionaires will always keep the rest of us working for them.

Some people struggle so hard to get their stuff across that when it gets across it just lies there and snores because it is so tired and exhausted.

Bores bore each other, too; but it never seems to teach them anything.

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Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

A MYSTERIOUS epidemic has broken out in southern France. On the foreheads of the victims, who die quickly, is a deep "purple shadow." Baffled, the authorities send for Dr. Petrie, noted English scientist.

Ensconced in a small villa on the Riviera with a young patient—Alan Sterling, an orchid hunter—Petrie rigs up a laboratory and goes to work. . . . Sterling is much interested in a near-by estate: Ste. Claire de la Roche, recently purchased by Mahdi Bey, a wealthy Egyptian, and closed to the public. To get a glimpse of the place, he swims to a near-by beach. There he finds a girl—a beautiful girl, who introduces herself as "Fleurette" and chats charmingly. Presently a weird bell-like sound is heard. As though answering it, the girl hurries away.

Back at the villa, Sterling wonders who the girl is—what she can be doing, alone, in Mahdi Bey's establishment. Thinking of her, he falls asleep. In a dream, he sees a vast purple cloud, from which emerges a dragon. On the dragon is a man: a yellow-robed Chinaman, evil of face, sinister. Someone is riding with the Chinaman. A woman. *Fleurette!* . . . Petrie awakens the sleeper. He has, he says, made an amazing discovery: the epidemic is due to the appearance of a totally new member of the sleeping-sickness family *and* its parasite: the plague bacillus! In his laboratory, Petrie shows Sterling some bruised leaves. They are not of European origin. Bits of the wings and body of some hairy insect adhere to them. *And there is human blood upon them!*

While discussing the leaves, Petrie shudders, becomes ill. Taking a tube from a drawer, he pours out some white powder. "It's what I call '654,'" he explains. "I haven't dared to try it on a human patient. But it may work." Sterling, horrified, protests. "Get out," says the doctor. . . . Alone that night in the villa, Sterling hears a weird cry. Rushing to a window, he catches a glimpse of a hideous yellow face disappearing in the shadows. . . . Sir Denis Nayland Smith, noted criminal investigator and an old friend of Petrie, arrives. With Sterling he goes to the laboratory. Petrie, a purple shadow creeping down his forehead, is on the floor, dying. In his hand is a syringe containing some "654." Nayland Smith knows of the drug. "It will kill or cure" he says. "But it's our only chance"—and he gives Petrie an injection. As he does so, an insect enters the room, buzzes noisily around. Nayland Smith seems alarmed. "Kill that fly!" he exclaims. The insect settles on a table near the detective. Rigid, he whispers: "Get it, Sterling. Hit it with something. *And for God's sake, don't miss!*"

II

I TOOK up a copy of the Gazette de Monte Carlo. One of poor Petrie's hobbies was a roulette system which he had never succeeded in perfecting. I rolled it and stepped quietly forward.

Nayland Smith stood quite still. Beside him, my improvised swatter raised, I saw the insect distinctly. It had long, narrow, brownish wings and a curiously hairy head. In the very moment that I dashed the roll of paper down, I recognized the object upon which it had settled.

It was a spray of that purple-leaved *drosophyllum*, identical, except that it was freshly cut, with a fragment which I knew to be sealed in a tube somewhere in Petrie's collection!

"Make sure," said Sir Denis, turning.

I repeated the blow. Behind us, on the couch, Petrie lay motionless. Sir Denis bent over the dead insect.

"Don't you know what this is, Sterling?" he demanded.

"No. Flies are a bit outside my province. But I can tell you something about the purple leaves. . . ."

Taking the roll of paper from me, he moved the dead fly farther forward upon the polished table top, where direct light fell upon it; then:

"Hullo!" he exclaimed.

He snatched up a lens which lay near by and bent over the insect, peering down absorbedly.

I turned and looked toward the couch where Petrie lay, and I studied his haggard features. I could detect no evidence of life. The purple shadow showed like a bruise on his forehead; but I thought that it had not increased.

Yet I believed he was doomed, already dying, and my thoughts jumped feverishly to that strange plant upon the table—and from the plant to the yellow face which so recently had leered at me out of the darkness.

Was it conceivable—could it be—that some *human agency* directed this pestilence?

I turned, looking beyond the bent, motionless figure of Nayland Smith, out into the dusk—and a desire to close the steel shutters suddenly possessed me.

This operation I completed without drawing a single comment from Sir Denis. But, as that menacing dusk was shut out, he stood upright and confronted me.

"STERLING," he said, and there was something in his steady gaze which definitely startled me—"have you, as a botanist, ever come across a true *genus hybrid?*"

"You mean a thing between a lily and a rose—or an oak growing apples?"

"Exactly."

"In a natural state, never—although some curious hybrids have been reported from time to time. But many freaks of this kind can be *cultivated*, of course. The Japanese are experts."

"Cultivated! I agree. But nature, in my experience, sticks to the common law. Now here, Sterling—" he indicated the table—"lies an insect which, from the sound it made when flying, I took to be a tsetse fly—"

"A tsetse! Good heavens! *Here?*"

He smiled grimly.

"Well outside its supposed area," he admitted, "and above its usual elevation. I thought you might have recognized its note, as you have traveled in the fly belt. However, I was right—up to a point. It definitely possesses certain characteristics of *Glossina*—the tsetse fly—notably the wings, which are typical. You see, I have been taking an intensive course on this subject! But can you imagine, Sterling, that it has the legs and head of an incredibly large sand-fly? The thing is a nightmare, an anachronism; it's a sort of giant *flying flea!*"

His words awakened a memory. What had Petrie said to me, earlier in the evening? . . . that "even if nature is turning topsy-turvy, I think I can puzzle her! . . ."

"Sir Denis," I broke in, "I think you should know that Petrie found, in the blood of a patient, some similar freak—a sort of hybrid germ which I lack the knowledge to describe to you. He found sleeping sickness and plague combined—"

"Good God!"

I thought that that lean, sun-baked face momentarily grew yet more angular.

"You know," he interrupted, "that tsetse carries sleeping sickness? The sand-fly is suspect in several directions. But the rat-flea (and this is more like a flea than a sand-fly) is the proved cause of plague infection. . . . Am I going mad?"

He suddenly crossed and bent over Petrie. He examined him carefully and in detail. The fact dawned upon me that Sir Denis Nayland Smith had more than a smattering of the medical art. I watched in silence while finally he took the temperature of the unconscious man.

I knew that my assurance rang false. "I warned you that I should not allow you to touch him," I said

"THERE'S no change," he reported; "'654' seems already to have checked its progress. But this coma . . . Dare we hope?"

"I don't know what to hope, or what to believe, Sir Denis!"

He nodded.

"Nor do I. The nature of my job has forced me to pick up some elements of medicine; but this is a specialist's case. . . . However, tell me about these leaves—the leaves which seemed to attract the fly. . . ."

I told him briefly all that I knew of the insect-catching plant.

"The specimen which Petrie has preserved," I concluded, "bears traces of human blood."

Sir Denis suddenly grabbed the lens again and bent over the purple leaves on the table top. A moment he looked, then turned.

"So does this!" he declared. "*Fresh* blood."

I was dumb for a matter of seconds; then:

"The insect which I partly crushed?" I suggested.

He shook his head irritably.

"Quantity too great. These leaves have been *sprayed* with blood!"

"How, in heaven's name, did they get here? And how did that damnable fly get here?"

He suddenly clapped his hands upon my shoulders, and stared at me fixedly.

"You're a man of strong nerve, Sterling," he said, "and so I can tell you. They were *brought* here. And—" he pointed to the still form on that couch—"for *that* purpose."

"But—"

"There are no 'buts.' I left the car in which I had been driven over from Cannes some distance back on the road tonight, and walked ahead to look for this villa, the exact location of which my driver didn't know. I had nearly reached the way in when I heard a sound."

"I heard it too."

"I know you did. But to you it meant nothing—except that it was horrible; to me it meant a lot. You see, I had heard it before."

"What was it? I shall never forget it!"

"IT WAS the signal used by certain Burmans, loosely known as dacoits, to give warning one to another. If poor old Petrie had come across this new species of tsetse fly—he would have begun to think. If he had heard that cry . . . he would have *known!*"

"He would have known what?" I asked.

"He would have known what he was up against." He raised his fists in a gesture almost of despair. "We are children!" he said vehemently, momentarily taken out of himself. "What do you know of botany, and what does Petrie know of medicine beside Dr. Fu Manchu!"

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Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"Dr. Fu Manchu?" I echoed.

"A synonym for Satan—evil immutable; apparently eternal."

"Sir Denis—" I began.

But he turned aside abruptly, bending again over the motionless body of his old friend.

"Poor Karamaneh!" he murmured.

He was silent a while; then, without looking around:

"Do you know his wife, Sterling?" he asked.

"No, Sir Denis; we have never met—"

"She is still young, as we count years today. She was a child when Petrie married her—and she is the most beautiful woman I have ever known. . . ."

As he spoke I seemed to hear a soft voice saying, "Think of me as Derceto." . . . Fleurette! Fleurette was the most beautiful woman I had ever *seen*. . . .

"She was chosen by a master—who rarely makes mistakes."

His manner and his words were so strange that I may be forgiven for misunderstanding.

"A master? Do you mean a painter?"

AT THAT he turned and smiled. His smile was the most boyish and disarming I had ever met with.

"Yes, Sterling, a painter! His canvas, the world; his colors, the human races. . . ."

This was mystery capping mystery, and certainly I should never have left the matter there; but at this moment we were interrupted by a series of short, staccato shrieks.

I ran to the door. I had recognized the voice.

"Who is it?" Sir Denis snapped.

"Mme. Dubonnet."

"Housekeeper?"

"Yes."

"Keep her out."

I threw the door open—and the terrified woman tottered into my arms.

"M. Sterling," she panted, hysterically—"something terrible has happened! I know, I know—something terrible has happened!"

"Don't worry, Mme. Dubonnet," I said, and endeavored to lead her away.

"But I must tell the doctor—it concerns him. As I look up from my casserole dish I see at the window just above me—a face—a dreadful yellow face with cross eyes. . . ."

"Rather a quandary, Sterling," Sir Denis cut in, standing squarely between the excited woman and the insensible man on the couch. "One of those murderous devils is hanging about the place. . . ."

Dimly I heard the sound of an insistent motor horn on the Corniche road above, nearing the head of that narrow byway which debouched from the Corniche and led down to the Villa Jasmin.

"The ambulance from the hospital!" Sir Denis exclaimed in relief.

MME. DUBONNET, still shaking nervously, was escorted back to her quarters. Petrie, we told her, was down with a severe attack of influenza and should be moved immediately. The appearance of the yellow face at the window, mendacity had failed to explain; and the old lady announced that she would lock herself in the kitchen until such time as someone could take her home.

She was left lamenting—"Oh, the poor, dear, kind doctor! . . ."

Cartier had come in person, with two orderlies and a driver. The bearded, round-faced little man exhibited such perfect consternation on beholding Dr. Petrie that it would have been funny had it not been tragic. He dropped to his knees, bending over the insensible man.

"The black stigmata!" he muttered, touching the purple-shadowed brow—"I am too late! The coma. Soon—in an hour, or less—the final convulsions . . . the end! God, it is terrible! He is a dead man!"

"I'm not so sure," Sir Denis interrupted. "Forgive me, Doctor; my name is Nayland Smith. I have ventured to give an injection—"

Dr. Cartier stood up excitedly.

"What injection?" he demanded.

"I don't know," Sir Denis replied, calmly.

"What is this?"

"I don't know. I used a preparation of Petrie's which he called '654'."

"'654'!"

Dr. Cartier dropped upon his knees again beside the insensible man.

"How long," he demanded, "since the shadow appeared?"

"Difficult to say, Doctor," I replied. "He was alone here. But it hasn't increased."

"How long since the injection?"

NAYLAND SMITH shot out a lean, brown wrist and glanced at a gunmetal watch on a leather strap.

"Forty-three minutes," he reported.

Cartier sprang to his feet again.

"Dr. Smith!" he cried excitedly—and I saw Sir Denis suppress a smile—"this is triumph! From the time that the *ecchymosis* appears it never ceases to creep down and down to the eyes! It has remained static for forty-three minutes, you tell me? This is triumph!"

"Let us dare to hope so," said Sir Denis gravely.

When all arrangements had been completed and the good Dr. Cartier had grasped the astounding fact that Nayland Smith was not a confrere but a super-policeman:

"It's very important," Sir Denis whispered to me, "that this place should be watched tonight. We have to take into consideration—" he gripped my arm—"the possibility that they fail to save Petrie. The formula for '654' *must* be somewhere here!"

But we had searched for it in vain: nor was it on his person.

The driver of the car in which Sir Denis had come agreed, on terms, to mount guard over the laboratory. He remained in ignorance of the nature of Petrie's illness; but Dr. Cartier assured

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Masterpieces for Fare

By Selma Robinson

They're the specialty of smart restaurants where the chefs like guests to be fussy—it's a challenge to their skill. Where you'll find notables of society and the news coming for their pet dishes—Mrs. Peter's ravioli, for example, or that inspiring dish, bouillabaisse. But even our smartest people eat too fast

EAT only because you are hungry? But that is nonsense! Do you dress simply because you do not wish to go unclothed?" And Peter of the Restaurant La Rue raises his hands in astonishment.

There is something of a ritual in the preparation and serving of food in the finer restaurants. The uncooked bird or fish is brought out for selection; waiters in solemn black and white bear platters and bowls filled with strange ingredients; fires are lit in copper stoves before the guest, and rare wines and condiments are poured into this offering to the great god Appetite. Not until the last fragrant drop is properly blended will the dish be served, and until that high moment arrives the guest will watch the blue flame, sniff gratefully the delightful odors and follow the nimble hands of the waiter as he stirs and prods, bastes and, at long last, serves. . . .

Nor should the eating be any less leisurely. It should take, the connoisseurs of food say, almost two hours to dine properly. More than anything else—more, even, than prohibition—the unwritten law of haste has destroyed the American taste for good food. Each mouthful should be savored slowly, not gulped down; there should be a variety of courses, not a single dish; there should be ample time between courses for charming conversation and to allow for the proper appreciation of the next course.

That is how they ate in the generation of waltzes and horses and carriages, of hips and pompadours. Today they rush in, rush their food, rush out, always late, visiting more places than they have time for, too busy and too excited to eat.

Still in such places as that smoky little restaurant on New York's West Side, run by a former Mouquin waiter, or in the Hotel Lafayette near Washington Square, you can recapture the leisurely pace of the early days of the twentieth century. The Coffee Room of the Lafayette is like a French boulevard café. Nothing has been changed in thirty years—not the chairs, nor the small marble-topped tables, nor Alphonse, the head waiter, nor the guests, many of them. There is an ancient group of Alsatians, headed by Eugene Moch, seventy-nine years old, who play chess here. Once there was a chess tournament that lasted six months, but that was before the war. Now games last only all day, or all week.

Acme

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Right: "Jim" Farley, an eleven-minute diner; Arthur Brisbane, a connoisseur of bouillabaisse

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Wide World

Constance Bennett's favorite is cream of turtle soup; Sinclair Lewis prefers Crêpes Suzette

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Potato soufflé is a favorite dish on the menu of Colonel Charles Lindbergh

International

A new salad has been christened in honor of Peggy Hopkins Joyce

In the main dining-room, and in fact all over the hotel, French is spoken, though English is understood. The food is unmistakably French; there are snails in spicy sauce, and duck roasted with orange, soufflés high and fluffy as a feather bed, and onion soup that tempts you to forget to be delicate. It smells so good, and when the crouton is lifted from the steaming pot, golden threads of melted cheese hang from it.

Food for the Notables

At a neighboring table you may find Sinclair Lewis and his wife, Dorothy Thompson, hard at work on the Crêpes Suzette, those marvelous tiny rolled pancakes that have been stewed in rich cordials. Arthur Brisbane comes down for the bouillabaisse, a peasant dish that has been elevated to a place of honor in smart restaurants all over the world. Poets have written sonnets to it and artists painted still lifes of it. But this is how it is made:

BOUILLABAISSE
(For five persons)

3 lobsters	1 cup of tomato purée or sauce
1 clove of garlic	1 eel
1 stalk of celery	1 four-pound kingfish
1 stalk of leek	4 lbs. of sea bass
1 onion	15 mussels
½ pint of white wine	
5 tomatoes	

Take four pounds of lobster meat, or the equivalent of three lobsters, cut in cubes and cook in hot olive oil until the flesh turns red. Add one finely chopped clove of garlic for just a few seconds, long enough to add that certain something, and then remove. Add one each of the following: A stalk of celery, of leek and an onion finely sliced. Let cook slowly with the lobster for about ten minutes. As it is cooking, add about one half pint of white wine, five peeled and cubed tomatoes, a few grains of crushed black pepper and one cup of tomato purée or tomato sauce. Cook one eel for five minutes separately and then add it to the other ingredients stewing with the lobster. Add also one four-pound kingfish and four pounds of sea bass, cut in cubes, and stew the entire mixture for fifteen or twenty minutes. When it has cooked for about twelve minutes, add salt, a pinch of saffron and fifteen mussels which have been boiled for about ten minutes previously. The mussels should really be used as decoration in the half shell around the top of the bouillabaisse, allowing three to a person. Serve with croutons. The croutons are prepared by slicing French bread, saturating it in olive oil and frying until it turns brown.

Mark Twain, Anna Held, Melba, Sarah Bernhardt and Robert Louis Stevenson ate it from the same recipe. Hendrik Van Loon, the large and genial author of many best sellers, eats it with gusto. Van Loon is also partial to the Filet Mignon and to escalloped veal made from a choice cut of the animal. Charles Augustus Lindbergh comes often for his favorite potato soufflé.

But the Lafayette, although it is beloved of the present, really is an

(Continued on page 24)

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A FOREST is Made to Order

for A Century of Progress Exposition

with the Help of International Trucks

A magic forest has sprung into being on the great acreage of A CENTURY OF PROGRESS in Chicago where a splendid Fair opens its gates to the world in June. A year ago a barren desert of sand lay there beside the lake, but now the new land has been transformed by architectural and horticultural magic.

Imagination and efficiency have brought a forest here—*in International Trucks.*

In the small hours of the winter nights, cavalcades of trucks and trailers brought beautiful trees through the silent streets while Chicago slept and the trees themselves were in their winter sleep. Elms fifty feet in height came down from their fifty years of growth in the woodlands to the north. Hundreds of maples and lindens, pin oaks and ash trees, thousands of evergreens and shrubs, and four and a half miles of hedges joined in the march. The choicest products of nursery and countryside came to adorn a modernistic Exposition. A mass migration of trees—*but only a winter's job for the Swain Nelson fleet of Internationals.*

Your job for International Trucks may not be so spectacular, but remember that these trucks are like the Internationals on thousands of humdrum jobs. Internationals are rendering the same service everywhere—proving their worth in the traffic of every day.

Put your own hauling in International hands. Rely on International Trucks, protected by International Harvester Company-owned service. *International sizes range from ½-ton to 7½-ton. Chassis prices as low as* $360, *f. o. b. factory.*

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Tough? No sole ever built will outwear them. And boys like them because they're sure-footed, comfortable, waterproof.

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SOLES and HEELS
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Masterpieces for Fare

Continued from page 22

anachronism. Farther uptown you will find those smart, ultra-chic, expensive restaurants that cater to American society. They are on the East Side mostly, and in the upper Fifties or lower Sixties. Luxurious, fashionable, there is not a feeling of repose about them; rather there is excitement and stimulation.

You pay for much more than the food. You pay for the address, for the beautiful decorations, for the many waiters, the exquisite appointments and for the exciting privilege of sitting next to Gary Cooper and Lillian Gish and Barbara Hutton and the Princess Braganza, to see what they are eating, how they look, what they are wearing.

That last is very important! The uptown restaurants realize that women like to see and be seen, so La Rue has left a wide path all around the dining-room, and the Colony Restaurant has cunningly arranged its chairs like seats in a theater, facing the entrance, which serves as a sort of stage for those astonishingly groomed women whom you have seen in the film magazines or on the society pages, to poise for a moment conscious of their finery.

Keeping Slim on Rich Food

High-priced costume designers eat in these restaurants patronized by their best customers; department store buyers who want to know how next season's styles will look; Broadway playboys with millions to spend; royalty from abroad; prosperous, energetic young business women; conservative society matrons and their young daughters—you will find them all. And one of the major duties of the maître d'hôtel is to place his guests pleasantly and satisfactorily.

Sidney Solomon, the witty host of the Casino in Central Park, will never seat Adolph Lewisohn, the aged philanthropist, where it is cool, or Josef Stransky, the former orchestra conductor, where it is warm, or Constance Bennett at any but a ringside table, or the W. K. Vanderbilts anywhere near the ringside.

Younger guests are not so particular. They will sit almost anywhere, eat almost anything. "They never send food back; it would be so nice if they complained once in a while," says Ernest seriously and sadly. "The chefs grow bored and unhappy because people eat what is set down before them and don't fuss."

Many of the very slim young women have just one good meal a day to keep their figures. But—and this seems very strange—those men and women who eat liberally of the rich food seem no less slender. Constance Bennett eats cream of turtle soup, very fat-making—but apparently not for Connie. Beth Leary, that bright cosmopolitan sophisticate who has dined in Biarritz, in Paris, in London and Madrid, adores Eggs Baltimore, which go like this:

EGGS BALTIMORE

Allow one egg to a dish and serve within its own casserole. Line the bottom of the casserole with one demi-tasse cupful of flaked crabmeat, cover with a cream sauce, then add the egg which has been previously poached in hot water. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and brown in the oven until a crisp crust has been formed. The cream sauce is made of one cup of heavy cream mixed smoothly with one tablespoon of flour.

Peter, like most of the other elegant restaurateurs, employs a variety of cooks, for there are certain dishes that no one but a native can make. Only a Frenchman can understand a chocolate soufflé; only a German can make hasenpfeffer or goulash; only an Italian can make ravioli. Peter qualifies this last. He says that only his wife can make ravioli. She is a gentle, quiet little Italian woman who is busy six days a week looking after her twin daughters, but on the seventh day, Tuesday, she comes down to make ravioli for her husband.

The Nathaniel P. Hill Jrs. would never miss a ravioli on Tuesday, nor would George Jessel, the comedian, nor nearly a hundred others, and this is the way ravioli is made:

MRS. PETER'S RAVIOLI
(For four persons)

½ lb. beef
½ lb. veal
½ lb. chicken
1 cup cooked and chopped spinach
1 calf's brain
4 tblspns of grated Parmesan cheese
1 medium-sized onion
½ cup of butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Chop the onion fine and brown it in a roasting pan with the butter. Add the beef, veal and chicken and salt and pepper and cook together for one half hour. Then let stand until cold. When the meat is cold, pass it through a meat grinder and grind finely. Mix the ground meats and the chopped spinach in a large bowl, add the grated Parmesan cheese and mix thoroughly. Set aside for the dough envelopes.

RECIPE FOR RAVIOLI DOUGH

1 lb. flour
3 eggs
6 tblspns of water

Place the flour on a rolling board, mix the three eggs in the bowl with the water and then work in the flour, kneading the dough for at least twenty minutes until it is very fine. Roll the dough into a thin leaf and fill half of it with the meat, cheese and spinach mixture. Fold the remaining half of the dough over the stuffing and pass a ravioli wheel over it. The wheel cuts out little square shapes which are simply pinched together to form little envelopes. Place all the ravioli in a pot of boiling water and cook for fifteen minutes. Remove, drain all water and dredge with grated Parmesan cheese. Serve with the following sauce:

SAUCE

½ onion
2 tblspns of butter
1 small can of tomatoes
½ lb. mushrooms
½ cup of bouillon from the roasted meats

Chop the onion fine. Add the butter and brown. Put in a saucepan with the canned tomatoes and chopped mushrooms and cook for one half hour. Add one half cup of meat bouillon and cook a little longer. Pour the sauce over the ravioli and serve with grated cheese.

The Chef's Secret

One of the duties of an important restaurant is to answer the many requests for recipes that come in the day's mail. Although many of the dishes are arrived at only after years of study, most of the chefs will gladly tell their correspondents how to make Guinea Hen Smetane or Filet of Sole Marguery. Sometimes, however, a specialty is jealously guarded, like the dish Calcutta at the Central Park Casino, where the chef will only say that it consists of a slice of ham cooked in chutney sauce and topped with chicken hash and stewed ripe cherries.

The Casino is a place where Broadway and Park Avenue mingle. Although it is busy at lunch and dinner it is perhaps most popular after theater for dancing and food. Mr. Solomon, who presides at the Casino, is an outspoken and humorous host who has watched his various guests for years and caters to their many idiosyncrasies. Joseph P. Widener, of Philadelphia, must have his breast of chicken under glass served with Virginia ham and covered with mushroom cream sauce. "Jim" Farley, President Roosevelt's Postmaster-General, eats his dinner in eleven minutes and then departs.

We're Learning to Eat

"Only foreigners and Americans who have lived abroad for any length of time know anything about food," Mr. Solomon says bluntly. "Mr. and Mrs. Griswold Thompson, Paris Singer, Jean Patou and several others are in this class. Real Americans like extremely simple food and they don't know much about any other kind. They don't care for sauces. Movie stars, although they spend plenty of money on food, seldom know how to order a decent meal; they would much rather drink than eat. The young girls and boys would rather dance than eat. We have taken great pains to make an ideal supper dish that we call Lobster Casino. But it might just as well be sawdust for all the attention they pay it. This is how it is made:

"LOBSTER CASINO
"(For four persons)

"Take the meat of two lobsters from their shells and dice it. Sauté it in butter. Then add one pint of cream and two glasses of sherry and mix together well. Put this all back in the shell and put in the oven until glazed.

"My idea of a perfect dinner and one that we used to serve in the old days would be something like this: Heart of artichokes stuffed with crabmeat, mixed with Russian dressing and topped with caviar, half a lemon and two strips of pimiento; breast of guinea hen sauté, with truffles and brown sauce; purée of peas; hearts of palm au gratin; Peggy Joyce salad of hearts of endive, beets, preserved figs with French dressing and chili sauce mixed; for dessert, Pear Siciliane, which is a cooked pear stuffed with chestnuts, vanilla ice cream, whipped cream and crushed macaroons, topped with chocolate leaves and cointreau; then a cup of filtered coffee to finish it off. There should be a wait of at least ten or fifteen minutes between courses. But try to tell that to a bunch of girls and boys who eat excitement and who want to keep dancing until they drop with exhaustion.

"Naturally, the depression has seriously affected expensive restaurants. Five dollars a person goes a long way these days and for that amount you can get a dinner that will make you sit up and take notice. A dinner like the one I have just described, one of the most elaborate I can think of, would cost about eight to ten dollars a person. If wine and liqueurs were permitted, the same dinner would cost about five to seven dollars additional for each person. Compare that with some of the dinners people ordered before the crash; I saw one check in a restaurant in 1928 that was $110 for two people, including wines, champagne and brandy, of course."

Perhaps the depression is teaching America how to eat, since there is less money to be spent on outside amusements. If a change of psychology is accomplished, or if a slackening of the national tempo is brought about, we may still become versed in the finer culinary arts and in leisurely dining.

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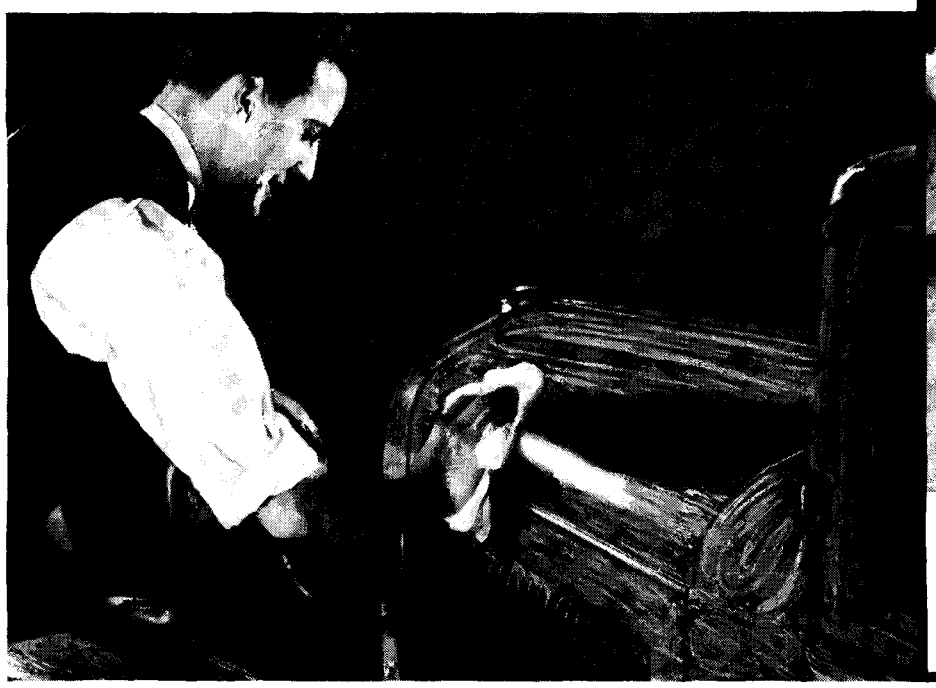

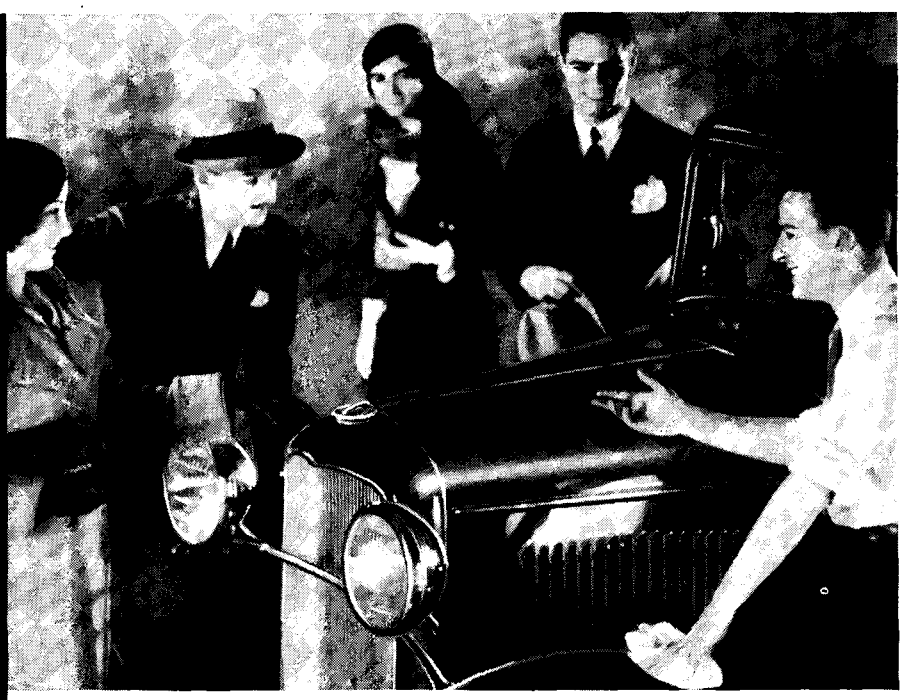

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• All of these statements you can prove for yourself—by sending in the coupon below. Letters that come in to us from users are so enthusiastic we can hardly believe them ourselves.

• The new method employs two new scientific products. *The first* is **Johnson's Auto Cleaner**—an entirely different kind of cleaner, based on a new principle. It positively removes dirt, scum and film that other cleaners fail to remove. It works in half the time, with half the labor — yet it *does not scratch or mar the surface.* It dries to a white powder, easily wiped off.

• You won't believe your eyes when the cleaner has restored the beauty to your car. To *keep* that beauty, to protect the finish and maintain it with minimum expense and labor, you use product *No.* 2—the new **Johnson's Auto Wax.**

• This is made by a new secret process. It gives lasting protection against sun, weather, road dirt—puts a coat of hard wax between these destructive agents and the finish. And here again time and labor of application have been *cut in half.* Cost is negligible. One waxing costs 7 cents!

• Wax is the ideal protection for a car. Dust slides off the waxed surface. Rain doesn't get through. Occasional rewaxing maintains the beauty—and between times rubbing with a cloth keeps the wax polish rich and gleaming.

WHAT USERS SAY:

Your cleaner immediately removed the accumulation of bad after-effects left by use of various so-called auto polishes. Johnson's Wax then completed what I would call "the perfect shine" and with a minimum of effort. STANLEY F. WIDENER, Pomona, Calif.

The cleaner and polish quickly and easily brought back the original color, and after the wax was applied, the car actually "beamed." It looks as if it had just been repainted. IRIS FENNELL, Auburn, Nebraska

Since using your cleaner and wax I have had occasion to drive the car on a day on which it rained. A light rubbing with a clean soft rag and the car was just as clean as after having been waxed. Your new cleaner and wax are considerably better than anything that has been on the market before. GEO. M. SCHNIER, 916 N. Taylor Ave., Oak Park

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Coming Attractions

Continued from page 18

it. Also he felt that something should be done about Tharen.

The first time he went to the Murillo, Max's nephew, Hymie, sold him his ticket. The next time Tharen was in the booth. She didn't look up and to her he was just a hand with a fifty-cent piece. To him she was too magnificent to be true.

When he left with his quarter change and his ticket he wouldn't believe what he had seen, and walked behind the booth and out on the other side, positive that a profile view would shatter the perfection of the image.

Then, dazed, he stumbled into the theater. Being a proud, personable young man with the healthy vanity of his age, he saw that it was his duty to make, at once, a powerful impression on the world's most gorgeous creature.

Coming Attractions furnished the medium, and after the show he went directly to the ticket booth and said to Tharen Haynes:

"She expected days and nights of tender love—the fulfillment of her girlhood dreams—"

"Gracious!" said Miss Haynes.

"—played by Helen Twelvetrees," Clarence mumbled, and then, looking her right in the eye, "She was rich, beautiful, sex-crazed, money-mad, ruthless—"

Miss Haynes stared at him. "The Razzberry Man! Mr. Schnipsel! Oh, Mr. Schnipsel!"

"Constance Bennett's smash hit," he muttered, and, smiling at the startled girl, he went on, "She's astonishing! Amusing! Adorable! Romantic! Different!"

Again Miss Haynes cried out. Her voice was drowned in the roaring surf of the elevated, beating on the tenements.

"They loved as only youth can love!" Clarence shouted.

"POLICE!" Miss Haynes screamed, and meant it.

"Darn!" Clarence thought. "Hey, wait a minute, Miss! Just a minute, please!"

MR. SCHNIPSEL hustled from the theater, sensed a row, and rendered his classic, "Now, look here now—try to be a gentleman!"

He peered into the booth at a flushed and confused Tharen, and turned on Clarence and spat out, "Loafer!"

"Why, no," said Clarence, "I dunno about being a gentleman, but I sure am no loafer. Look at these hands!"

He spread calloused hands with broken nails. Mr. Schnipsel glared at him and then looked up and down Third Avenue. Harry, the cop, was approaching. "Officer!" called Mr. Schnipsel.

"Yeh, come here and settle a bet!" called Clarence.

Harry sauntered up. Tharen Haynes was terribly embarrassed. The tone of Clarence's face fought that of his hair, but he tried to speak easily and without being too fresh. Harry silenced him and Mr. Schnipsel. "What's the diffewgalty?" Harry asked.

"A fair question, Harry," said Clarence. "I'm asking you and you tell Mr. Roxy Grauman here—am I a loafer?"

"Not when Donlon is watching," said Harry.

"I thank you, Harry, and I thank you, Miss Murillo." He swept off his hat, bowed to the three and walked away, somewhat ashamed of himself.

"Aw, he's all right," said Harry. "He's just a fresh young mick that works in Daley's Fifty-first and Second Avenue store."

"I should have it a grocer boy insulting my cashier!" said Mr. Schnipsel.

"Oh," said Tharen hastily, "I don't know that he meant to be insulting. Only at first I was frightened because I thought he was a gangster."

"On my beat? A gangster? Ho! But, any time, Miss Haynes, any time you have trouble with a fresh guy I'll be glad to part his hair an inch deep with my magic wand."

Harry and Mr. Schnipsel went their respective ways. "He isn't a gangster!" thought Tharen, flurried, and glowing so that when she made a mistake of fifteen cents in favor of Mr. Schnipsel, a burly plasterer customer with lime under his nails glowed too.

"Didn't that girl make a mistake?" asked the plasterer's wife.

"She gave me a nickel too much," said the gallant plasterer, and went in to see Tharen and himself in every picture on the screen.

THE next morning Tharen supplied herself with many reasons, none the right one, and did her breakfast shopping in Daley's.

Clarence, at the tub-butter counter, didn't see her at first. He was waiting on his customer and admiring the technique of his boss, John Francis Donlon, a short-spoken man who had a way of being absolutely right about such things as he permitted himself to know.

Mr. Donlon knew people. He knew when to flatter, to cajole, to bully. Now he was addressing Mrs. Haggerty—who was speaking for the entertainment of the several other people in the store when she said, "I cut me mouth on that sharp coffee of yours, Donlon. I'll be buying me coffee elsewhere, hereafter."

"You'll do all your shopping elsewhere, then!" said Donlon, furiously.

"What! And me tradin' wid Daley tin years and more?"

"You heard me."

"By garry, I'll tell Haggerty and he'll be around to see ye!"

"If he does, I'll wind up his fat head on his thin neck till it flies off when it unspins!"

"I'll write to Daley himself!"

"I'll lend you a pen and help with the spelling," said Donlon, and won the skirmish.

"Once in a while, for years, she's been getting like that," he muttered to Clarence. "She'll be back tomorrow as nice as pie."

By this time Clarence wasn't listening. He rushed through with his butter customer and went over to Tharen, who was considering melons in a crate. Today they were two for a quarter. Reaching past her, Clarence selected two of the finest. "He decked her with pearls of fabulous price!" he said in her ear, and held out the melons.

Tharen blushed. The two of them blushed, as they looked at each other, and the two of them smiled. "M'name's Clarence," he confided, with a sidelong glance to locate Donlon.

"Oh— Oh, I see. But I can't use two melons. I mean—I have no icebox and I can't even use one unless it's cold."

"Take this one then and leave everything to Clarence Kiley. For she was the sensation of London, Paris and Berlin—and what could he do to serve so fair a creature?"

"He could get her a pound of that twenty-nine-cent coffee," said Tharen, her eyes dancing. "Ground, please."

"Empires crashed, republics tottered before this ruthless monster," said Clarence, as he plucked a package of coffee from the shelf and three others tumbled down. He replaced them deftly, opened the package and dumped its contents into the grinder and started the motor.

"What a nut!" she thought, but she went to him at the jerk of his head. He pretended to be showing her something in the window, and said, "Never such an amazing love!"—but neglected to add, "Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell."

THAREN stiffened. Clarence went on, "An adventurer masquerading as another man—his prize, a beautiful bride. Beginning Thursday. Also Selected Short Subjects."

"Oh," said Tharen, understanding at last. "What are you doing, playing program?"

"Nn-nnn," Clarence denied. "I'm Coming Attractions. Listen—you'll never forget this thrilling drama of love and sacrifice. It reflects the romance in your own nature. Live it out to the full!" He put so much feeling into this last that he hastened to add, "Saturday and Sunday. Also Mickey Mouse."

The motor-grinder was racing. Clarence shut it off and dumped the coffee back into its bag. To show that of course she understood his entire manner was impersonal, Tharen said, "Don't you make fun of the Murillo. I have to work there."

"Not for the world," said Clarence, and then he grinned. "'Twas a fair spot, a veritable gem, set in paradise. She was a beautiful native girl with a skin of gold—"

"Now, now," said Tharen, with a brand-new blush, "I'll have a pint of milk, please, and that will be all."

At noon Messrs. Donlon and Kiley were alone in the store. Donlon, leaning on the counter, making notations on a big order pad, said, over his shoulder, "Shall I put down one full case of trouble for Mister Kiley?"

"What? *Was sagen Sie*, John?"

"You heard me. Is it a case of trouble you're asking for, flirting with that pretty girl?"

"Aw, now, John—I wasn't flirting—I was only kidding."

"Yes, and lots of good men thought they were only kidding when they said 'Ah there' to a strange girl, and wound up in the marriage halter."

Clarence laughed. "Say, John, do I look like a good candidate for a bridegroom's job? Me with my eighteen a week?"

"Sure the money has nothing to do with it. A lad with a limber tongue like yours, hung in the middle and wagging both ways—he should keep it in his face and not be digging pitfalls for himself to tumble into."

"Great! Bet you couldn't say that again." Clarence was boyishly defensive. But he was scared now. The kind of scare that makes one blush, rather than pale.

That night he went around to the Murillo to see just how scared he was.

He picked a time when the lobby was clear and sidled to the booth. Tharen, embroidering the initial of a girl chum on a handkerchief, had no warning.

"Her body ached for the man she loved," said Clarence, and lifted his hat in the best Kiley tradition.

Tharen dropped hands and work in her lap and raised her eyes to heaven and gave an exaggerated sigh. "Don't you know any trailer talk from westerns and melodrama, for a change?" she asked.

"Oh, sure, but these others intrigue me—for he was a human python who

(Continued on page 28*)*

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Always adding oil?

"And then I went back to QUAKER STATE..."

Does your oil pressure drop after a few hundred miles? Are you always adding quarts?

Here is an actual experiment by a Los Angeles owner:

"In local driving, I always have to add a quart of high grade Pennsylvania oil every 200 miles. Recently, I made a round trip from Los Angeles to New York City.

"On this trip, I started using Quaker State. I drove from Hollywood, Cal. to Rolla, Mo., about 2,280 miles; averaged 450 miles a day . . . and used only one quart of oil. The pressure never dropped below 30 lbs.

"On my way back, I was persuaded to fill with another brand of oil. In 50 miles, the oil pressure dropped to 20. I drained, and refilled with Quaker State. The oil pressure then came up to 30 lbs. and stayed there.

"In 26 years, I have never experienced as good results as I am getting with Quaker State."*

For mileage, experiment yourself. Learn the meaning of: ***that extra quart of lubrication in every gallon.***

**An exact quotation from an unsolicited testimonial.*
R. O'Hara, Notary Public (Seal)

QUAKER STATE

Motor Oils

AND SUPERFINE GREASES

25% More Lubricant In Every Drop

YOU GET REAL ECONOMY WITH THAT EXTRA QUART

.1.

On Your Repairs

Well-lubricated engines seldom need repairs. Piston-rings stand up better. Cylinder walls remain smooth. Bearings function properly. Result: lowered repair bills, smoother operation . . . with Quaker State.

.2.

On Your Oil

Ordinary motor oil averages a quart or more of "light-end" oil per gallon. This burns up in high-speed, high-compression motors... and blows away. You pay for something you do not get.

Quaker State removes this "light-end" material at the refinery. Not a drop of it ever reaches your motor. Every gallon of Quaker State is 4 quarts of motor-lubricant, net. You do not have to keep adding oil to make up for light-end wastage.

.3.

On Your Mileage

Owner after owner writes us of the unusual . . . indeed, almost incredible... number of miles he gets out of his car with Quaker State. Trouble-free miles. Car worth more at trade-in time.

If you want to make your present car last longer, switch to Quaker State. It's genuine economy in car-operation!

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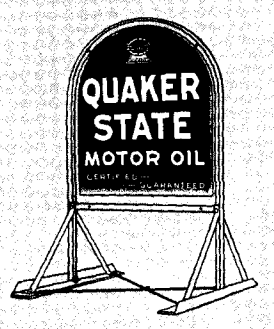
Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places now supply Quaker State from the patented green-and-white drum...double-sealed at the refinery. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pa.



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CAN ANY MOUTH WASH REALLY STOP

BAD BREATH?

Ask Your Dentist—He's In A Position To KNOW!

CAN any mouth wash *really* have any lasting effect on bad breath? Ask your dentist!

He is the one person who is in a position to know. Because he's working over people's mouths all day. And that's why you find more LAVORIS used in dental offices than all other mouth washes combined.

LAVORIS exerts a unique mouth-purging action, a distinctive and exclusive property. It coagulates tainted, odor-causing mucus—and flushes it out.

You see the purging evidence with your own eyes as the tiny shreds of sticky mucus are detached and swept away—leaving the tissues in a clean, firm and healthful condition.

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Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c for cost of packing and mailing.

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Coming Attractions

Continued from page 26

dared to set his lust against the red-blooded courage of a nation, and she—"

"All right, all right."

"—she showed what a wise blonde could do to a fighting fool."

Tharen ran her hands through hair decidedly brunette. "You're probably a fighting fool—I saw you defying those five men, but if I'm a blonde—"

"What's this about seeing me want to fight five guys?"

"That was weeks ago. I guess you were dressed too well for that time and place, and they made funny noises—"

"Well, I'll be— Well, and to think you saw that little fracas! I didn't see you." Clarence pondered and, with a grin, brought out, "She laughed, she cried, she darned near died when she saw him battle against great odds!"

"I did not!"

"She wondered who this magnificent stranger could be. And—"

Mr. Schnipsel came from behind a lobby-display stand and started when he saw Clarence. He said angrily, "Do I have to hire out of my own pocket a policeman?"

CLARENCE stepped back apologetically. Mr. Schnipsel thrust nose, lips and mustache into the little circle cut in the front window of the booth. "Should I swear out for him a warrant, Miss Tharen?"

"Just a minute," said Clarence, with what he hoped was a disarming smile. "You've got me wrong. I'm one of your best customers. I even remember everything I see and hear on your screen. Ask Miss Tharen."

He lifted his hat and departed. A moment later, crouching behind a family group approaching the booth from the other side, he whispered to Tharen, "He rushes away—but he'll rush right back when his soul gets well! Don't miss this drama of the madman and the faithful woman!"

Mr. Schnipsel stood for some time by the booth. Presently he took a long look at Tharen. "A fine girl like you wouldn't be so foolish," he said. "He's only a grocery boy, making maybe fifteen dollars a week. What's the future, now I ask you?"

"Why, Mr. Schnipsel!" Tharen's cheeks were flaming. "How absurd! Why— I don't even know him—and—and he's just a boy!"

But Mr. Schnipsel was troubled. He spoke to the Mommer about it, and the next day, Mommer Schnipsel spoke to Tharen. Tharen said it was "just too absurd." She waited three days, and as Clarence didn't return to the Murillo she went around to Daley's to prove to herself just how absurd it was.

Clarence was involved with a woman who just couldn't decide between four brands of canned tomatoes, and he was about to suggest she roll the dice or flip a coin, when Tharen appeared in the doorway. Donlon greeted her. He wanted to know for himself what manner of girl this was who had bewitched his assistant.

A little runway of boards, covering fresh-laid cement, led to the door from the sidewalk. "Careful you don't break your neck on Kiley Boulevard," he said. "'Tis a nuisance now, but by tomorrow the cement will be hard."

She didn't understand and he didn't explain. Clarence was practicing such fierce hypnotism as he could on his customer, but she wouldn't hurry, and he was still with her when Donlon finished with Tharen. At the last minute Clarence excused himself, fished a chunk of ice from the cooler and put it in a bag with Tharen's purchases, while Donlon was at the cash register. "Good morning," said Tharen, and "Good morning!" said Clarence, and Donlon's quick glance set fire to a blush in the cheeks of both.

Clarence managed to think that a small boy was stealing apples outside and rushed to the door so he could say, as Tharen came out, "I been busy with schemes and stratagems for Daley. How you been, Tharen?"

"Oh, just fine. And you—Clarence?"

The shy "Clarence" exploded on him so that his legs wavered. He gulped as he strove to think of what next to say. Falling back on the Coming Attractions language that had advanced him so far, so fast, he brought out, "See for yourself if Youth has the right to make its own decisions or let its elders make them! Thursday and Friday."

Tharen gave him one frightened look and hurried away.

In the afternoon, Donlon stood in the middle of the store, looking out the door. He said, "It's sunk ye are, right up to the eyes of you, and you don't know it!"

"Who's sunk?"

"Young Clarence X. Y. Z. Fitz-Kiley himself, and he did it with his own little blarney. Don't ask me to be a bookkeeper when you're trying to divide eighteen bucks by two Kileys and a long winter, and make it come out even."

Clarence was furious. "I know as well as you do what I get—I mean I told you myself the other day how I felt about it and now you throw it up to me as if I hadn't even thought of it!"

"Ah-ha—then you have to admit you've been thinking serious—"

"NO!" Clarence shouted. "I could crown you with a milk bottle!" He swore and took little steps about the store, and then came back to his boss. "Listen—in words of one syllable, a guy in the spot I'm in—the last thing he thinks about is getting married."

"Oh," said Donlon, with eyebrows elevated, "oh—I see—and what a bright boy you are to be knowing that!" Then he drew down his brows and looked sternly at Clarence and stabbed at him with a stiff forefinger. "When a man is healthy and strong and getting big pay, does he think about getting married? He does not."

"SO WHAT?" said Clarence, annoyed. "He thinks about new clothes for himself, and where shall I eat tonight, and what show will I be seeing? And he thinks about rushing down to the poolroom or the bar saloon with his chums, or maybe the bowling alley. And he looks at himself in the glass for the handsome dog he is, and he thinks if he ever does get around to get married it'll be nobody less than one of them princesses in the paper, or some big bug's million-dollar daughter. But—"

He stabbed Clarence hard. "But, does he get married then? He does not. He waits until he gets sick and weak and broke and down on his luck, and then, when he can no longer resist, then, my friend Clarence, then some new girl bowls him over and catches him on the first bounce!"

Fiery-faced, Clarence said, "You're full of so much old tire air!"

Once more Donlon stabbed him. "And does she lave him as he is? She does not. She prods him and sticks pins in him till he should amount to something, and from then on he's doomed to have no peace at all, at all!"

"Front!" said Clarence, glad of the opportunity, and they broke from their huddle to wait on some customers.

At seven that night, as they were locking the store, Donlon said, "So keep away from that Murillo, me boy, and I'll be saving you yet."

"You go to the devil!" said Clarence, and he was so angry that he walked on his heels almost all the way to the Murillo.

He saw the same radio-police picture two and a half times; then, at nine, when Tharen was pulling on her hat, he was alongside the booth, saying, "Forget your troubles with this screaming pair!"

She smiled. "What am I supposed to say?"

"Come. A mad, mysterious night in Society's Playground. Impassioned Hearts playing with fire! Rich food—wild, exotic music!" . . .

AT MIDNIGHT they still were sitting in a neighborhood restaurant. "Why, that's wonderful," Tharen said. "How did you ever happen to think about it?"

"Well," said Clarence, turning his third cup of coffee round and round in its saucer, "we were losing the baby-carriage trade. I noticed that women pushing baby-carriages would stop and look into Daley's and then they'd go down to the Western Star or one of the other chain stores, where they have sidewalk men to wait on them. Naturally they wouldn't leave a baby outside, and I figured if they could wheel 'em into the store, we'd get the trade. Simple, see?"

"Simple, yes, but it's the obvious that's hard to see. So then what?"

"So I spoke to Donlon, and to these roving managers and inspectors that come around. Then I thought, why not write to Daley himself? So I did. Daley's got over a hundred stores here in the East, and I don't know how many others, all over the map, and I'll be darned if he's not putting one of these little concrete ramps or runways into every store!"

"How wonderful. And naturally you called yourself to Daley's attention?"

Clarence laughed. "You don't know Daley. He just took it in his stride, with the rest of his morning mail. But here's the pay-off—do you know what Donlon swears to me?"

"I know he calls it Kiley Boulevard."

"Yair, and the Kiley Highway. But Donlon swears I got the idea just to make it easier for me to wheel in stuff from the sidewalk on the hand truck when our supply trucks unload at the curb every day."

"I think I could hate that Donlon."

"Oh, no, you couldn't. John's a peach, only—well—never mind."

After a moment, Tharen said, "If it isn't too personal—what did you do before you worked for Daley?"

Clarence reddened. "Well, I was a copy writer in a big advertising agency. My boss, a guy named Brooks, called me the Lippy Mick, and said I talked too much. One day I called him four or five fancy names, and he fired me." Clarence looked across the table at her, and grinned. "Imagine my chagrin when I found that none of the other agencies got trampled in the rush for my services. So when I had only the fretwork of the old bankroll left and was nicely scared and humbled, I grabbed at this job with Daley." He couldn't resist adding, "And if you multiplied my present stipend by ten it still wouldn't be as much as I used to get. Believe it or not."

"Why, of course I believe you." She didn't tell him, then, that not so long

(Continued on page 30)

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THE NEW DOBBS "LEISURE LIGHT"

"AGAIN DOBBS SETS THE STYLE" *There's a pleasing bit of color in the straw hat parade this year, with Dobbs offering a gay array of bands—club stripes and fancy combinations—smart and correct. Always comfortable, Dobbs Straws are cooler, lighter, easier to wear than ever.*

And they are the first straws to be "air-conditioned." In all the approved shapes and weaves. Dobbs Straws $3, $4, and $5. Dobbs Panamas $6 and up.

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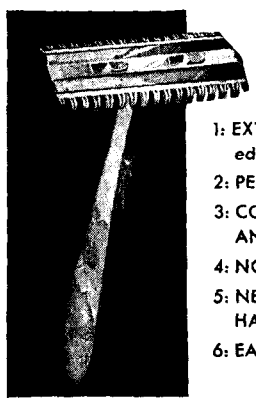
Here comes the new

DURHAM

DUPLEX SAFETY RAZOR

EVERYBODY wants an ALL DAY shave—and here it is! Try this NEW razor—and get rid of that "sandpapery" feeling that comes a few hours after shaving. It's all in the *long* blade—the shaving *angle*—and the design! Simple and sure. Nothing to learn—just shave! Note these important features:



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Sensational Low Introductory Price
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Gentlemen:
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps). Please send postpaid new Durham Duplex Razor complete with one blade

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C-5-13-33

Coming Attractions

Continued from page 28

before she'd had a fine position as a personal shopper in a big department store. But she thought much, using for her thinking the brains she used to use at the store.

At her door she thanked him for the evening.

"Honestly, I don't know when I've had such a good time. But—" she paused, and laughed.

"But what?"

"But—it seems to me I haven't heard any Coming Attractions all evening."

"Oh, somehow they didn't seem to fit." Clarence was fussed. He said quickly, "I've got a new one. That radio-police-patrol picture I saw so many times tonight when I was waiting for you—" And he declaimed in a bass monotone, "Calling All Cars—Calling All Cars—look for a red-headed Irishman and a tall, handsome girl with black hair. When last seen he was trying to make a date with her for tomorrow night. Calling All Cars!"

"Is the red-headed Irishman sure he wants to?"

"All cars—be careful—the Irishman is desperate!"

She laughed softly. "What a nut you are, Clarence! Well—suppose I meet you at Joe's restaurant at nine-thirty, then? My worthy employer and his wife—well, the Schnipsels have been wonderful to me, but—"

"But they don't want this mick hanging around the ticket booth? Okay. Calling All Cars—the Menace of the Murillo admits he's had the time of his life, and he'll be holding his breath until tomorrow night. All Cars—have the pulmotor ready!"

She laughed and he laughed, and they stood in awkward silence. How could he know that she wanted to be kissed, then and there? Finally he said:

"'Tis late and I have to be up early and at me Daley Dozen."

They said good night then, and he walked down the street briskly, and she walked up the stairs. But she came back again, and watched his retreating figure. "Daley Dozen!" she repeated aloud. "Daley's Daily Dollar Dozen! Hmm." She went back up the stairs and unlocked the door. "What was it he said?" she thought, and wasted a smile and a blush on herself. "See for yourself if Youth has the right to make its own decisions—or—or what price Mr. and Mrs. Schnipsel!"

NOW, skipping a couple of months, let us contemplate Mr. John Francis Donlon on a cold day in late fall:

Mr. Donlon didn't like his new assistant manager, Shannon, a crane-necked, hen-faced man who had failed to get through the police rookie school and was too tired for the fire department. He missed cheerful, hot-headed young Clarence, and wondered what had become of him.

"I suppose he went off on a drunk," Donlon thought, "and when he was tight he went in to Daley and told him what he thought of him—bawling out the boss being a talent with us Irish. He was never the same man after he saw that Murillo girl—and him not able to pay for the silk stockings for the fine legs of her."

He was thinking about Clarence when Mr. Schnipsel, rotund in his heavy overcoat, came in. Mr. Schnipsel waved aside the obsequious Shannon and went to Donlon. He introduced himself and said: "I take the liberty to ask could you help us? The Mommer—Mrs. Schnipsel and me, we're worried sick about that girl. Like one of our own, she was, and we do everything for her, and one day she says, 'I don't come in tomorrow any more,' and we never see her again. And every day the papers is full, a pretty girl like that should disappear mysterious."

"The one you mean traded here a few times, but she hasn't been around for weeks and I don't even know her name."

"That red-headed boy—I don't see him here," said Schnipsel. He asked confidentially, "Did he have it a trouble—by the cash register, maybe? I swear I treat it Masonic, but all the time he was hangink around by our Tharen."

Donlon flared. "That boy was honest as the day is long. It was that girl of yours. I warned him—"

Schnipsel flared. "You should warn him! Such a lady like our Tharen should get the warnings, and now it is too late already."

"Well, what did she have to come in the store for, setting the boy on fire?"

"A fire, is it? By my ticket booth is an explosion every time that loafer—"

AND then the door opened, and into the store stepped a shining princess in furs, and a grinning, red-haired youth in a new blue overcoat.

He put his hand into Donlon's face and ground his nose, while Tharen and Mr. Schnipsel were exchanging exclamations, and clasping hands.

"Meet the wife, Mister John Donlon!" said Clarence.

"My husband, Mr. Kiley—Mr. Schnipsel," said Tharen.

Aside, John Donlon asked, "So what is it you're doing now to keep yourself out of mischief?"

"Listen, John," said the enthusiastic Clarence. "You know yourself there was no future for me here in the store, but I was numbing myself to stay here forever. Tharen prodded me, sure enough, so now I'm back with Brooks, the guy that fired me out of the advertising agency. And my salary is okay because I brought in the Daley account! I'm in our own department of radio advertising, and if you tune in this winter, you'll hear all about your own business!"

"By garry, now, that's great!"

"Old man Daley thinks I'm a tin god on wheels. Trained me himself in his own store, he claims. And he's crazy about the new catch line Tharen thought up, 'Daley's Dollar Dozen'—a dollar fifty or seventy-five cents' worth for a buck. You'll be hearing my melodious voice a couple of nights a week. So at last there's a spot for Lippy Kiley!"

"By garry, it's proud I am of ye, Clarence," said Donlon, with glistening eye. He roared, "Shannon—don't be leaning on that broom! Go use it on the sidewalk!" He resumed, "Like I was always telling ye, all a bright, up-and-coming lad like yourself needed was a fine young wife to steady him. Remember?"

"Sure," said Clarence.

"And you tell Mrs. Schnipsel we want to come right over the first night she has *kreplich*," said Tharen to her former boss.

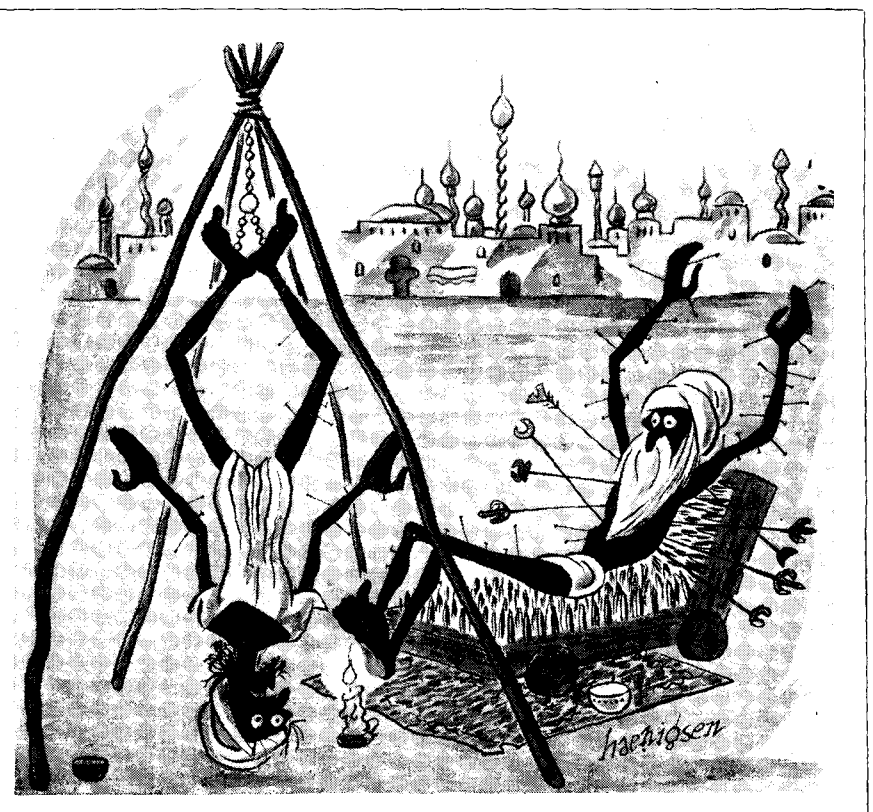
"Ah, the Mommer will be so happy," said Mr. Schnipsel. "We was always sick worrying you wanted to be alone all the time and wouldn't get married. We could see this boy is made from the right kind gold, but you wouldn't listen."

"Clarence," said Donlon confidentially, "what was this lingo you used to be saying off to Mrs. Kiley? Coming Attractions, was it? Well, some day I'll be proud to have one of them young Coming Attractions named for me!"

CLARENCE blushed and said hastily, "Well, gentlemen, we'll be seeing you. Er—don't miss this Dramatic Conflict of Tangled Loves and Lives in The Underworld of a Great City!" and, taking Tharen's arm with bridegroomly solicitude, he escorted her down Kiley Boulevard and away.

"Let's see," said Mr. Schnipsel. "Did he mean The Judgment Kiss, with John Barrymore?"

"No—The Grocer Boy's Revenge, with young Clarence Kiley!" said the proud Mr. Donlon.



"Sometimes I get pretty fed up with this graft!"
Harry Haenigsen

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EXPECT MORE

From a Refrigerator this Year

You will get
MORE ECONOMY—
UTTER SILENCE
in the new
AIR-COOLED ELECTROLUX

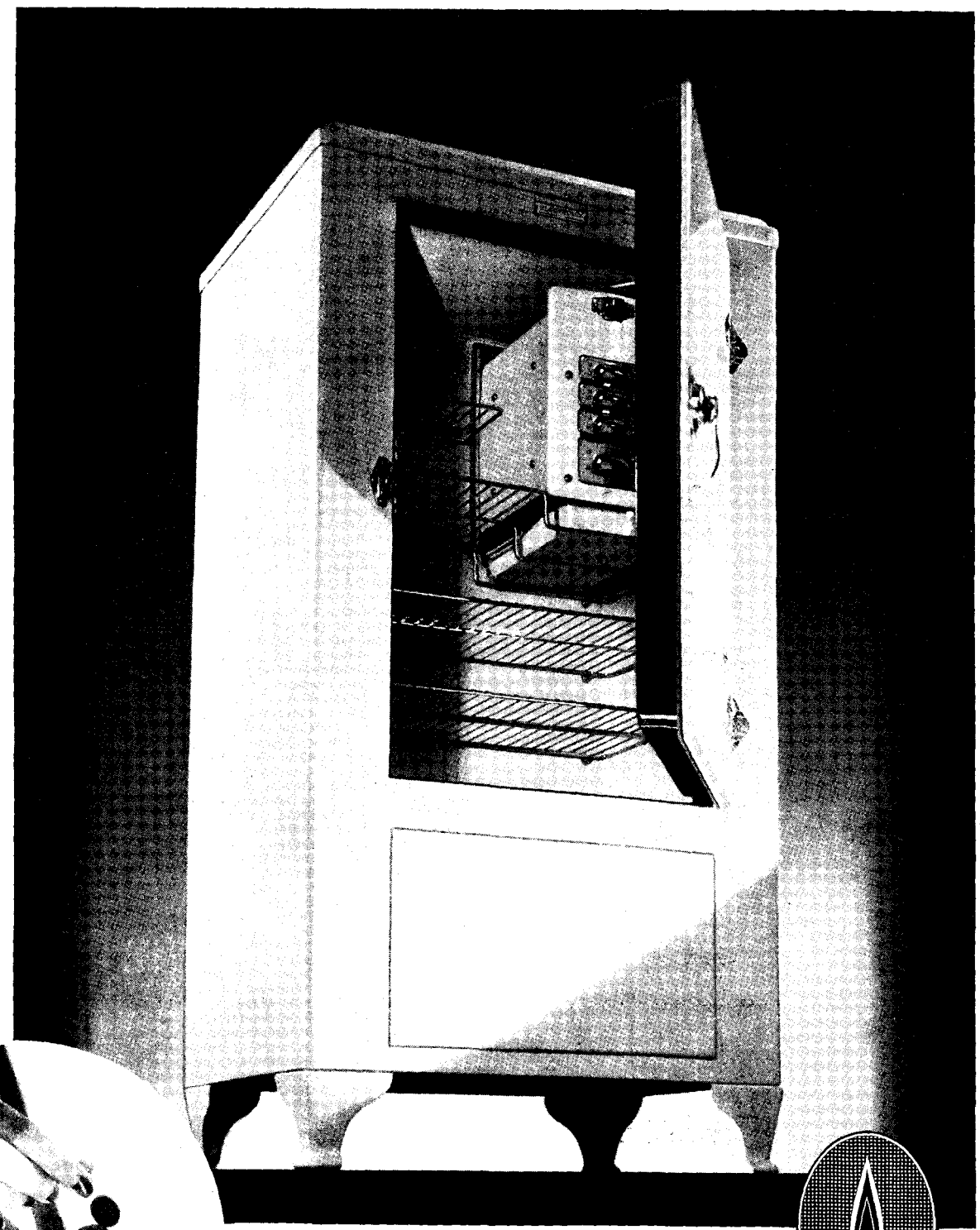
THE remarkable new air-cooling feature found in the Electrolux models this year is a real scientific advance in home refrigeration.

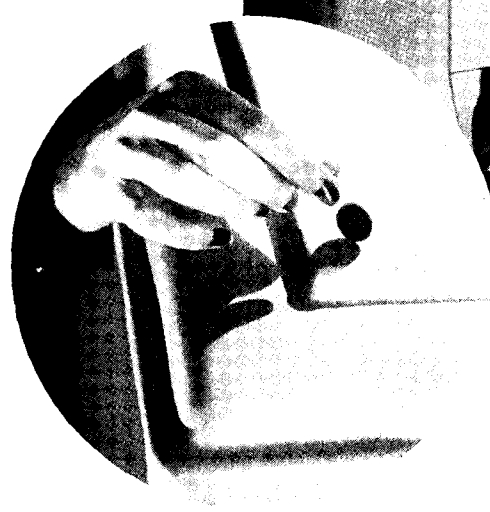
Expect the lowest cost of operation. Expect the ultimate in quietness. For Air-Cooling means *utter* silence—because there are no moving parts. A tiny gas flame circulates the simple refrigerant and ordinary air cools it. The new Air-Cooled Electrolux uses no water.

Expect Electrolux to give you everything that any other refrigerator *ever* offered—porcelain interiors, non-stop defrosting, plenty of ice cubes, extra food space. Take all that *for granted* . . . and then EXPECT MORE!

Expect to know more delighted users. You will hear them talking. Expect enthusiasm from Electrolux salesmen. They have it. You won't blame them. If you wish to imagine an ideal refrigerator, Electrolux will live up to that ideal. Or, if you wish to be a "tough buyer" and probe into every detail, Electrolux will prove and deliver all you demand of it.

On display at the show-room of your local gas company or neighborhood dealer. Can be operated with bottled gas where there are no mains. Write for full information to Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.





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In your shopping for a refrigerator, bear in mind that Electrolux makes only one quality refrigerator. There are no "low price leaders." When you buy your Electrolux, you can be sure that only the finest materials, the most careful workmanship have gone into its manufacture. It is guaranteed up-to-grade by its manufacturer, and backed by your gas company.

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"I'm sick of hearing about Mr. Nelson!"

"I'm fed up with pointed remarks about that man's sartorial elegance. So his collars always fit to perfection, do they? And his cuffs never shrink up under his coat sleeves like mine, hey? And his shirts never look the way mine do, huh? Well, I bet I know Beau Nelson's secret. His wife doesn't buy him shirts that shrink!"

• • •

Arrow Shirts are the best-looking collar-attached shirts you can buy. And because they're Sanforized they *stay* good-looking—*they do not shrink!*

Don't confuse "Sanforized - Shrunk" with "Pre-shrunk." "Pre-shrunk" is often only a claim — "Sanforized-Shrunk" is nothing short of a *guarantee!* For Sanforizing is a mechanical process so perfect that Arrow guarantees every Arrow Shirt to stay its exact size forever—to keep its good looks no matter how often it is laundered.

And in good looks, an Arrow Shirt gets a marvelous start in life. Its tailoring any custom tailor would be proud to call his own. And in the two most difficult processes of shirt-making — making the collar and attaching it to the shirt—Arrow stands alone.

Why not look at some Arrow Shirts? First, look for the label in the shirt to be sure it *is* an Arrow. Ask to see *TRUMP*, Arrow's most famous shirt. Made of specially woven cloth, and a grand buy at $1.95. Others up to $3.50. All sizes and all sleeve lengths. © 1933, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

A new shirt if one ever shrinks

Far from Java

Continued from page 11

grabbed him by the lapel of his coat. 'Quick! Quick!' she cried. 'Take me to him! At once! At once!'

"'That is impossible!' said the man. 'It is midnight and the gardens are closed!'

"'I have money!' cried Morea. 'I will pay the keepers! I must see him! I must! I must! I know him!'

"The man laughed and took her out to his automobile. He did not think she could get into the gardens but he thought it nice to have a drive with her. He liked girls. Liked them a lot.

"Together they drove out to the Zoölogical Gardens. The place was all locked up, but that did not matter to the girl. They banged the bell till the head keeper came to see what was the riot, and when the girl told him what she wanted he got mad with her. 'Come tomorrow,' he said. 'That black panther is asleep now and he would be angry if I woke him up to talk to you.'

"The girl opened her handbag and held it out to the keeper. 'Take what you want!' she cried. 'I have got to see him tonight!' The keeper would not take any money, but he was curious, so he opened the gate and let her and the man into the garden.

"MYNHEER LUCIFER heard the *footsteps of* Morea when she was a hundred yards from his cage. Heard it and cried out to her. She ran, and when she got to his cage he had his head thrust up against the bars and he started to tell her what a rotten life he was leading in that garden in Berlin.

"Quite a lot had that panther to say. He told her he did not like Berlin, he did not like the German language, nor the fat men and their fat women who came and stared at him and thought him funny. And he told her that he did not like the wife that they had given him. Not much. And when that female panther came out to see who Mynheer Lucifer was talking to he ran at her and bit her and made her run back into her sleeping box. Then he licked the hands of Morea and asked her again to get him out of that place.

"That girl cried like a baby. She told the panther that she was dancing at the Alhambra, doing the stalking dance that he had taught her, and when she thought he showed interest in that bit of news she jumped to her feet and right there in the moonlight she did that dance for him. And Mynheer Lucifer stopped whining and sat up on his tail, watching her with his big, yellow eyes. And he seemed pleased with the way she danced. Much pleased. He was a wise fellow, was that panther. *Ja*, he was very wise.

"I told you that the man who took Morea out to the Zoölogical Garden liked women? He hunted for them like I hunt for lizards. On the way back to the hotel he told that girl that he would fix up about the buying of Mynheer Lucifer. He said he had a pull with the heads of that garden and he would arrange everything.

"Next day Morea went out to the gardens with five pounds of nice, juicy steak for that panther. As she watched him eat it, she was homesick just as much as Mynheer Lucifer. She wished she were back again in the shadow of the old Dutch fort at Ambarawa talking to that boy Piet. She cried, and the panther whined because he knew she was sad like himself.

"That man who was to arrange for the buying of Mynheer Lucifer was in no hurry. He was cunning. In the business of stalking what he wanted he was better than any panther in the world. He thought it would take him quite a while to stalk that girl. Weeks and weeks. 'This matter is a little exchange,' he said to himself. 'That damned black cat will stay in his cubicle till the girl is mine.'

"So he was pretty evasive. He had excuses by the million. Nice, fat excuses. The people did not wish to sell Mynheer Lucifer, so he said. He would have to use diplomacy. A lot of diplomacy. He must tell her of the cunning he was using. The splendid cunning. He must tell it in private. He knew places that were quiet where they could talk without anyone hearing them.

"Oh, he was a clever fellow. He took Morea to little cafés where they had nice cool golden wine in those long-necked bottles, and he was stalking her all the time. Talking of Mynheer Lucifer but stalking the girl. Creeping closer and closer to her. *Ja*, he was clever.

"Then, one evening, there came to the girl a terrible fear of that man. He frightened her. He was putting little nets around her that she could not escape from. And on that evening she sat down and sent a cablegram to Piet. Just a simple cablegram. It said: 'Come quick. I am in danger.'

"That boy Piet came quick. It cost him a lot of money, but he loved Morea.

"I told you how big he was? *Ja*. Well, when he reached the hotel where that girl was staying the clever gentleman had just called to talk with her about getting Mynheer Lucifer out of the Zoölogical Gardens. That fellow knew a lot about women, but he didn't know men. He started an argument with Piet, and that was foolish. Piet took him by the back of the collar, lifted him over the stair railing and dropped him down to the next floor. That was all. The fellow was knocked unconscious.

"That same day Morea took Piet out to see Mynheer Lucifer. And the panther was glad to see Piet because he knew that he had two friends in Berlin. And the three of them talked. The girl told the panther that Piet had a plan—that he would get a signal some dark night when the keepers were sleeping, and when that signal came he was to hop. Hop quick. . . .

"THAT panther was too quick when the moment came. He did not understand. He was supposed to step from his cage into a crate that was ready for him, but he had had enough of prisons. He knocked the crate aside, and the fellows that were working with Piet just saw a streak of something blacker than the night as he fled. It was funny. Not a sound came back to tell them which way he had gone.

"Piet rushed back to the hotel and told Morea what had happened. She was near crazy with grief. Mynheer Lucifer in the gardens was safe, but Mynheer Lucifer running around Germany, where they have so many *schutters*, was in a little bit of danger. Those Germans love to hunt things. *Ja*.

"There was nothing in the papers about the escape of that black panther. Not a word. And there were no reports that he had been seen. The Zoölogical Garden people had said nothing to the reporters, and Mynheer Lucifer had not gone to any of the newspaper offices to say that he was loose. Not much.

"Morea could not dance. She had not the heart to dance. She cried all the day and all the night, and each morn-

(Continued on page 34)

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Only in This Tobacco is This Flavor Found

Alone it stands, Edgeworth, a blend of fine old burleys with a flavor that is peculiar to itself

SMOKERS ASKED TO MAKE TEST

Only within this friendly blue tin has this flavor been captured

Any tobacconist can buy good tobaccos. The markets are open to all. Blenders can combine them in this way or that. And they do. As a result, brand after brand bids for the pipe smoker's preference. Some make but few friends and disappear. Others, by their quality, find a following and grow in demand. Of one thing you can be certain:

Pipe smokers pick the winners. The flavor *they* like is the brand that grows.

The happy fact about Edgeworth is the very large percentage of pipe smokers who try it and become absolutely *devoted* to it.

Call it the result of experience, skill, good fortune or what you will, the truth is that this combination of tobaccos we call "Edgeworth" matches with extraordinary accuracy the taste of many pipe smokers. Our daily mail is a veritable stream of evidence like the following:

Los Angeles, Cal.,
4163 Whittier Boulevard,
March 24, 1932.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Virginia.

Gentlemen:

Good Old Edgeworth! That phrase is full of truth, and I sense a feeling of satisfaction every time I hear it. I smile at your invitation to try a pipeful of Good Old Edgeworth, for unless one has done this, he can't imagine the pleasure in store for him.

I did it eighteen years ago, 'way back in school—Old Washington State—and I haven't smoked two dozen pipefuls of anything else since. I smile at the possible necessity of a good pipe. That helps, but it's mighty good in any pipe, especially the old "buddy" pipe—sweet, cool, delicious. I like my briar today, corn cob tomorrow, the meerschaum, calabash or clay occasionally, but "Edgeworth" spells peace and contentment in any of them.

My job is Statistics. Here are some of them: Eighteen years at an average of 15 pounds a year. I always get the half-pound square blue tins—that would be 540 of them, or 270 pounds—over ⅛ of a ton. Pile them all into a loose pile—4 feet high and 16 feet around the base.

At first, I used the 1½ oz. blue tins, and placed the empties on the picture moulding around my room in the dorm, but when the moulding got full, I didn't save any more. If I had kept on, they would now cover the entire moulding in a room 180 ft. square (2880 of them). How many pipefuls? Well, you figure that one.

Edgeworth, I salute you!

(Signed) B. Gordon Vessey.

Does this arouse your curiosity about the Edgeworth flavor? Don't you want to give Edgeworth a fling? Can you be sure of true smoking contentment until you do?

HANDY POCKET SIZE *Edgeworth Ready Rubbed, shown above, is 15 cents everywhere. Other sizes up to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes in vacuum tins. For pipe smokers who like to "rub up" each smoke, there is Edgeworth Plug Slice in all convenient sizes.*

Send for Flavor Testing Kit

To know this Edgeworth Flavor, send coupon for genuine old fashioned corn cob pipe and samples of Edgeworth, shown above. Then you can make a real test of Edgeworth, unmixed with other tobacco flavors.

A Radio Program from Old Virginia

In every state in the union, friends of Edgeworth Tobacco tune in on the doings of the Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia on Wednesday evenings.

This radio program comes from Richmond, the home of Edgeworth, and is a big show as put on at the old crossroads hall. Happy country people having a good time. You will laugh with Pat Binford, the Head Man, want to dance with the fiddling Old Timers, smile at the interruptions of Little Marjorie and be serious when the big chorus of men's voices sing the old Spirituals. Squire Hix—gentleman of Virginia—and Bob Beadles will have interesting messages to give you including an invitation to join the Club. Coast to Coast network of National Broadcasting Company, each Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. The Edgeworth people invite you to listen.

Pipe Smokers—Try this Testing Idea!

Get this sample of tobacco and this new pipe—and try Edgeworth flavor unmixed with others

We have made a discovery. It is a very simple one—as many other good ideas have been. Some time ago we gave out several hundred corn cob pipes with samples of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. We were trying to get more men to try pipe smoking. If we could win new friends to the pipe—we knew some of them would adopt our tobacco brand, "Edgeworth."

Then Came the Discovery

We had a regular avalanche of letters. But they did not come from men who had never smoked pipes. It was the veteran pipe smokers who wrote us saying that they did not know that a tobacco flavor like this Edgeworth existed. They called it "ideal," "wonderful." So many used these and other terms of high praise that the fact soon dawned upon us that these smokers were trying Edgeworth Tobacco in a new, clean pipe and thus were experiencing Edgeworth's true flavor unmixed with flavors of other tobaccos they had been using in their old pipes. Furthermore, a corn cob pipe requires no breaking in.

How to Get the Whole Truth

So we decided that this combination of a new corn cob pipe and a sample of Edgeworth Tobacco was one way to get the whole truth about Edgeworth before pipe smokers who were interested in finding better pipe smoking contentment.

If you want to make this interesting flavor comparison for yourself, accept the offer. Use the coupon or write a letter. The sample of Edgeworth, the pipe, the tax, postage and packing cost us 26 cents. We ask you for a dime merely as evidence of your sincerity. Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

CLIP AND MAIL

LARUS & BRO. CO., 101 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Enclosed is 10¢. Please send me the corn cob pipe and sample packet of Edgeworth. I'd like to try the true flavor of Edgeworth. (Please PRINT name and address plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

Put EDGEWORTH *in your pipe and smoke it*

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"BARGAINS" *and* BOOMERANGS

A CHEAP, "bargain" battery may prove expensive in the long run—a boomerang! Fast dwindling capacity means frequent costly rechargings, rental charges and irritating nuisance. Buy a battery you *know* exceeds the S. A. E. Starting Power Standard, buy an Exide . . . and avoid trouble, inconvenience and extra expense. Remember . . .

WHEN IT'S AN

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EXIDE PRICES LOWEST IN HISTORY

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

Far from Java

Continued from page 32

ing she would read all the papers from *Der Tag* to *Vorwärts* thinking there would be some news of Mynheer Lucifer. There was not a word.

"Piet was good to her. Each day he would take her for a ride to some nice place, trying to make her forget the panther. They went to the Grünewald, the Wannsee, and the Havel Lakes. And they would stroll around and talk of Ambarawa and wish they were back home in Java. And they would have been on their way back to the Malay if that panther had acted properly on the night Piet tried to get him out of the gardens.

"FIVE days after that night Piet and Morea were walking in the Spandauer Forest when they saw a very fat German running around in the bushes and weeping. Piet asked what was wrong, and the German told him. That German had one of those dogs that has a body as long as a railway train with little legs on each end, and that fool dog had heard a little noise in a very dark spot of that wood. A small noise. Just a twig crackling or something like that, but that dog was curious to know what made the noise. It is the fault with those long dogs. They are very curious. They want to know everything that is going on.

"This dog said '*Hoch*,' and barking *Deutschland Über Alles* he rushed into the bushes. The fool! The German heard him pushing that long body of his deeper and deeper into the bushes, then there was a yelp of great surprise and silence. A very great silence.

" 'How did he yelp?' asked Piet.

" 'He yelped as if he was much astonished!' cried the German. 'As if he was greatly surprised. It was a funny yelp. He must have seen something dreadful in those bushes. If he does not come back this evening I will report it to the authorities.'

"Piet and Morea could not speak as they walked away from the owner of that dachshund. It was quite plain to them. In the darkest corner of that clump of underbrush was Mynheer Lucifer. Mynheer Lucifer of Java!"

The excitement in the voice of Jan Kromhout stirred the big frilled lizard whose lack of appetite troubled the naturalist. The lizard lifted himself high on his forepaws and stared at a blue fly as if he had never seen such an insect in his life.

"*He heard me talking of food*," said Kromhout. "He is looking mighty hard at that fly now."

"Well, what happened?" I asked impatiently. "What happened in Spandauer Forest?"

"It was easy," said Kromhout. "That night Piet and Morea and two men that Piet hired went to the forest. And they took a crate with them. That girl started to call out to Mynheer Lucifer, and, after a little while, Piet and the men saw two yellow eyes looking out of the bushes. Then the girl started to do that stalking dance with leaps into the air, and the panther came right out into the clearing to watch her. Little by little she got him over near the crate. He was angry because the two men that he did not know were watching him, so Piet sent them away. He did not mind Piet.

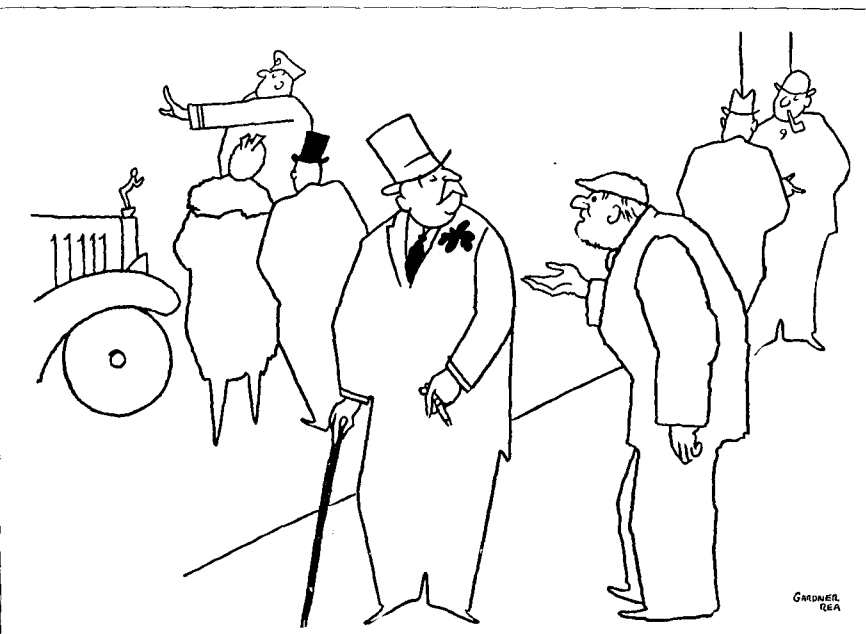
"I told you about that boy Piet. How strong he was. He could lift an ox. Mynheer Lucifer was sitting quite close to the door of that crate, and that fellow Piet grabbed him by the neck and the tail and with one quick push he had him inside! The panther was not altogether asleep. He gave Piet something to remember him by. He slashed Piet's arm from the shoulder to the wrist, but Piet did not care. That panther could have killed him, and he would not have cared. He loved that girl with a very great love. *Ja*, a love that made him laugh at his slashed arm.

"And he did laugh when Morea, who was weeping, tried to bind it up. 'It is nothing, little one,' he said to the girl. 'Nothing at all. Now we are on our way home! Home to Java!' And he called to the two men and they hoisted up the crate and Mynheer Lucifer started on his way back to Ambarawa. Back to the jungles and freedom."

JAN KROMHOUT was silent, his gaze upon the lizard. I waited expectantly, but the story, as far as Kromhout was concerned, had come to an end.

"Once on the beach at Batavia," I began, "I saw a big Dutchman with a very beautiful wife. He had a long scar running down his arm from the—"

"Look! Look!" cried Kromhout, interrupting my remark. "Look at Gandhi! He has snapped up three! Ah, he has the appetite now. *Ja!* You will excuse me? I must catch him some more of those blue flies while he is in a good humor."



"*Mister* Buddy—to you!" *Gardner Rea*

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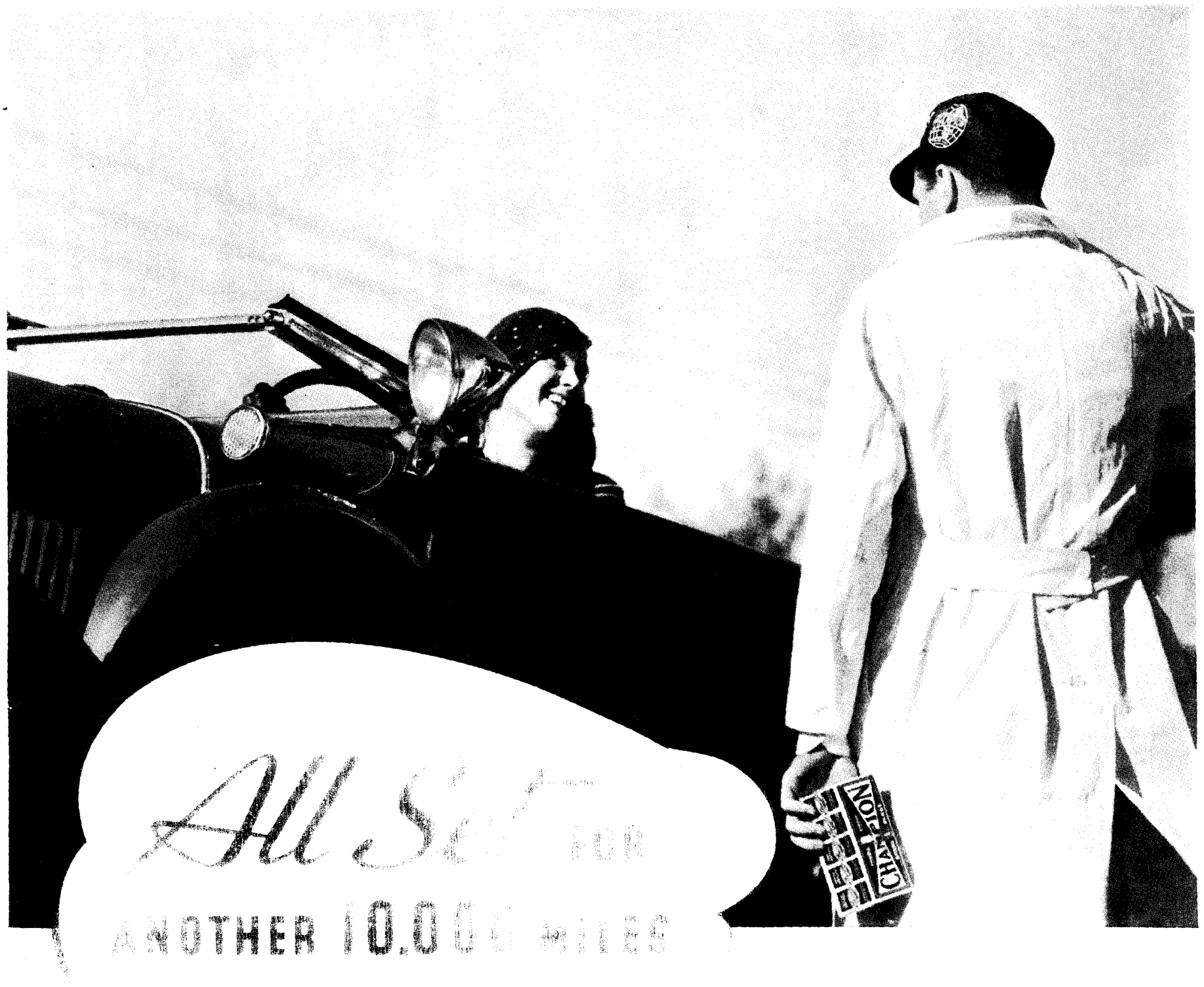

I suppose I'm like most women drivers in that I know very little about automobiles. But I do know that a year ago this time you sold me a new set of Champion Spark Plugs · I noticed then that I got much easier starting, more power and speed. And I didn't use as much gasoline as I had been using · So this year when I saw your sign about National Change Week I realized it was time for another set of Champions · Thanks for showing me that test. It's so simple.

This patented shape means Champion *EXTRA RANGE* performance. Look for it

Anyone can see why they need new spark plugs when you compare the old ones to those new patented Champions. From what you've told me about these new Extra Range Champions I'm going to expect a great improvement in the performance of my car · Now I'm all set for another 10,000 miles. Be sure to tell my husband about changing the spark plugs in his car. If you don't, I will" • Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio; Windsor, Ontario.

CHAMPION
EXTRA-RANGE

National Change Week May 7 to 14

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—and get a glimpse of

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Let us tell you why thousands of Americans respond every year to the ever-changing, ever-compelling lure of Ontario. Send today for "Beautiful Ontario"—a book that will take you north, south, east and west across 400,000 square miles of lake and playground. Here in these pages you will glimpse a little of what Ontario means—a vast panorama of woodland loveliness, forest grandeur and rolling highlands and lowlands of unforgettable beauty. There is something for everybody—forest trails, pine-fringed lakes, winding rivers and, in the lakelands, smart resorts where every imaginable sport is available.

Seven thousand miles of paved highways connect with main U.S. roads and lead to every Ontario resort. Fast *trains and deluxe steamers make travelling quick and inexpensive. There is no customs red tape, no fees or passports required. The moment you step across the border you will know you are on friendly soil. The coupon below is your opportunity to learn about Canada's wonderland of pleasure. Why not clip it and mail it now.

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SEND NOW FOR THIS BOOK

Ontario Tourist and Publicity Bureau, Dept. B
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Canada

I would like to know more about Ontario. Send me by return mail your free illustrated book, "Beautiful Ontario" and motoring maps of Ontario showing main highway connections from U.S. points.

Name_____

Address_____

State_____

The Lie of the Line

Continued from page 16

of life listening to the talk in a hatchery or poking around a brook like this, so I can tell you it was like this: My parents were hatchery folks. Only for that, they would have gone upstream and found themselves a shallow, gravelly place and my ma would have swirled around a bit and cut up the gravel with her tail, four inches or so, until she had a little heap of stones whereunder she could hide the eggs, and then Pa would come along and help, and between them they'd honeymoon around for a week or so, and then go away to deeper water and leave the eggs to themselves. In the hatchery they just persuaded Ma to leave the eggs in a bucket. We call that the kindergarten.

"About a month later the boss looked over the eggs, and when he could see one with a little black speck inside it why that was me or one of my ten thousand brothers or sisters, and then we were ready to be sent away on a tray in a nice sphagnum-moss-lined box to prep school. That's what we trout call the places where the various State Fish and Game Commissions raise us for stocking their rivers and things. Myself, I'm a Burlington boy—Burlington, Connecticut, that is. Our headmaster up there was Charles Blanchard, and all the fry liked him a lot and we used to enjoy hearing him talk. He took one of my classmates named Horace Oxfordshire and put him in a glass case on the window sill, and only last spring I heard from one of the new boys just out of Burlington that Horace now weighs five pounds and likes Mr. Blanchard so well that he will rise and bite his finger every chance he gets.

Feeding the Fry

"We got to Burlington about the first of the year, because we were laid in late November; and then in March, or eighty days after we arrived, we began to break out of the eggs. We weren't on our own, as you would say, right off; because for a month or so we got all our nourishment from a little yolk sac attached to our—err-r—abdomens. Once that was all eaten up, we got to know what our mouths were for and we began to rise and let the headmaster know we were hungry. Then he and the faculty began to feed us. Fry, we were called then. They fed us meat—hearts and livers and those parts of sheep and beef which are full of nice vitamins for little fishes, ground up and ground up and mixed with buttermilk until it was just a liquid. As we grew bigger the food wasn't ground so fine.

"We Burlington boys ate up about a hundred tons of meat a year; think that over the next time you grouch because you have to pay a small license fee."

"How did you find things, Albert, when you were freed in a stream?"

"Oh, not much different. We had our own crowd, you know. Of course there are always some people to take advantage of the young and innocent. Often boys and men will follow the hatchery trucks, and take out the inexperienced trout with worms as fast as the hatchery men free them. My friend and I did not have that trouble because this is a wild place, difficult to reach. We are caught by the best people, because only real sportsmen will take the risks, discomforts and real hard labor necessary to angle in a place like this."

"Are fishermen—excuse me, anglers—the trout's worst enemies?"

"Anglers are not enemies at all. They are our best friends. I'm not saying there aren't exceptions among the anglers, just as there are occasional no-account trout who accidentally get themselves caught on dry flies. And there are the careless, stupid men, for instance, who, when they have caught a trout which is under the legal size, merely yank it right off the hook, and fling it out into the water. That's just as though some giant, wearing sandpaper gloves, took hold of you by the tongue and threw you out of a second-story window into the street. You'd die—so do most of the trout who are treated thus.

"Our bodies are coated with a protective slime. If you seize us in your dry hand you rub some of that slime off and expose the quick of our skins to infection. And if you throw us, the shock of striking water is as great as the shock of striking land. You should always wet your hand before you pick us up, if you are going to return us, and you should lower us gently into the water, then open your fingers, and let us swim away.

"But our real enemies are the heartless people who pollute the rivers and brooks and lakes wherein we live. It is laziness and lack of intelligence, not economy, that cause people and industries to turn rivers into sewers—for real economy lies in the preservation of natural resources in all their manifestations, including wild life. We trout know that millions and millions of our kin are killed every year—poor little fry, poisoned before they have a fair chance for life; big fellows, who will never come to glory in a frying pan—and that means a loss of a lot of the dollars I hear you men talking about all the time."

"What is your favorite food, Albert?"

"It's this way: We trout are not exactly what you would call finicky or picky eaters. We make the best of whatever comes along—crawfish, shrimps, all kinds of water bugs and I couldn't begin to tell you how many varieties of those there are. Pollywogs are nice, too—so for that matter, are frogs. Occasionally we get a tidbit—a grasshopper that makes the mistake of trying a nonstop water flight. We like minnows, too, and all other kinds of fish and fry, including trout. There is nothing in our law that says you mustn't eat another trout if you are bigger than he is. Why, the granduncle of a 32d millionth cousin of my 1931 wife came within a flash of gobbling me the first year I was in this brook. See that notch in my dorsal; that's where he missed me. Oh well—here today and eaten tomorrow."

Anglers Have Improved

"Do you know, Albert, that anglers often own hundreds of dollars' worth of flies and some of them tie their own and others will buy only flies tied by certain great masters?"

"You don't say! Well, if you ask me, I think it's wonderful. You have no idea how much we trout admire anglers and their flies and the way they cast them in so that a trout has to be awfully sharp to tell them from the real thing. It only goes to show how smart you men are, the way you have improved since your ancestors used to throw rocks and spears at my ancestors.

"Once a man who was angling here fell asleep on the bank and rolled in and dropped a catalog out of his pocket. It rested on the bottom where he couldn't reach it, and it had some awfully pretty pictures of different kinds of flies. Trout came from all over this brook to see them. Why, these pictures of the flies were so real-like that some of the young trout began to try to eat them from the page."

"Albert," I said, "I'm surprised you know so much about your own history and about flies, although I guess that is because you read that catalog. I'm sorry you don't know anything about rods and tackle and casting, so that you could tell the folks who want to take up fishing this year for the first time what to buy and how to use it afterwards, and so that you could give new tips to the 12,000,000 Americans who may be already listed as fisher—excuse me, anglers."

Who Should Know Better?

"The hell you say," snorted Albert, once he could regain his breath after swallowing a fat sunfish that came over to hear what we were talking about. "Who should know better than I and all the other brook trout about tackle and casting? Haven't we been listening for years to the greatest experts in those matters? Why, I have listened, many's the time, to Sam Camp himself giving casting lessons; and if anybody knows more about tackle and flies and other matters appertaining thereto than Teddy Hewitt, then the trout and the anglers would be glad to hear tell of him. I've listened for hours to Mr. Hewitt.

"Smart fellow, Teddy. I've heard it said that he invented an underwater camera and puts it down in brooks and ponds and takes pictures which he says are the way we see things. Myself, I'd like to see the pictures before giving an opinion. What I mean is that I know the stuff of all these experts."

"All right, then, tell me how people who want to take up angling should go about it."

"I presume your readers are gentlemen and gentlewomen. Therefore we shall consider only the dry flies. I overheard a most interesting and instructive talk one day last season by a man who had charge of the rod and tackle department in a great sporting goods house in New York. If you haven't much money, said that man, don't let that stop you from starting to angle correctly if you're going to do it at all, because you can have as much fun with your five-dollar outfit as rich men can with their five-thousand-dollar ones. First, the rod. Never mind lancewood or greenheart. Split bamboo—which means bamboo cane split into triangular slivers and six of these strips glued with the hard shell of the cane outside—that's what you want. Some crotchety old gentlemen don't think it is sporting to use a rod that weighs more than two ounces, or two and a half at the most. Imagine! A rod six feet or more in length that weighs only about one eighth as much as the smallest trout he hopes to take with it; perhaps one fortieth as much as a big fish! The beginner, however, need not feel he is a thug and a poltroon if he buys one that weighs four ounces.

"Take your time selecting your rod: heft it, whip it, caress it, talk to it, look into its pep and ginger and personality. You might get an eight-foot one instead of a six-footer, but remember that the longer the rod the more tired you're going to get of it in long, hard days struggling up rocky, swift, woodland streams. Ask for a revolving disk reel, English type. Of course you can get

(Continued on page 38)

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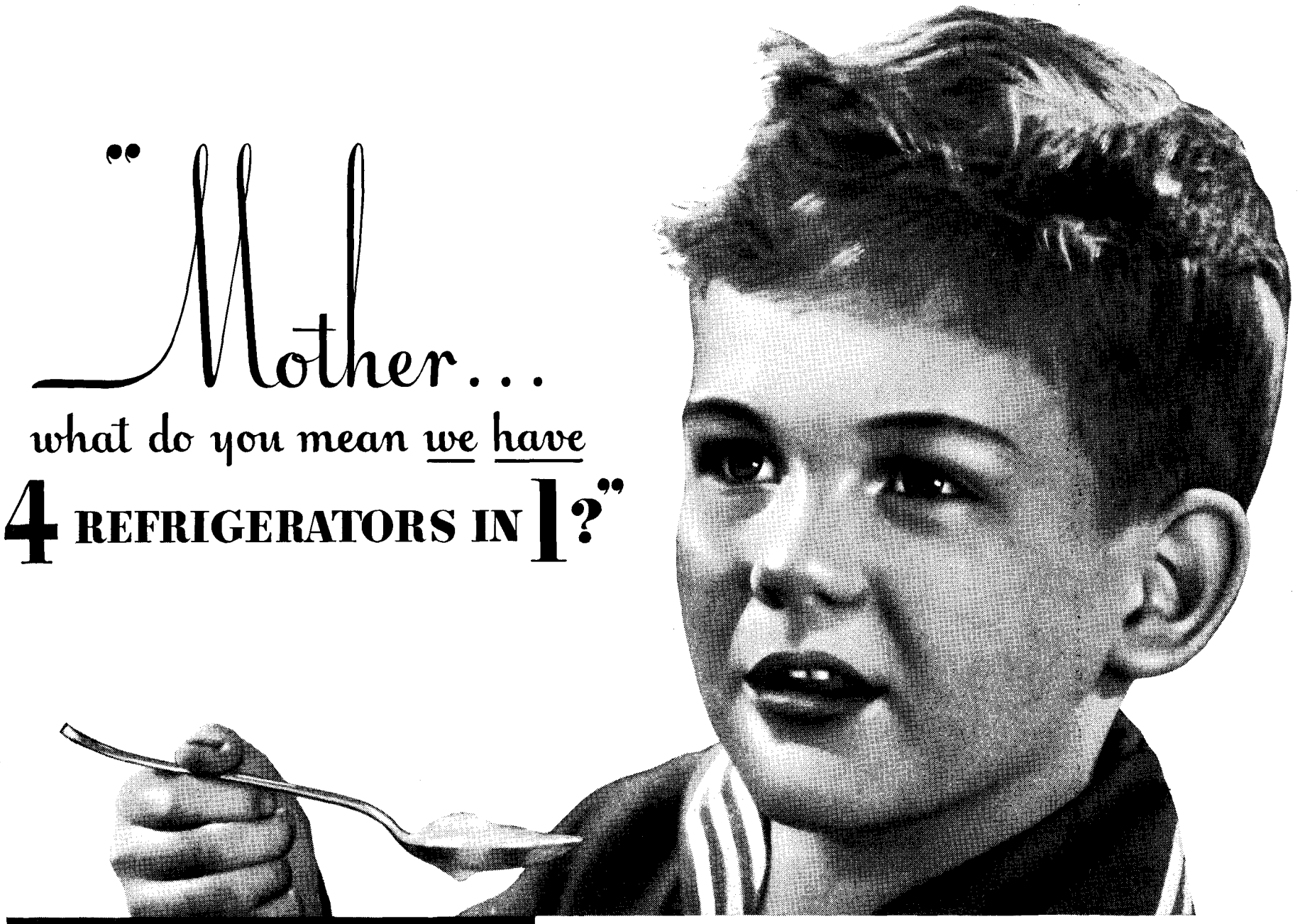
"Mother... what do you mean we have 4 REFRIGERATORS IN 1?"



MOTHER doesn't have to be an engineer to explain this exclusive Kelvinator feature. She simply says,

"We want to keep milk and cream for your breakfast cereal and a lot of other things fresh and sweet but we never want to freeze them. So we put them here on the food shelves. That's one refrigerator.

"When you and Daddy go fishing and bring home a lot of fish and we want to keep them for a long, long time we put them here in the Frost Chest. That's another refrigerator — a freezing cold one.

"Then we must have plenty of ice cubes. So we have an ice making refrigerator.

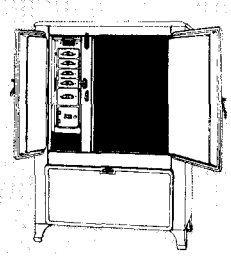
"And when you have a party and ask for a frozen dessert we must have a place to freeze it in a big hurry. So you see we really have 4 refrigerators in our 1 Kelvinator. That's why we chose a Kelvinator."

In explaining Kelvinator's 4 refrigerators in 1 to a grown-up friend, "Mother" would probably use the charts at the bottom of the page. And she would be sure to emphasize the fact that only Kelvinator is fully automatic and that Kelvinator is the world's fastest freezing refrigerator.

A special demonstration of this World's Fastest Freezing Speed (from water to ice in approximately 80 minutes) is being presented by every Kelvinator dealer this month. You are invited. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *14253 Plymouth Rd., Detroit, Mich. Factories also in London, Ont., and London, England.*

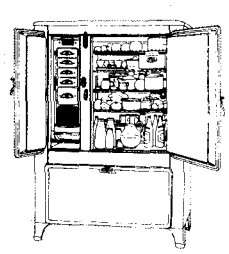
Kelvinator

Look for the Kelvinator Dealer in the Classified Section of your Telephone Book under "Refrigeration — Electric."



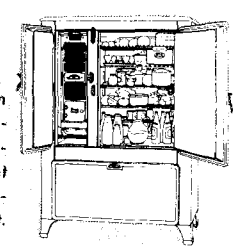
Food Preservation Temperature

In the food compartment, the temperature is always below 50 degrees and is not affected by the other 3 temperatures. No dials to set.



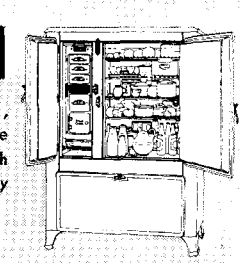
Below Freezing Temperature

The Frost Chest has an automatically maintained below freezing temperature. Here fish, meat or game can be kept indefinitely. No dials to set.



Fast Freezing Temperature

In the ice cube trays, large quantities of ice cubes can be frozen much faster than in ordinary refrigerators. No dials to set.



World's Fastest Freezing Speed

In the Iso-Thermic tray, water to ice in about 80 minutes — hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. No dials to set.

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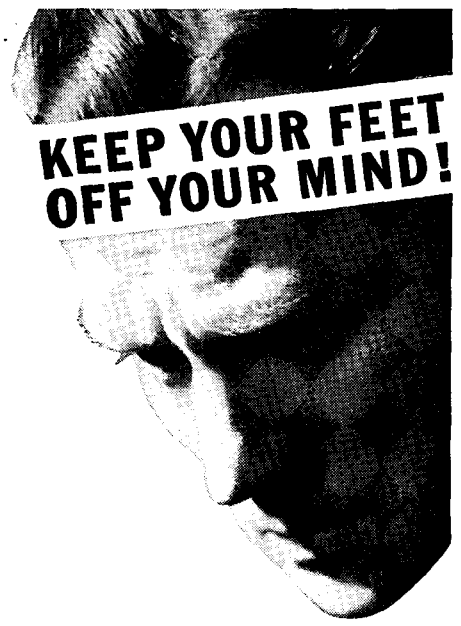


ACHING FEET
SLOW YOU UP!

If your feet tire and ache, you can't be as mentally alert, physically fit or as efficient as you should be. Those constant twinges of pain consume nervous energy, fatigue you, make you hurt all over.

Whether you suffer from corns, callouses, bunions, tired, aching, hot or swollen feet; crooked toes, ingrown nail, sore heels, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains; weak or fallen arches, flat-foot, "Athlete's Foot", or any other foot trouble—you can get immediate relief at very small cost.

Simply go to your drug, department or shoe store and ask for the Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy specifically designed for your foot trouble. Use it, and you'll have no more foot aches and pains.

TIRED, ACHING FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer relieves and removes the cause of tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, weak or fallen arches, etc. Worn in any shoe with immediate comfort. Price $3.50 pair.

CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain and quickly remove corns. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads end the cause; keep you rid of corns; prevent blisters.

CALLOUSES

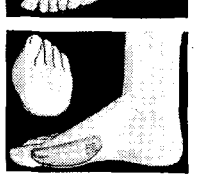
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end every trace of pain in one minute and quickly remove the hard dead skin with absolute safety. Stop pressure on the sore spot; soothe and heal. Won't come off in bath. 35¢ box.

SORE HOT FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm relieves pain, cools, rests and heals tender, tired, aching, burning feet. Promotes foot health. Removes foot odors. Gives you delightful ease and comfort. 35¢, 75¢ jars.

BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer relieves bunion pain by removing shoe pressure; reduces by absorption; hides the unsightly bulge, preserves shape of shoes. Worn invisibly under the stocking. 75¢ each.



Dr Scholl's
FOOT APPLIANCES and REMEDIES

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET COUPON

DR. SCHOLL'S, Inc., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail Dr. Scholl's booklet on symptoms, causes and treatment of all foot troubles and sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, to

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State Col.-406R

The Lie of the Line

Continued from page 36

an automatic reel if money is no object. Anyway, whichever kind you get, try out several on your rod until you've hit upon one that gives the proper balance. It shouldn't be less than three inches in diameter if it's to hold enough line. Figure it this way: the reel you select should be only three-quarters full when it contains thirty yards of a size E line which tapers to a size H at the end. It surprises you to know that trout angling is so delicate an art that even the threadlike line is *tapered*. Good lines are enameled, soft, hand-polished, oiled so that they will float; and you'd better have the tackle store man judge whether the line is of the right weight to go with your rod, if you're going to get anywhere with your casting.

You Don't Need Many Flies

"Leaders are next. They are the silkworm gut, usually about the length of the rod or a mite shorter, which connects the fly to the line. Be sure not to get any oil on the gut, or it will float, and that's bad, for it makes a crinkle in the water following the fly that will scare off gut-shy trout. I know three trout in this pool who are gut shy. Then you'll come to flies—Grizzly King, Pink Lady Bivisible, Wickham's Fancy, Silver Doctor. There are more fancy names for trout flies than there are for Pullman cars. Flies are beautiful, cost three or four dollars a dozen, and are a lot of bunk. I know anglers who would box my ears for saying this, but take it from a trout, a beginner can get along very well on one standard fly—one of the Bivisibles, say. A wide assortment is a matter of esthetic, rather than practical, value."

"Albert," I said, "it's wonderful that you paid so much attention to what the tackle man said and I hope you heard as much about casting, which I believe is what happens after a man has bought an outfit and found himself a river."

"First you must learn the Overhand Cast, but don't think you know it all when you know that one. There is a Horizontal or Underhand Cast for placing your fly under overhanging boughs, or banks, or jutting boulders; and the Backhand Horizontal Cast, for laying a fly in under the bank you are standing on; and the Steeple Cast, when there are high obstructions directly behind you; and the Catapult Switch Cast, when you're in high bushes and you hold the fly in your left hand on a short line and pull on it until your rod is bent like a bow, and then snap the fly at a trout close at hand, just as though you were using a rubber band and a sling-shot.

"Of course you won't come to those tricks your first season. So let's get back to the common, or overhand, cast. Hold the rod in your right hand, reel underneath, handle to the right. That is so when you have hooked a fish you can transfer the rod to your left hand and start reeling in with your right hand without turning the rod over. Let your right thumb extend along the top of the cork grip; that helps give aim. Keep your elbow low, and close. Muscle has nothing to do with casting. The natural spring in the rod, and the liquidity of your wrist—it must be as fluid as the running water in this brook—are what count.

"Reel out, and throw across and partially downstream, six yards of line, hold your rod parallel to the water, your left hand taking up a small loop of slack. Bring the rod upright with a smart and sudden flick of your wrist. Turn your head and watch the line go back. When it's straight, whip your rod down toward the water and the fly and line will shoot forward. Release the slack in your left hand and the line will pay out to the limit of the cast. Simple. Try it. Watch that back cast—you'll never get a good forward cast until you have a good back one, the line going straight back and true and well above your head.

"Of course managing the fly when it is on the water is half of casting. Your fly should be cocked—sitting up, that is—and if you let the line drag the fly will be upset, perhaps sunk, and so will be your chances of hooking any intelligent trout. Let the fly, if untaken, drift well past the place where the fish are rising before you pick it up. Swish it back and forth half a dozen times in the air to dry it before you lay it on the water again. After a while you'll get like some experts I've watched—who walk along a stream watching for rises and keeping their flies in motion in the air above them meanwhile."

"Albert," I asked, "where is the best place to look for trout?"

"You must remember that in order to live we must always face the current. We breathe oxygen from the water that flows into our mouths, as we open and close them, and out through our gills. If it went t'other way round we could not close our gills and we'd drown. That's why you should always drop your fly a few yards upstream and let it float over our dining-room; never plop it right on the table. We like to hang out behind obstructions—rocks, logs and the like—waiting for the current to fetch us an appetizer. Or in a pocket under the bank, where there is no current and we don't have to move a fin or a gill until we spy something toothsome. Early morning—late evening—it doesn't matter. We eat when we see a meal that we want. Sunny midday is often good because the heat will hatch flies.

"We hear better than we see. Kill your friend who runs along the bank, with pounding footfall, but with a finger on his lips to say, 'Am I not a nice boy for keeping silence?' Study rises and after a while you can tell from the rise form—or pattern of the disturbance upon the surface—what we are having for lunch that day. Sometimes the water 'bulges.' That comes from a swirl of our tails in making sudden violent turns when we are feeding on underwater larvæ. There are a hundred variations. This science of angling is not something to be learned in a week-end, old chappie."

Too Much of a Good Thing

"Albert," I said, "there is something I have often meant to ask you. This old chappie stuff, which you pull on me occasionally, and once I heard you call my hat a darby, and—"

"Oh," he said, "haven't I ever told you that I am a descendant of the Mayflower trout? Of course there were trout in the New World originally; rainbow trout or Indian trout, as we say. But a long, long time ago a band of trout got together and decided to emigrate to this country, and take chances of red men throwing sticks and points at them in order to escape persecution by the English anglers—"

"Why, Albert," I said, "I'm astonished. I thought the English anglers were the greatest sportsmen in the world?"

"That's just the trouble," he confided. "There can be too much of a good thing, including sportsmanship. An English dry-fly purist is a fellow who doesn't know where art and science leave off and insanity begins. It was bad enough when the Mayflower trout left home but it must be much worse nowadays. Do you believe it, some recent immigrant trout told me that a modern English angler doesn't go after trout—he goes after *a* trout! Makes it a personal matter.

"And how he goes! You men have a saying that when a man is heavily burdened he carries everything but the kitchen stove. Well, the English angler takes the kitchen stove, too. That's to boil tea on. And he takes a mackintosh and rubbers and umbrella and hot-water bottle and folding campstool and lunch box and soap and towel and pipe and tobacco pouch and match box and a gray felt hat with a broad brim and almanacs and time-tables before he even thinks of his tackle and nets and creel and plummets and fly books and scales and rod and reel and measuring tape and lines and hooks. And that's not all—a walking scientific laboratory, an expedition, that's what he is by the time he starts out, with tweezers and magnifying glasses and bottles and microscopes and binoculars.

Anglers Who Get Their Fish

"He may be a dignified Doctor Jekyll, a pillar of society in town, but when he gets into the country he's a Mr. Hyde. He pulls his hat over his eyes and turns up his coat collar like Sherlock Holmes and begins tiptoeing around and hiding behind trees and talking to himself. When he sees a river he does not put his rod together and tie on a fly—oh, no, he takes out his binoculars and sneaks around like Daniel Boone looking for Indians, only he is looking for flies to which trout are rising. When he sees a rise, it doesn't matter if there are twenty trout rising, he selects one—and that is the one he is going to get, and it will be a source of shame to his great-grandchildren if he catches any other.

"So he goes back to his equipment, and gets a net, and stalks the fly hatch on which the trout have been feeding and gets some of them in the net. Then he sits down and sets up his laboratory. He takes a fly apart and examines it under his microscope. He takes out a lathe and a vise and pincers and wires and a feather duster and starts to make a fly which is an exact imitation of the one he dissected.

"But why go on? It's too painful to know there are trout so backward and medieval that they can live under a monarchy where such perfection of sportsmanship is tolerated—for the thing is that the English angler usually catches the trout he is after. Not *a* trout, but *the* trout. It makes me glad I'm a Democrat—whoa!—what the—say, Bill, did you see what I saw?"

I had seen a slim and graceful shadow dart through the water behind Albert. But it had looked merely like another trout swimming by, and I was going to tell Albert so when it occurred to me that here was a matter which, perhaps, could be of interest only to fish. Albert was terribly set up.

"Bill," he shouted, jumping out of the water and missing my nose by that much, "did you see that blond trout give me the eye?"

"Where are you going?" I said. "You haven't told me everything—"

"No more time today," Albert called back over his dorsal fin, as he swam upstream. "I'm going to do a little fishing myself!"

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Shrunk

brings cool comfort and permanent fit to washable Clothes for Town and Country

This summer, the best-turned-out men will wear crisp, light, easy-breezy washable clothes that let the body breathe. They should fit you not only when you *buy* them, but as long as you *wear* them. Such superior garments are made from choice cloths that are SANFORIZED-SHRUNK.

Beat the Heat

Sanforizing is a patented process that takes the shrinkage out of washable materials and makes them practical for hot weather wear. It retains their thoroughbred fit and style no matter how often they go into the tub.

Favored materials are—linens, linen tweeds, plain and striped flannel effects, seersuckers, gabardines, poplins, ducks, tropical mixtures.

These fabrics are perfectly styled and excellently tailored by the best manufacturers of washable men's clothing in two, three and four-piece suits—slacks and knickers for sportswear. Insist upon the mark "Sanforized-shrunk" and look for popular fabric brands, such as:

Barrell	King Kool	Stevens Stripes
Cone Fabrics	Pepperell	Stifel
Dan River	Sea Breeze	Sun-Cool
Flaxguild	Sportex	Suni-Flanl

SHRUNK UNDER THE
SANFORIZED
PROCESS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SANFORIZED PROCESS OF CONTROLLED SHRINKAGE

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Patentees, 40 Worth Street, N. Y. C.

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"My new Brushless Shave IS A CREAM not a Grease"

W. G. Mennen

"A FRIEND of mine fell for some high pressure sales talk about a brushless shave. He tried it. Then he tried several others. Then he came back to me with this:—'Brushless shaves are all right, but for the love of Pete, they're so *greasy*. They mess up my face, my razor, my B. V. D.'s. Now, if you can make a brushless shave that *isn't* greasy. . .'

"After that I talked to hundreds of men. They told me the same story! Always! Men hate grease!

"We got busy. My chemists and I worked 13 months. Worked isn't the word. We *slaved!* Experimented. Tested. Consulted skin specialists.

"*Gentlemen, NOW we've got it for you*—a Brushless Shave that's creamy—*not greasy*.

"With your very first shave you'll notice what a difference THAT makes! You'll find that your shave is improved FIVE ways:—

The Five Improvements

1. **Wilts Whiskers** — and smoothes the path of the razor. The blade *sails* over the skin—cuts clean. Swift! No pull!
2. **Shows white on the face.** You can see the path of the razor.
3. **Washes off EASILY** — off the hands, off the face, off the razor, off the basin. Being creamy and not greasy, it dissolves quickly and doesn't mess up everything.
4. **Economical.** It spreads easier so you can use less (about ⅓ less).
5. **Protects your skin**—and makes it feel relaxed, smooth, clean. Particularly good for dry, tender skins.

"*Convince yourself! Send for the Guest Package.* I'm offering it to you for *only 10¢* so that you can get acquainted with a *new* shaving experience!

"Here's the coupon."

GUEST PACKAGE 10¢

Three Products! Generous Sizes!

Package contains Mennen Brushless Shave, Mennen Skin Bracer, Mennen Talcum for Men. An *exceptional* bargain! Offer good only a short time. Mail coupon *now* with 10¢ to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. C-1.

Slander

Continued from page 15

"Dr. Baxter isn't here," Trudie's butler told him. "He left for New York about half an hour ago. He'll be back for luncheon, though."

Cranston hung up, thumbed the pages of the telephone book and found the number of St. John's Clinic. In a moment he was speaking to the nurse that answered the telephone:

"Is Dr. Baxter there?"

"He's not in now," was the reply.

"Do you expect him?"

"Is this a patient?" asked the nurse. "The doctor doesn't like to see patients on Sunday morning. If it's very important—"

"It's life and death," Cranston assured her.

"Well," the nurse was reluctant, "in that case— The doctor is coming in shortly to see a case, a patient who can only see him on Sundays. I'll have him telephone if you'll give the number."

He gave her Martha's number.

"You'll tell him it's imperative, won't you?" he insisted.

"He should phone you in less than fifteen minutes," the nurse assured him.

He hung up and turned to Martha. Her eyes met his, and his heart ached to put his arms around her, to console her in her extremity as lovers have consoled maidens through the ages. But her upper lip was stiff, and he feared that any tenderness, however well meant, might rob her of the courage which she so sorely needed now.

"But what good will it do?" she asked hopelessly. "Even if Pete reports that Gerry died after he got here—"

"You've caught onto the idea," he interrupted her. "We've gained that much time. We don't have to explain why we didn't call a doctor two hours earlier. And maybe while we're waiting for Pete to come we can think of something. And even if we can't, Pete will be sure to."

"But what?" she almost wailed. "What on earth can anyone think of? What is there that anyone can possibly do?"

Once again he took her hands firmly in his own.

"You're not to ask that question. You're not to ask any questions. You're just to be brave," he ordered.

A NEWSPAPER man had once told Cranston of the horror of awaiting an execution. He said that the fifteen minutes before the criminal was led to the death chamber seemed, paradoxically, to last fifteen years and also to have terminated in fifteen seconds. And the spectators, he said, were more nervous than the condemned man. Fright had stupefied him.

Cranston felt the same sensation now. Later on he realized that Baxter had telephoned in less than twenty minutes, but while he waited they seemed as many years. Yet, extraordinarily, he could almost *see* the minutes racing by. He could never explain this oddity, any more than the newspaper reporter could explain the swift and slow passage of time before the execution.

He did not realize how nervous he was until the telephone rang. But he stumbled as he crossed the room to the instrument and for a moment he could not phrase the simple syllables, "Hello."

"Dr. Baxter speaking."

"This is Cranston. I'm at Martha Blaisdell's apartment. Don't tell even your nurse that you're talking to me. Get over here just as soon as you possibly can."

"I'll be there instantly," said Baxter.

Cranston looked at the girl; she was in an apathy now; although she knew to whom Cranston had been speaking there was not the faintest sign of interest on her features. Once again he sat down before her.

"Pete will be here in a minute," he said.

She looked at him through eyes over which a glaze seemed to have been spread, and her shoulders shrugged faintly. She was very like, Cranston thought, the criminal whom the reporter had described to him. For dread can bring on a dullness of emotion that resembles indifference.

He lighted a cigarette and had smoked it almost to the end when the apartment bell rang. He crushed out the cigarette and admitted Baxter.

"Didn't announce myself; came right up. Martha ill?"

There was something about the crispness of his speech that gave Cranston confidence; even into Martha's eyes came a glimmer of hope.

"She's all right," said Cranston quickly. "But Gerrish is in the next room—dead."

BAXTER'S eyebrows, as red as his hair, lifted. But without a word to Martha he walked to the bedroom, opened the door and entered. Cranston followed him and noted the swift competence of the examination. He saw Baxter examine the dead man's eyes. Then he straightened up.

"Cerebral hemorrhage, I should say," he announced. He sniffed the air. "Been drinking heavily, which didn't help. Now let me hear about it."

Cranston led him into the living-room, and Martha looked up.

"Now, Martha," said Cranston, "Pete is here. Just tell him everything and don't be frightened."

More briefly than she had recounted the tale to Cranston, she repeated it now to Baxter, who listened in utter silence. As she finished Cranston took up the story:

"You can see, Pete, that it's impossible that Gerrish should be found here."

Baxter nodded.

"But it's equally impossible that he should be found anywhere else," he said. "Unless—if no one knew he were here?" He looked questioningly at Martha.

She shook her head slowly.

"Unless he told someone he was coming here, I don't think anyone knows. You see, he boasted that everyone would think he spent the night here, although he only came in about six o'clock, he told me. He said that he guessed that after last night at the Hyslops' I wouldn't want to stay at Trudie's. Oh, he was shrewd, cunning. He said that he slipped up the stairs and that the hallman and the elevator boy hadn't seen him. He told me that they couldn't testify that he came in this morning."

"But he knew you could prove you weren't here last night," said Baxter.

"He didn't care what I could prove. All he cared about was making things look dreadful. Scandal doesn't have to be *proved;* it only has to be mentioned."

Baxter hardly heard her. His forehead was furrowed now, and Cranston, who had concentrated until his brain was dizzy, wondered if the doctor could see any way out of the difficulty. The problem had baffled Cranston and he prayed now that it would not be as unsolvable to Baxter.

"If we could get him out of here—if we could get him to my office—" Baxter's voice died away, although his lips kept on moving. His voice became

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audible again. "He could have come to me as a patient."

"After what you said to those subpœna servers last night?" objected Cranston.

"No, not as a patient," Baxter corrected himself. "But as a drunken man, enraged—that would be plausible enough."

"But wouldn't it be known that he died a long time before?"

Baxter waved aside this objection of Cranston's.

"It's getting him there—in broad daylight. There's no one at the clinic. I saw my patient and the nurse has gone. Not a soul there. If we could get him there—the time of his death wouldn't matter. There'd be nothing suspicious about it. And it would be better to say that the man regretted last night, and that he'd come to me to apologize."

"And involve you in a scandal that might ruin you!" cried Martha.

"NOW that is too silly to debate," said Baxter. "There's no scandal in a man dying in a doctor's office. And for that matter I'd stick to my first story. A drunken man does all sorts of unreasonable things. He was close to delirium tremens and came to me because my name was in his mind. He just came, that's all. Let it go at that. And died there before I could treat him. Let's reach the bridge that leads to my office before we try crossing later bridges. How can we get him there?"

"We can dress him and carry him downstairs to your car," said Cranston.

Baxter's head shook impatiently.

"With an elevator man and a hallboy downstairs? Impossible. It will be in the papers—it has to get in the papers. They'd read about it; they'd remember that I helped carry a man out of here."

Into his voice, into his eyes, came the same hopelessness that had been in the voices and eyes of Martha and Cranston.

A great sob came chokingly from Martha's throat.

"You're sweet, both of you, but nothing can be done. You'd better phone the police, Pete."

"Wait a bit," said Cranston. He stared at Martha. "Do the stairs go around the elevator?"

She looked at him uncomprehendingly, but shook her head.

"No, they're separate from the elevator."

Cranston turned to the doctor.

"Listen," he whispered excitedly. "We'll dress him and take him down one flight of stairs. Then Martha can drop a lighted match in a waste basket. Stuff it full of newspapers. Wait until it's blazing and then telephone downstairs. Tell the hallman to come right up. Tell him to bring the elevator man with him. Tell him not to telephone the fire department because the two of them can put it out easily. We'll go down to the last landing; one of us can see if the coast is clear; if it is we'll carry Gerrish to your car."

"But people on the street may see you do it," objected Martha.

"What of it? He'll be just a drunken man, or a sick man, to them. They'll never connect this incident with what they may happen to read in tomorrow's papers."

"But discovery would mean ruin for you both," cried Martha. "There must be a law against doing a thing like that. And breaking the law would ruin you as a doctor, Pete. And you might even go to jail, Bert. Why should I let you men take risks like that?"

Cranston smiled at her.

"If a man loves a girl he has a right to take risks for her," he said.

She looked at Baxter and the freckles on his face were obscured by the crimson tide that flooded over them.

"I can't let you do it, Pete. Or you, Bert. Why, you two men can dress him now and you can pretend that he—died—sitting here in the living-room."

Baxter shook his head.

"I don't like it," he said. "In the first place it's going to come out that he brought suit against you. There will be speculation as to what he was doing here, as to how Bert and I happened to be here. It will look as though we were holding some sort of a conference, trying to come to some agreement with him. If there had been no trouble between you and him—"

"And between Bert and him," interjected Martha. "And last night you denounced those two men. But just the same," she added hastily, "you can't take the risks."

"I suppose, having thought the matter over carefully, the thing for Bert and myself to do is to walk out of here," said Baxter dryly. "But we're not going; we're going to see you through this. Don't you agree with me, Bert?"

"He can't be found here," said Cranston flatly. "I won't permit it. Martha has endured enough from that swine living; she's got to be spared from him dead. But the more we discuss it the less I like to drag you into it, Pete. I'm engaged to Martha; I love her. But there's no reason why you—"

Again Baxter's face flamed.

"I've just as much reason to want to help her as you have, Cranston," he said.

Cranston stared at him; he looked at Martha. Probably never in the world

(Continued on page 42)

"If you'll all move over one seat I won't have to disturb anyone"

Walter Van Arsdale

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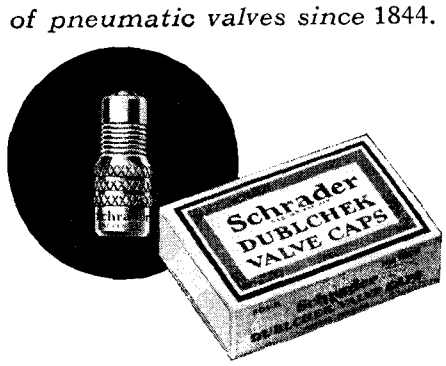

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(Continued from page 41)

had an accepted lover been informed of another man's love for the same girl under such bizarre circumstances. For a moment he meditated, utterly refusing Baxter's aid. It wasn't fair that Baxter, who had nothing to hope for from Martha, should take the chance of blackening his career. Then he realized that he himself, had he no hope of winning Martha, would nevertheless esteem it a privilege to serve her. Why should he deny Baxter a similar privilege?

"Let's go in and dress him," he said.

MARTHA watched them as they closed the bedroom door behind them. Could she accept from these two men the possible sacrifice that their aid involved? After all, she had been willfully blind; she should never have accepted Gerrish's easy assurance that all was well with her financially.

She thought for a moment of going to the telephone and calling the police. But the impulse died in her. After all, Bert and Pete might be able to save her. If they were discovered, she would then confess everything and certainly the two men could not be punished by the law for doing a chivalrous thing. Nevertheless, her conscience told her that she was accepting too much from them. She had accepted too much from Gerrish, and that had led to all these later dreadful happenings. If she loved Cranston truly, it would be different. A woman had a right to accept sacrifices from the man who loved her if she also loved him. But did she have such right when her love was only a pretense, only a way of escape?

Then, as she thought of the screaming newspaper headlines, of the cynical amusement in the eyes of strangers, and the contempt in the eyes of acquaintances, and the pity in the eyes of friends, she hardened herself.

The two men appeared in the doorway. Between them, his head dangling from his shoulders, his hat crushed down on his forehead, they supported the figure of Gerrish. Her fingers touched her mouth as though to hold back a scream of horror.

"You be brave, Martha," said Cranston sternly. "Paper in the basket? Touch a match to it; wait till it blazes; phone downstairs and tell *both* men to come up. Insist they come instantly. Let a few things burn; it doesn't matter. I'll be back in twenty minutes."

An afterthought came to her:

"But the hallman—the elevator man—they must have seen you come here. They'll wonder that you aren't here now."

"Let them wonder!" said Cranston. "If they ask any questions just tell them that we left together and must have walked downstairs. But they won't think of that. At least, we've got to take the chance. Don't argue any more. Just be brave and do what I told you."

She averted her eyes as they dragged the loose figure across the floor. It reminded her vaguely of a scarecrow that she had once seen flapping in the wind. And yet, so firmly did the two men hold him that Gerrish might have passed, to the casual observer, for a man overcome by liquor. But if anyone looked closely . . .

She heard the door close behind them; it would take them two minutes to descend to the street, she guessed. So she waited half a minute, then struck a match and applied it to the newspapers in the waste basket. Then she walked to the telephone, not her own private phone, but the one connected with the desk downstairs.

"There's a fire in my room," she said to the hallman. "You and the elevator man can easily put it out, so don't ring the fire department, but bring the elevator man right up with you, please."

The hallman didn't even answer, but the bang of the receiver told her that he would not delay. She ran to the middle of the floor and kicked over the blazing basket. She thrust one of the flaming papers beneath an overstuffed chair, and the valance caught fire immediately. It was blazing fiercely as she opened the door to admit the two employees.

In a few minutes the blaze was extinguished.

"How'd it happen, Miss Blaisdell?" asked the panting elevator man.

"I was careless," she replied. "I lighted a cigarette and tossed the match into the basket. Which was a very foolish thing to do, but I thought the match was out."

The hallboy grinned.

"I'm going to burn my joint down some night," he said. "I fell asleep with a cigarette in my mouth last week, but it burned my hand and woke me up. Nothing else we can do? You ain't scared, are you?"

She shook her head and pressed into his hand a sizable bill; she gave its mate to the other amateur fireman. Beaming, assuring her that it had been no trouble at all and a real pleasure, they departed. She sank upon the couch and stared at the damaged chair.

She looked at the clock on a table. Bert and Pete had been gone ten minutes now. Perhaps they'd telephone her if and when all was well. But probably they wouldn't. Even the most guarded utterance might later on arouse a reminiscent suspicion in the mind of an operator who might have handled the call and overheard a sentence.

She felt a sudden faintness, reaction from near-hysteria, and walked to the bathroom to get a glass of water. Her head was splitting.

Gerrish's pajamas lay on the bed. There, too, was his handbag. She stuffed the pajamas into the bag and put it in the closet. That was something she didn't want the maid to discover. Some time after dark she'd get rid of it. Or perhaps, if all went well, so far, Bert would take it away and dispose of it.

How good Bert had been to her! Now she could never tell him that she didn't love him. After all he had done today, that would be a cruelty too great. And she would never let him guess that she didn't care.

And how good Pete had been! He had no false pride; frankly, when Cranston had balked at letting Pete help, the doctor had admitted that he too cared for her. She didn't deserve the love of two such men. No girl could be worthy of such love. And it was a love not based on long acquaintance, on knowledge of any merit she might have. They just loved her. And her eyes flooded with tears of gratitude and weakness.

THE clang of a telephone brought her from her reverie. It was Cranston or Pete, she was sure, to tell her that all was well, or . . . She refused to face the alternative.

"Hello," she said into the mouthpiece.

"Mr. Gerrish's man speaking," said a strange voice. "May I speak to Mr. Gerrish?"

She felt an actual pain in the pit of her stomach; her heart skipped a beat. Then, trying to make her voice steady, she answered.

"Mr. Gerrish isn't here," she said.

"When did he leave?" asked the man.

"He hasn't been here," she replied.

"Very well, ma'am," said the man.

But as she hung up she knew that it wasn't very well; it wasn't well at all. Gerrish's man knew, or at least suspected, that his master had been here. That complicated matters. Terror came racing back to her.

(To be continued next week)

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Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 21

us there was no danger of direct infection at this stage.

And so, poor Petrie having been rushed to the isolation ward, Nayland Smith going with the ambulance, I drove Mme. Dubonnet home, leaving the chauffeur from Cannes on guard. Returning, I gave the man freedom of the dinner which fate had decreed that Petrie and I were not to eat, loaned him an automatic, and set out in turn for the hospital.

This secret war against the strange plague which threatened to strip the Blue Coast of visitors and prosperity had aroused the enthusiasm of the whole of that small hospital staff.

Petrie, with other sufferers from the new pestilence, was lodged in an outbuilding separated from the hospital proper by a stretch of waste land.

A nursing sister admitted me, conducting me in silence along a narrow passage to Petrie's room.

AS I entered, Dr. Cartier was taking the pulse of the unconscious man. Nayland Smith, standing beside him, nodded to me reassuringly.

The purple shadow on Petrie's brow had encroached no farther—indeed, as I thought, was already dispersing!

Dr. Cartier replaced his watch and raised clasped hands.

"He is doing well," said Sir Denis. "'654' is the remedy . . . but what, exactly, is '654'?"

"We must know!" cried Dr. Cartier emotionally. "Thanks to the good God he will revive from the coma and can tell us. We must know! There is no more that I or any man can do now."

"I agree," said Sir Denis quietly. "Don't worry any more about it. I think you are about to win a great victory. I hope, as I have told you, to recover a copy of the formula for '654'—and as Dr. Petrie's safety is of such vital importance, you have no objections to offer to my plan?"

"But none!" Cartier replied. "Except that this seems unnecessary."

"I never take needless risks," said Sir Denis dryly.

But when Cartier was gone:

"I am going into Nice," Sir Denis said, "now, to put a phone call through to London."

"What?"

"There's a definite connection, Sterling, between the appearance in Petrie's laboratory of a new species of tropical fly at the same time as an unfamiliar tropical plant—the latter bloodstained!"

"So much is obvious."

"The connecting link is the Burmese dacoit whom I heard, and you and Mme. Dubonnet saw. He was the servant of a dreadful master."

A question burned on my tongue, but:

"Sister Thérèse will attend to the patient from time to time. But I'm going to ask you to do something, Sterling, for me, and for Petrie."

"Anything you like. Just say the word."

"You see, Sterling, since Petrie left London and came here he has kept in close touch with Sir Manston Rorke, of the School of Tropical Medicine—one of the three big names, although I doubt if he knows more than Petrie. Some days ago Sir Manston called me up. He had formed a remarkable opinion."

"What about?"

"About the French epidemic. Two cases, showing identical symptoms, occurred in the London dock area, and he had had news of several in New York, and of one in Sydney, Australia. Having personally examined the London cases (both of which terminated fatally), he had come to the conclusion that this disease was not an ordinary plague. Briefly, he believed that it was being induced artificially!"

"Good heavens, Sir Denis! I begin to believe he was right."

Nayland Smith nodded.

"I invited him to suggest a motive, and he wavered between a mad scientist and a Red plot to decimate unfriendly nations! In my opinion, he wasn't far short of the truth; but here's the big point: I have reason to believe that Petrie submitted to Sir Manston the formula for '654'—and I'm going into Nice to call him up."

"God grant he has it," I said, glancing at the bed where the sick man lay.

"AMEN to that. But in the meantime, Sterling, I may be away two hours or more—it's vitally important that Petrie should not be alone for one moment."

"I quite follow."

"So I want you to stand by here until I get back. What I mean is this—I want you to sit tight beside his bed."

He stared at me fixedly. There was something almost hypnotic in that penetrating look.

"Sterling," he said, "you are dealing with an enemy more cunning and more brilliant than any man you have ever

(Continued on page 44)

"Very sorry, madam. I'm afraid we've used too much dynamite!"

George Shellhase

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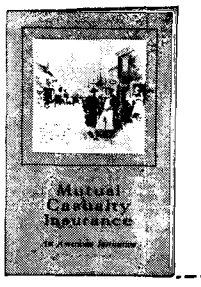

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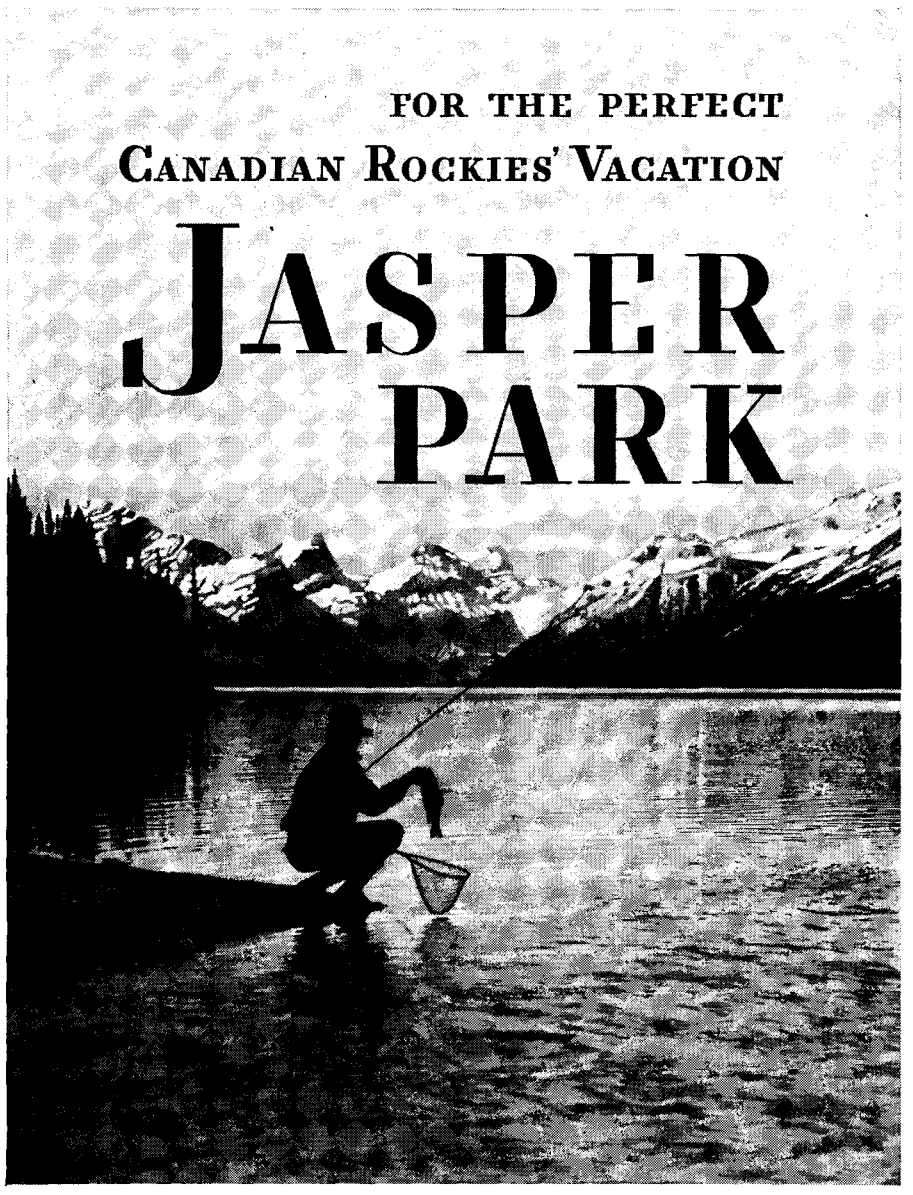

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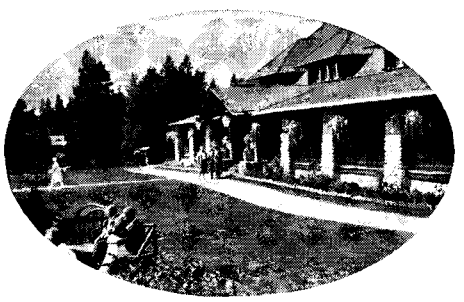

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(Continued from page 43)

met east or west. Until I return you are not to allow a soul to *touch* Petrie —except Sister Thérèse, or Cartier. Can I rely upon you?"

"Absolutely."

He raised his hand in a sort of salute to the insensible man, turned, and went out.

I THOUGHT of many things during the long vigil that followed. The isolation ward harbored six patients, but Petrie had been given accommodation in a tiny private room at one end. The corresponding room at the other end was the sanctum of Sister Thérèse.

It was a lonely spot and very silent. I heard the sister moving about in the adjoining ward, and presently she entered quietly, a fragile little woman, her pale face looking childishly small framed in the stiff, white headdress of her order. Deftly and all but noiselessly she went about her duties.

"You are not afraid of infection, M. Sterling?" she asked, her voice very low and gentle.

"Not at all, Sister. In *my* job I have to risk it."

"What do you do?"

"Hunt for new species of plants for the Botanical Society—and orchids for the market."

"But how fascinating! As a matter of fact, there is no danger of infection at this stage."

"So I am told by Dr. Cartier."

"It is new to us, this disease. But it is tragic that Dr. Petrie should fall a victim. However, as you see—"

She pointed.

"The stigmata?"

Sister Thérèse shuddered.

"It is so irreligious! But Dr. Cartier, I know, calls this mark the black stigmata. Yes—it does not increase. Dr. Petrie may conquer. He is a wonderful man. You will moisten his poor lips from time to time? I am praying that he may be spared to us. Good night, M. Sterling. Ring for me if he moves."

She withdrew in her gentle, silent way, leaving me to my thoughts. And by some queer mental alchemy these became transmuted into thoughts of Fleurette. I found myself contemplating in a sort of cold horror the idea of Fleurette infected with this foul plague—her delicate beauty marred, her strong, young body contorted by the work of some loathsome, unclassified bacillus.

And then I fell to thinking about those who had contracted this thing, and to considering what Nayland Smith had told me. What association was there to explain a common enmity between London dock laborers and Dr. Petrie?

I stared at him as the thought crossed my mind. One of the strangest symptoms of this horror which threatened France was the period of complete coma preceding the end. Petrie looked like a dead man.

A searching wind, coming down from the Alps, had begun to blow at sunset. Low pines, some of which almost overhung the lonely building, hushed and whispered insidiously. I construed their whispering into a repetition of the words "Fleurette—Derceto. . . ."

If dear old Petrie survived the crisis, I told myself, tomorrow should find me once more on the beach of Ste. Claire de la Roche. I might have misjudged Fleurette. But even if she were the mistress of Mahdi Bey, she was very young and so not past praying for.

I had just formed this resolution when a new sound intruded upon the silence of the sick room.

There was only one window—high in the wall which marked the end of the place. As I sat near the foot of Petrie's bed this window was above, on my left.

And the sound, a faint scraping, seemed to come from there.

The wind seemed to have decreased, and the whisper, "Fleurette—Derceto," had become a sigh scarcely audible.

Raising my head, I looked up. . . .

A yellow hand, the fingers crooked in a clutching movement—a threat it seemed—showed for a moment, then disappeared outside the window!

Springing to my feet, I stared wildly. How long had I been sitting there, dreaming, since Sister Thérèse had gone? I had no idea. My imagination pictured such an evil, mask-like face as I had seen at the Villa Jasmin—peering in at that high window.

One of the dacoits (the name was vaguely familiar, although I had never been in Burma) referred to by Nayland Smith must be watching the place!

Was this what he had feared? Was this why I had been left on guard?

What did it mean?

I could not believe that Dr. Petrie had ever wronged any man. Who, then, was hounding him to death, and what was his motive?

Literally holding my breath, I listened. But there was no repetition of the scraping sound. The climber—the window was twelve feet above ground level —had dropped silently at the moment that I sprang from my chair.

To rush out and search was obviously not in order. My job was to sit tight. I was pledged to it.

But the incident had painted a new complexion on my duties.

I watched that high window keenly, and for a long time. Then, as I was on the point of sitting down, a slight sound brought me upright at a bound.

The door opened and Sister Thérèse came in in her unobtrusive, almost apologetic way.

"A lady has called to see Dr. Petrie," she said.

"To see Dr. Petrie!"

"How could I refuse her, M. Sterling?" Sister Thérèse asked gently. "She is his wife!" The little sister glanced wistfully at the unconscious man. "And she is such a beautiful woman."

"Great heavens!" I groaned—"this is going to be almost unendurable. Is she very—disturbed, Sister?"

Sister Thérèse shook her head, smiling sadly.

"Not at all. She has great courage."

Just as poor Petrie had feared, his wife had come from Cairo—to find him . . . a doomed man.

"I suppose she must come in. But his appearance will be a frightful shock to her. . . ."

ANTICIPATING a tragic interview, I presently turned to meet Mrs. Petrie, as Sister Thérèse showed her into the room. She was, I saw, tall and slender, having an indolent grace of bearing totally different from affectation. She was draped in a long wrap of some dark fur beneath which showed the edge of a green dress. Bare ivory ankles peeped below its fringe, and she wore high-heeled green sandals with gold straps.

She had features of almost classic chiseling and perfectly molded lips. But her eyes were truly remarkable. They were incredibly long, of the true almond shape, and brilliant as jewels. By reason of the fact that Mrs. Petrie wore a little green béret-like hat set on one side of her glossy head, from which depended a figured gold veil, I could not determine the exact color of those strange eyes: the veil just covered them.

Her complete self-possession reassured me. She glanced at Petrie; and then, as Sister Thérèse silently retired:

"It is very good of you, Mr. Sterling," she said—and her voice had an indolent,

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soothing quality in keeping with her personality—"to allow me to make this visit."

She seated herself in a chair which I placed for her beside Petrie's bed.

So this was "Karamaneh." I had not forgotten that strange name murmured by Nayland Smith as he had bent over Petrie. "The most beautiful woman I have ever known. . . ."

And that Mrs. Petrie was beautiful none could deny; yet for some reason her appearance surprised me. I had not been prepared for a woman of this type. Truth to tell, although I didn't recognize the fact then, I had subconsciously given to Mrs. Petrie the attributes of Fleurette—a flower-like, tender loveliness wholly removed from the patrician yet exotic elegance of this woman who sat looking at the unconscious man.

Having heard of her passionate love for the doctor, I was surprised, too, by her studied self-possession. It was admirable but, in a devoted wife, almost uncanny. . . .

"I could do no less, Mrs. Petrie," I replied. "It is very brave of you to come."

SHE was bending forward, watching the sick man.

"Is there—any hope?" she asked.

"There is every hope, Mrs. Petrie. In other cases which the doctors have met with, the appearance of the purple shadow has meant the end—"

"But in this case?"

She looked at me, her wonderful eyes so bright that I thought she was suppressing tears.

"In Petrie's case the progress of the disease has been checked—temporarily at any rate."

"How wonderful," she whispered—"and how strange!"

She bent over him again. Her movements were feline in their indolent grace. One slender, ivory hand held the cloak in place; the long nails were varnished to a jewel-like brightness. I wondered how these two had met, and how such markedly different types had ever become lovers.

Mrs. Petrie raised her eyes to me again.

"Is Dr. Cartier following some different treatment in—my husband's case?"

The nearly imperceptible pause had not escaped me. I supposed that a wave of emotion had threatened to overcome her when she found that name upon her lips and realized that the man himself tottered on the brink of the valley.

"Yes, Mrs. Petrie; a treatment of your husband's known as '654'."

"Prepared, I suppose, by Dr. Cartier?"

"No—prepared by Petrie himself just before—he was seized with illness."

"But Dr. Cartier, of course, knows the formula?"

That caressing voice possessed some odd quality of finality; it was like listening to fate speaking. Not to reply to any question so put to one would have been a task akin to closing one's ears to the song of the sirens. And the darkly fringed eyes, which now—owing to some accident of reflected light—I thought were golden, emphasized the soft command.

Indeed, I was on the point of answering, truthfully, that no one but Petrie knew the formula, when an instinct of compassion gave me strength to defy that powerful urge. Why should I admit so cruel a truth?

"I cannot say," I replied, and knew that I spoke the words unnaturally.

"But of course it will be somewhere in my husband's possession? No doubt in his laboratory?"

Her anxiety—although there was no trace of tremor in her velvety tones—was nevertheless unmistakable.

"No doubt, Mrs. Petrie," I said reassuringly—and spoke now with greater conviction since I really believed that the formula must be somewhere among Petrie's papers.

She murmured something in a low voice—and, standing up, moved to the head of the bed.

Whereupon my difficulties began: For, as Mrs. Petrie bent over the pillow, I remembered the charge which had been put upon me, remembered Nayland Smith's words: "You are not to allow a soul to *touch* him—"

I got up swiftly, stepped around the foot of the bed, and joined Mrs. Petrie where she stood.

"Whatever you do," I said, "don't touch him!"

SLOWLY she stood, turned, infinitely slowly and gracefully. She looked into my eyes.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because". . . I hesitated—what could I say?—"because of the possibility of infection."

"Please don't worry about that, Mr. Sterling. There is no possibility of infection at this stage. Sister Thérèse told me so."

"But she may be wrong," I urged. "Really, I can't allow you to take the risk."

Perhaps my principles ride me to death; I have been told that they do. But I had pledged my word that no one should touch Petrie, and I meant to stick to it. Logically I could think of no rea-

(Continued on page 46)

"Oh, let's not talk shop" *Eli Garson*

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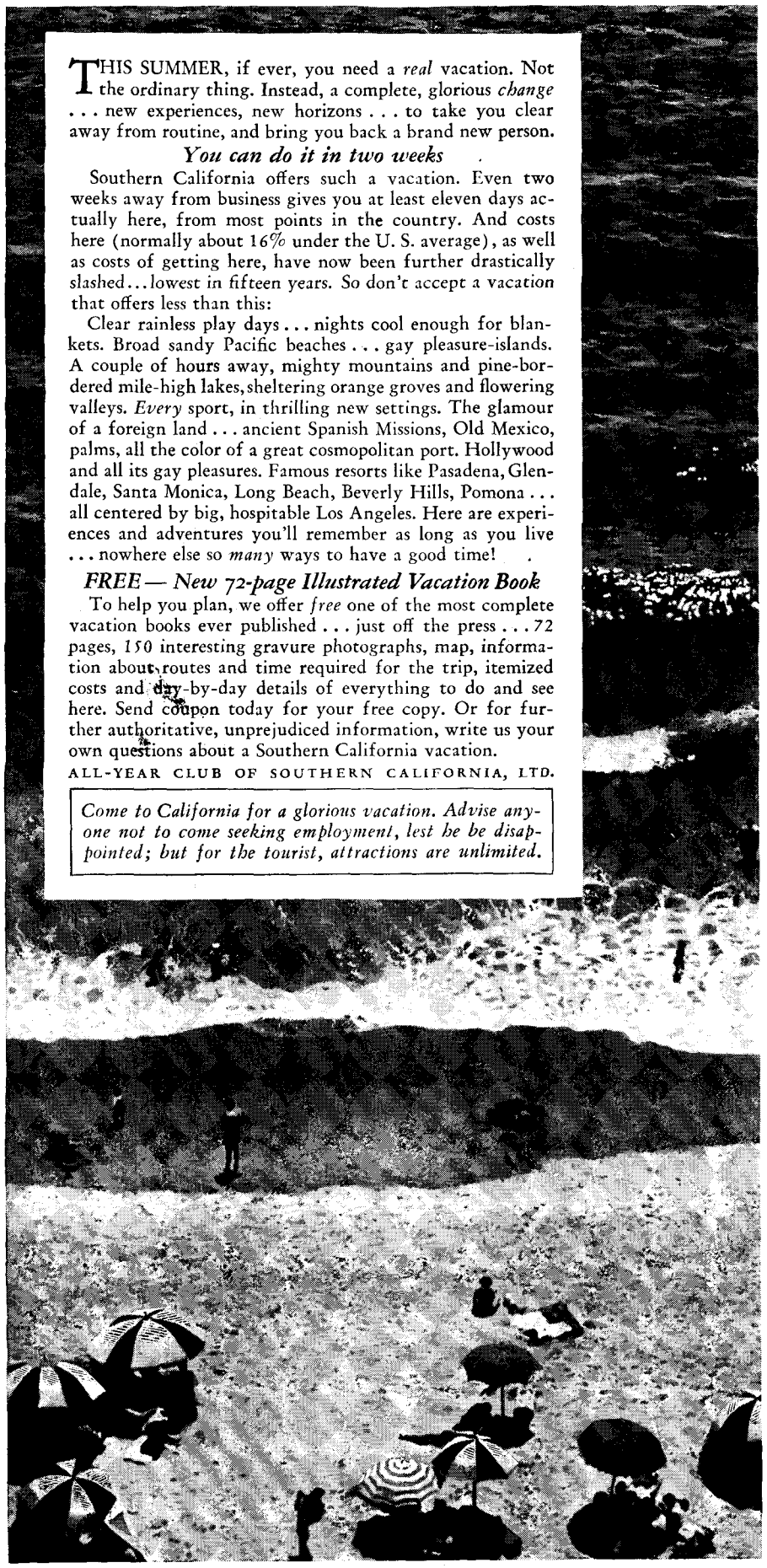

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(Continued from page 45)

son why this woman who loved him should not stroke his hair, as I thought she had been about to do. It was almost inhuman to forbid it. Yet, by virtue of Sir Denis' trust in me, forbid it I must.

"It may be difficult," I remembered saying to him. *How* difficult it was to be, I had not foreseen!

"Surely," she said—and her soft voice held no note of anger—"the risk is mine?"

Mrs. Petrie bent again over the pillow. She was on the point of resting those slender, indolent hands on Petrie's shoulders.

She intended, I surmised, to kiss his parched lips. . . .

AS THOSE languorous, ivory hands almost rested on Petrie's shoulders, and full red lips were but inches removed from the parched, blue lips of the unconscious man, I threw my arms around Mrs. Petrie and dragged her away!

She was light and resilient as a professional dancer. I had been forced to exert considerable strength because of her nearness to the doctor. She was swept back, lying against my right arm and looking up at me in a startled yet imperious way, which prepared me to expect an uncomfortable sequel.

During one long moment she remained motionless, our glances meeting. Her cloak had slipped, exposing a bare arm and shoulder. I was partly supporting her, and trying frenziedly to find words to excuse my apparent violence. Then, still looking up at me, she turned slightly.

"Why did you do that?" she asked. "Was it . . . to save me from contagion?"

The cue was a welcome one; I seized it gladly.

"Of course!" I replied, but knew that my assurance rang false. "I warned you that I should not allow you to touch him."

She continued to watch me, resting in the crook of my arm; and I had never experienced such vile impulses as those which goaded me during those few seconds. The most singular promptings were dancing in my brain. I thought she was offering me her lips, or rather challenging me to reject the offer. With a movement so slight that it might have been accidental, she seemed to invite me to caress her.

Yes, most utterly damnable thing, I, in whose blood there runs a marked streak of Puritanism; I, with poor Petrie lying there in the grip of a dread disease, suddenly wanted to crush this woman—his wife—in my arms!

It was only a matter of hours since I had met Fleurette on the beach of Ste. Claire de la Roche, and had become so infatuated with her beauty and charm that I had been thinking about her almost continuously ever since. Yet here I stood fighting against a sudden lawless desire for the wife of my best friend—a desire so wild that it threatened to swamp everything—friendship, tradition, honor!

Perhaps I might have conquered—unaided. I am not prepared to say. But aid came to me, and came in the form of what I thought at the time to be a miracle. As I looked down into those enigmatical, mocking eyes, in a silence only broken by the hushing of the pines outside the window, a voice—a groaning, hollow voice, a voice that might have issued from a tomb—spoke.

"Beware . . . *of her*," it said.

Mrs. Petrie sprang back. A fleeting glimpse I had of stark horror in the long, narrow eyes. My heart, which had been beating madly, seemed to stop for a moment.

I twisted my head aside, staring down at Petrie.

Was it imagination—or did I detect a faint quivering of those swollen eyelids? Could it be *he* who had spoken? That slight movement, if it had ever been, had ceased. He lay still as the dead.

"Who was it?" Mrs. Petrie whispered, her patrician calm ruffled at last—"Whose voice was that?"

I stared at her. The spell was broken. The glamour of those bewitched moments had faded—dismissed by that sepulchral voice. Mrs. Petrie's lashes now almost veiled her long, brilliant eyes. One hand was clenched, the other hidden beneath her cloak. My ideas performed a complete about-turn. Some sudden, inexplicable madness had possessed me, from the consequences of which I had been saved by an act of God!

"I don't know," I said hoarsely. "I don't know. . . ."

The end of that interview is hazy in my memory. Concerning one detail, however, I have no doubt: Mrs. Petrie did not again approach the sick man's bed. Despite her wonderful self-discipline, she could not entirely hide her apprehension. I detected her casting swift glances at Petrie and—once—upward toward the solitary window.

That awful warning, so mysteriously spoken—could have related only to *her*. . . .

I rang for Sister Thérèse and arranged that the night concierge should conduct the visitor to her car. I suspected that the neighborhood was none too safe.

Mrs. Petrie gave me the address of a hotel in Cannes, asking that she be kept in touch. She would return, she said, unless summoned earlier, at eight in the morning. She had fully regained her graceful composure by this time, and I found myself wondering what her true nationality could be. Her languid calm was hard to reconcile with wifely devotion: indeed I had expected her to insist upon remaining.

And when, with a final glance at Petrie and an enigmatical smile to me, she went out with Sister Thérèse, I turned and stared at the doctor. I could detect no change whatever, except that it seemed to me that the purple shadow on his brow was not so dark.

Could it be he who had spoken?

His face was dreadfully haggard, looking almost emaciated, and his lips, dry and cracked, were slightly parted so as to expose his teeth. In that unnatural smile I thought I saw the beginning of the death grin which characterized this ghastly pestilence.

HE DID not move, nor could I detect him breathing. I glanced at the window, high above my head, where not so long before I had seen those crooked yellow fingers. But it showed as a black patch in the dull white mass of the wall.

The pines began whispering softly again: "Fleurette—Derceto. . . ."

If Petrie had not spoken—and I found it hard to believe that he had—whose was the voice which had uttered the words—"Beware . . . of her?"

I had ample time to consider the problem and many others as well which had arisen in the course of that eventful day. Dr. Cartier looked in at about eleven o'clock, and Sister Thérèse made regular visits.

There was no change to be noted in Petrie's condition.

It was a dreary vigil, in fact an eerie one. For company I had an apparently dead man, and some of the most horrible memories which one could very well conjure up as a background for that whispering silence.

At some time shortly after midnight I heard swift footsteps coming along the passage which led to Petrie's room. The door opened, and Nayland Smith walked in.

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One glance warned me that something was amiss.

He crossed and stared down at Petrie in silence; then, turning to Sister Thérèse, who had entered close behind him:

"I wonder, Sister," he said rapidly, "if I might ask you to remain here until Dr. Cartier arrives and to allow Mr. Sterling and myself the use of your room?"

"But of course, with the greatest pleasure," she replied, and smiled in her sweet, patient way.

Together we went along the narrow corridor and presently came to that little room used by the nurse on duty. It was very simple and very characteristic.

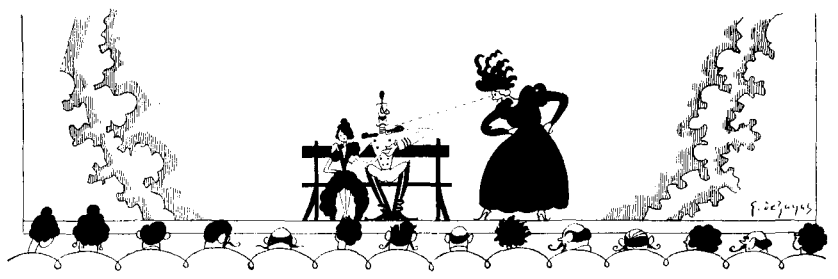
There was a glass-fronted cabinet containing medicines, dressings and surgical appliances. Beside a little, white table was placed a very hard, white-enameled chair. An open book lay on the table; and the only decoration was a crucifix on the distempered wall.

Sir Denis did not speak for a moment, but paced restlessly to and fro in that confined space, twitching at the lobe of his ear—a habit which I later came to recognize as indicative of deep thought.

Suddenly he turned and faced me.

"Sir Manston Rorke died early yesterday morning," he said, "from an overdose of some strange drug!"

(To be continued next week)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The strictest dramatic censorship ever known was enforced in Vienna during the early part of the 19th century. One of its most ridiculous restrictions prevented stage lovers from appearing in a scene unless they were accompanied by a chaperon.—*By Mrs. Walter Klaas, New York City.*

About 200 years ago in England, betrothal announcements often stated the size of the lady's fortune, apparently to arouse regret in the gentlemen who had failed to propose to her.

Owing to the intense cold, the aviators photographing Mt. Everest not only have to have their cameras, oxygen-tank valves and clothing electrically heated but even the glass in their goggles must be kept warm by fine wires that run through it.

Many species of cold-blooded animals whose eggs are fertilized externally have been made to reproduce their kind through artificial fertilization induced by acids, alkalis, salts and electricity.—*By Salvatore Tedesco, Brooklyn, New York.*

The efforts to enforce prohibition have been most ingenious. Not long ago in California even a giant redwood tree which housed a still was officially raided and *padlocked!*

No longer does the chaplain of the English church in Monte Carlo announce the singing of a hymn that is under No. 36, the highest number on the roulette wheel, because, whenever he did it in the past, many superstitious tourists in the congregation left at once to play the number at the Casino.

Seismographs throughout the world record an average of 25 earthquakes every 24 hours, 14 of which are strong enough to be felt by a person standing over them. Those that occur on land and damage buildings take place on an average of one every 82 hours.

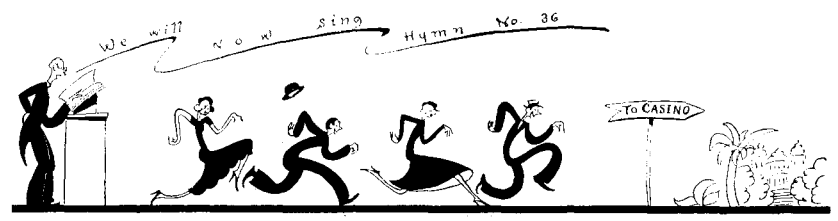
Infanticide still is committed in China to such an extent that, during 1932 in the modern city of Shanghai alone, an average of *92 bodies of infants were found daily* in the streets, alleys and creeks.—*By S. M. Levenson, Newark, New Jersey.*

A new chemically treated coal for the open fireplace burns with a pine-scented odor, and another new kind produces flames in any color, to match the decorative plan of the room.

One of the great spectacular entertainments of ancient Rome was the sea fight. The most famous "show" of this kind, which was staged on Lake Fucinus about 50 A. D. by the emperor Claudius, involved 100 ships and 19,000 men in one of the bloodiest naval battles of all time.

Carrots, sweet potatoes and yolks of eggs contain so much carotin, a strong pigment, that persons who eat an excessive quantity of these foods sometimes develop carotinemia, a yellow discoloration of the skin similar in appearance to jaundice.—*By E. Head, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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Henry P. Davison

Continued from page 13

banquet, and I well recall the skill with which Lord Reading met that trying occasion. It was a trying one, because he realized that his rather cool audience had gathered out of respect to his office and his title as Lord Chief Justice, rather than to show any sympathy in the projected operation that was so vital to the Allied cause. When he was introduced to speak, Lord Reading did not attempt to talk very much about the loan. He spoke of it, to be sure; he pointed it out as a necessity, if the purchases of his government from our farmers and merchants were to continue on a large scale. But he did not ask for Chicago's coöperation. What he did say was more effective. He declared that it was a rare privilege for him to be in Chicago, and he went on to describe how, years before, he had come near making his home in Chicago. It seems that as a growing lad he had determined to come to America and to make his way in the New World. He had decided to settle in Chicago. His trunk was packed and he was about to sail from Liverpool when, suddenly, the death of a near relative changed all his plans and kept him in England.

And, as Lord Reading told the story of how nearly he had become a fellow citizen of his hearers, there crept a something into his voice that was as if he were saying in words—although he did not say it in words—just about this: "Ah, my friends, who knows but that, if instead of stopping in humble England, pursuing the dull round of the law and finally attaining a mere Lord Chief Justiceship, I might have come out here, have settled in your midst, have become one of your leading men of business—who knows, I say, but that I should have been a happier and at least a better man today!"

Those, as I have said, were not the words that Lord Reading used, but so strong was the impression that he gave, that when he had finished his speech his audience, grown more and more eager, sighed with the satisfaction of gratified sentiment, stormed the speaker with applause; and the diners leaned over and allowed to their neighbors that Lord Reading was a fine man and would have made a great Chicagoan!

Sound Tactics in a Crisis

The most critical period in Allied financing in the United States was in the second six months of 1916. Allied reverses at the front had their natural effect upon Allied credit in the United States. Allied morale was under a severe strain, and to neutral minds there seemed lack of unity in dealing with common problems. To add to the gravity of the situation, it was just at this time that Allied requirements of materials from the United States became most insistent and were growing constantly heavier.

Davison's presence in London, in the early fall of 1916, has already been alluded to. He went there shortly after the first United Kingdom Loan of $250,000,000 had been issued in New York on September 1, 1916, secured by American stocks and bonds. In this respect—that is to say, the feature of collateral security—the loan differed radically from the Anglo-French Loan of a year previous.

One morning—it was about the first of October—Davison was invited to breakfast at Mr. Lloyd George's official residence in Downing Street. He found Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Reading in a state of much anxiety. Mr. Lloyd George explained that they were greatly concerned about the needs of their war program. He pointed out that it was absolutely necessary for them to have an average of $300,000,000 monthly from America through the next five months, or else the whole British program of American purchases would have to be slashed. He asked Davison if they could count on getting this $1,500,000,000 from the United States. Davison replied that he hoped and believed that, with the resources available in the British Empire, these funds could be obtained—although J. P. Morgan & Co. could not by any possibility guarantee it, nor were they even in a position to say in advance what means could be employed to make such a credit available. Nevertheless, his unqualified advice was: "Proceed as though you were going to get the money."

Difficulty of Coöperation

From the start, it will be recalled, Davison had urged the Allies to greater effort in the way of coöperation. Visiting Paris at about this time, he again pointed out the advantages to the Allies in considering their American financial programs together. But close financial coöperation, when the prevailing views as to ways and means varied so greatly between the authorities in London and those in Paris, proved wellnigh impossible, and after October, 1915, each government arranged by itself what credit in America was found to be necessary.

All these difficulties of close coöperation among the Allies—difficulties which have, perhaps, been even more apparent in these years after the war—are described in every book written since the war by any one of the officers of high command, be he Marshal Foch, Earl Haig or General Pershing. Such difficulties were inherent in the nature of things. One recalls the Napoleonic anecdote: Someone asked Bonaparte how he accounted for the extraordinary extent of his military successes. "Because," said he, "I almost always had a coalition to fight against!"

At a critical stage of the Peace Conference at Paris in 1919, an errand took me near the door of one of the great council-rooms just as Marshal Foch emerged. With the opening of the door I could hear from within a confused babble of voices, seemingly in strenuous controversy.

"How are things going, Marshal?" I asked, presuming on his graciousness to me on several previous occasions.

"Ah," said he with a shrug and grimace, "*la guerre de la paix!*"

To return to our narrative about Allied financing in America in this year 1916:

On October 30, 1916, when conditions appeared momentarily less unfavorable, a second United Kingdom Loan amounting to $300,000,000 had been offered in the United States. The security and terms made strong appeal to the American public, and the offering was entirely successful. By this time Davison had returned to New York, and, with Allied buying in American markets continuing on an ascending scale, he and his partners exerted themselves to find some way in which the increasing demand upon British and French credit could be met, so as to enable the British to maintain the rate of their American purchases.

Davison had talked with the President of the United States and with the Federal Reserve Board at Washington.

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It was becoming apparent that all the authorities at Washington were desirous that the British and French governments should be able to maintain here on a grand scale their purchases, which were yielding handsome returns to the American farmer and manufacturer. Yet they had some misgivings as to whether the banking and investment community should continue to make these purchases possible by undertaking to finance a fair part of them.

For some time a plan had been under discussion for the issuance of British and French government Treasury short-term bills of various maturities, from thirty days to six months. On November 24, 1916, our firm was able to announce that the British and French government Treasuries had authorized the sale of a limited amount of such short-term bills.

The same day, however, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board of Washington warned the firm by telephone that the board might decide that the issuance of Treasury bills was undesirable. In fact, three days later the Federal Reserve Board threw a wet blanket on the proposed operation by announcing that "The board deems it, therefore, its duty to caution the member banks that it does not regard it in the interest of the country at this time that they invest in foreign Treasury bills of this character."

Trade with Allies Threatened

It was at once realized, on both sides of the Atlantic, that this statement constituted a most serious threat against the Allied plans for American purchases and for the financing of such purchases. Not only did it render impossible the program of disposing successfully of British and French Treasury bills, but it made increasingly difficult new borrowings on the part of the Allies. Naturally also, American manufacturers and commodity merchants were not at all happy, fearing a drastic reduction in Allied purchases in the United States.

The manner in which the Allied governments met this crisis is worthy of some note. When the text of the Reserve Board's statement was received by the then Chancellor of the British Exchequer, Reginald McKenna, he flashed back in return the following: "Chancellor would not wish to disregard the expressed wishes of the Federal Reserve Board of which Secretary of Treasury is a member, and therefore requests Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. not to issue the Treasury bills as arranged on December first." This was an attitude of sturdy independence and strength which met favorable comment by the American public.

And then, within two or three days, came further word from the British Chancellor, explaining that even if the Federal Reserve Board were not a department of the government, yet, because the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency had seats on that board, he could not but consider it as a governmental body and as he would wish, regardless of his own necessities, to do nothing distasteful to the American government, the sale of the British Treasury bills must be dropped. He added, however, that every American account against the British government would be settled on the dot. He stated that he had mobilized the gold resources of the British Empire, and that already swift cruisers were starting to bring hoards of gold and lay them down in Ottawa, where they would be available for New York. Not less than five or six hundred million dollars in gold, said he, would, in case of necessity, be sent to America to maintain the faith of the British government.

And well did he keep his word! The figures show that in that very first month, December, 1916, after the British Treasury had met this rebuff, there was received for its account in New York approximately $138,000,000 in gold; in January, 1917, $80,000,000; in February, $90,000,000; in March, $115,000,000; a total for those four months alone of nearly $423,000,000.

And that gold came in all sorts of different forms and from every quarter of the globe—English sovereigns, bar gold from South Africa, French napoleons, Japanese bullion, Russian imperials, and even German twenty-mark pieces and American eagles. Some of the English sovereigns were, curiously enough, in the same bags in which they had been shipped to Paris and transferred from there to Berlin when the French paid their indemnity at the end of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871. Thousands of the American eagles turned up in the original canvas bags in which, in 1904, they had been shipped by J. P. Morgan & Co. to Paris in the settlement made by the United States government with the French interests originally identified with the Panama Canal.

One can see the picture: those fast British cruisers, with coffers gold-laden, creeping out from the Mersey, escaping the lurking German submarines, and then slipping around the north of Ireland, zigzagging all the way across the Atlantic, fumbling through the fogs and mists of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and finally gliding up the river to Quebec, whence those precious, guarded chests were shipped, first to Ottawa and later to New York. And then came the Japanese cruisers, steaming across the vast Pacific, coming with gold from England's ally, Japan, with the shipments made heavier from the Imperial Russian hoard, Russia being then still in the war and having sent some of her gold far to the east and thence across the Pacific to America. This, then, was the manner in which the British government kept faith.

In the face of Britain's increasing purchases of American commodities and manufactures, the need for additional credits was manifest. And on January 18, 1917, a syndicate was formed to underwrite the so-called Third United Kingdom Loan for $250,000,000. The 5½ per cent notes, maturing in one and two years, were secured by pledge of high-grade collateral, consisting of American, Canadian and other choice bonds and stocks.

The result of the operation was highly satisfactory, especially in the face of the discouragement aroused in the previous November by the Federal Reserve Board. Further, the firm was pleased that it had succeeded in enabling the British government to maintain its purchases in the United States rather than divert them elsewhere.

Financing Exports to France

Meantime, the French had been awaiting their turn. Plans for a French issue gradually took shape in January, 1917. The German note of January 31, received by the United States government, announcing unrestricted submarine warfare, brought about a violent break in the New York stock market and made any immediate financing out of the question. Indeed, so complete a financial deadlock was created that it became plain to J. P. Morgan, to Davison and their partners that the country's export trade was likely to be seriously affected.

On March 8, 1917, however, a statement was issued by the Federal Reserve

(Continued on page 50)

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the new sense of positive control of every shot from tee to cup... the confidence born of perfect response.

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...POUNDED MY EAR LIKE A LUMBERJACK

● And this man used to toss and roll at night with insomnia—strength gone, nerves frayed by dawn.

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Go to your druggist for a bottle of Absorbine Jr. Just before retiring rub a palmful briskly on the back of your neck with firm steady strokes, rubbing away from the brain.

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Stretch out in bed. Relax. Breathe with long, slow rhythm like a person in slumber. Absorbine Jr. works quickly. Nerves lose their tension. Before you know it, you drift into deep, refreshing sleep.

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(Continued from page 49)

Board, going a long way toward removing what was left of the discouraging impression created by the statement of the preceding November. The board now expressed its desire "to make clear that it did not seek to create an unfavorable attitude on the part of American investors toward desirable foreign securities, and to emphasize the point that American funds available for investment may, with advantage to the country's foreign trade and the domestic economic situation, be employed in the purchase of such securities."

The gradually improving market situation was helped along by these modified views, and on March 19, 1917, two-year, 5½ per cent, convertible, secured notes of the French government, to the amount of $100,000,000, were offered to the public, and were oversubscribed by almost $16,000,000.

This was the last operation in Allied financing that took place prior to the end of the war. With the entire acquiescence of the authorities at Washington, a post-war United Kingdom Loan of $250,000,000 was issued by J. P. Morgan & Co. on November 1, 1919; and two French Republic loans, of September 15, 1920, and June 1, 1921, respectively, each amounting to $100,000,000, were successfully brought out. But in this later period Davison had been seized with the illness which caused his death and, despite his undiminished personal interest, was able to give only a lessened attention to the business of the firm. His great work for Allied finance had been accomplished in those days of the war that were dark and critical, and that required just the courageous imagination and tenacity that no other man, to the same extent as Davison, could bring to bear.

Another plan which Davison and his partners had developed for increasing the Allies' available balances in America consisted of the sale of American securities mobilized from British and French holders and liquidated on the American markets. The total amount of such American securities, mobilized by the British government from its own subjects and utilized for the government's American operations, approached very nearly to $3,000,000,000.

In the intervals between the issuance of the various long-term loans, arranged for the British and French governments, the Morgan firm arranged, with the coöperation of a few of the larger New York banking institutions, a loan to the British government, payable on demand, the amount of the loan rising and falling in accordance with the current British needs. This loan was invariably well secured. During the early days the security consisted of gold in transit or held in trust. Later the loan was secured by the deposit of high-grade American bonds and stocks, with ample margin. It was, therefore, always of a choice character.

Gratifying Result of the Loans

Throughout the whole period of these British credit operations in America, running from the great Anglo-French Loan of October, 1915, through the final post-war loan of November, 1919, Davison had been in the van, in planning and execution. And manifestly the continuance of such credit operations had been of great economic benefit to the American community in enabling it to build up an enormous volume of profitable exports.

The total of the public loan operations for Great Britain and France, from 1915 to the end of the reconstruction period in 1921, was approximately $2,000,000,000. Of this amount there remains unpaid only about $136,000,000, in the form of British government bonds maturing in 1937, and approximately $49,000,000 of French government 7½ per cent, sinking-fund bonds maturing in 1941. In other words, over ninety per cent of the loans made by American investors to these two governments have already been liquidated, through the regular mechanisms provided in the original loan agreements. Such a satisfactory outcome has probably been due in part to good fortune, as well as to the care taken by the issuing group of bankers to protect the interests of the American investors in these securities.

It was Davison who first had the idea of trying to bring order out of chaos in the complex matter of the Allies' purchases in the American markets. War had burst upon the world so suddenly that, as I have already pointed out, it became necessary for the British government to rush into the American commodities markets, even as early as the autumn of 1914, in order to supply the needs which England could not meet at home. Only two or three months had passed before it became plain that Britain's helter-skelter and at times almost frantic buying was failing to serve her own purposes, and was developing uneven spots in the American markets not conducive to stable industry here.

American Business Saved

It was at this point, December, 1914, that Davison's idea of orderliness in purchasing, as contrasted with confusion, began to clarify itself in his mind and lead to active effort. As I have been reviewing those crowded years of his, I cannot but feel that no single one of his achievements had greater or more far-reaching benefits to his own country than his work in helping to bring order to the principal financial and commercial activities of the Allies in the United States during the early years of the war. He was one of the very first to see the necessity of some such concentration, if American industry and business generally were to be saved from demoralization, and if the Allies were to continue to draw from the United States the supplies indispensable to their cause.

At the moment when the firm first undertook to deal with the situation, the American markets, in respect to certain commodities and lines of manufacture, seemed on the verge of demoralization. Order was, however, as I have said, gradually brought out of threatened chaos, and the statement has frequently been made that, by the careful direction of much of the war purchases of the Allies in America, the firm helped to bring to the United States a widespread industrial activity and prosperity. Further, the resulting mobilization of many sections of American industry doubtless helped to develop in the United States an industrial preparedness, without which the military effectiveness of America's later participation in the war would necessarily have been considerably delayed.

Early in the autumn of 1914 Davison had raised, with J. P. Morgan and his other partners, the question whether the firm should not endeavor to adopt some means that would serve alike the interests of our own country and of the Allies as well. He felt that someone should go to Europe to study the situation. So, as already related, Mr. Morgan asked Davison to go. It was on November 26, 1914, that he sailed.

Not long after his arrival in London, Davison was invited to discuss with the leading officials of the British government the whole question of their supply purchases in America. It had become evident to most of them that, unless the war had a speedy ending, it

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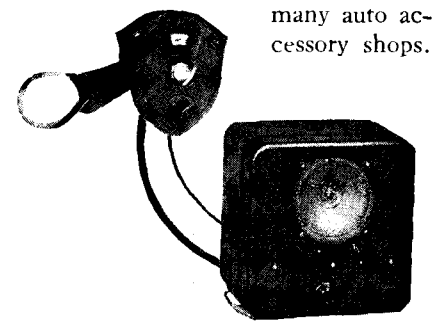
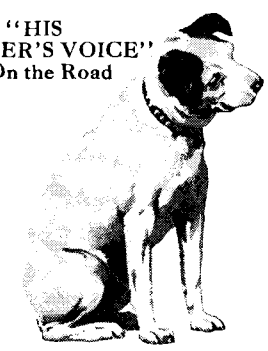


"HIS MASTER'S VOICE" —On the Road



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was inevitable that Britain and France would wish to purchase in the American markets the greater portion of their mounting requirements for wheat, oats, cotton, leather, meats, copper and other metals. One of the discussions took place at the Naval and Military Club, where Davison had been asked to have a general conversation with the Premier, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Montagu and two or three others. He recalled the occasion very vividly. It was the day the German cruisers, which shelled Scarborough and Whitby, had ventured from their haven. The Prime Minister was nervous and at the same time manifestly elated. In fact, he said frankly to Davison:

"Something very important is about to happen. Something," he added, "which may terminate the war. Indeed, the war is probably being won at this moment."

Underestimating the Cost

Then Mr. Asquith explained that word had just been received to the effect that the German fleet was leaving its shelter, and plans had been made to envelop it completely and overcome it. Those present seemed to share the Premier's confidence, and there was even some discussion as to what terms might be presented to Germany.

When a day or two later Davison went to talk with Lord Kitchener, the Secretary of State for War, the latter was far from a realization of the enormous amount of supplies which Britain would later be buying on the American markets. He expressed the opinion that they might aggregate as much as fifty million dollars. It is a matter of history that the actual payments made by the British Treasury in settlement of their accounts with American manufacturers and merchants exceeded that offhand estimate by billions of dollars.

On January 15th Davison called upon the Prime Minister, and received Mr. Asquith's hearty thanks for all that he had done in undertaking to coördinate the government's purchases in America. Mr. Lloyd George also voiced his hearty appreciation of his activities and sympathy. It so happened that the King's secretary, Lord Stamfordham, was waiting to see the Chancellor. Mr. Lloyd George, introducing him to Davison, explained that the latter was the American banker who had been helpful to the Allies. Davison's remark, that there were many more in the United States who would have been glad to do the same thing, interested Lord Stamfordham, who asked permission to repeat the statement to the King.

Lord Kitchener when he said goodby was in high spirits, asserting that he had great faith in the United States and that the Americans were "all right." Admitting that the war might be a long one, he had absolutely no doubt as to the final outcome. "We'll win," said he, and told Davison he might give that message to his friends in New York.

Eventually an arrangement for the co-handling of some of the French purchases in America was also made.

After the so-called export department of J. P. Morgan & Co. had been organized to handle the details of the tremendous task, Davison maintained, as did the other partners, a close contact with its operations as they were directed by Edward R. Stettinius—no less a genius in his line than Davison was in his particular province. Again and again Davison was called upon to lend his counsel, his personality, and his influence when some particularly formidable obstacle threatened to curtail the purchasing program of the Allies in America. In June, 1915, when Davison was again in London, he had a conversation with Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, in regard to the manner in which the purchasing plans were being carried out.

"You people," remarked the Minister, "have got to pay some attention to politics in your country. I hear reports that the British government is buying everything from Republicans. You must divide the business so that the Democrats get some of it."

Very carefully, Davison explained to the Minister that the firm's export department did not know a Democrat from a Republican. The executive head of it did recognize the desirability of making a geographical distribution, so as to stimulate industry as widely as possible throughout the country, and to avoid transportation and labor difficulties. But as for making political distinctions the agents would have to be excused.

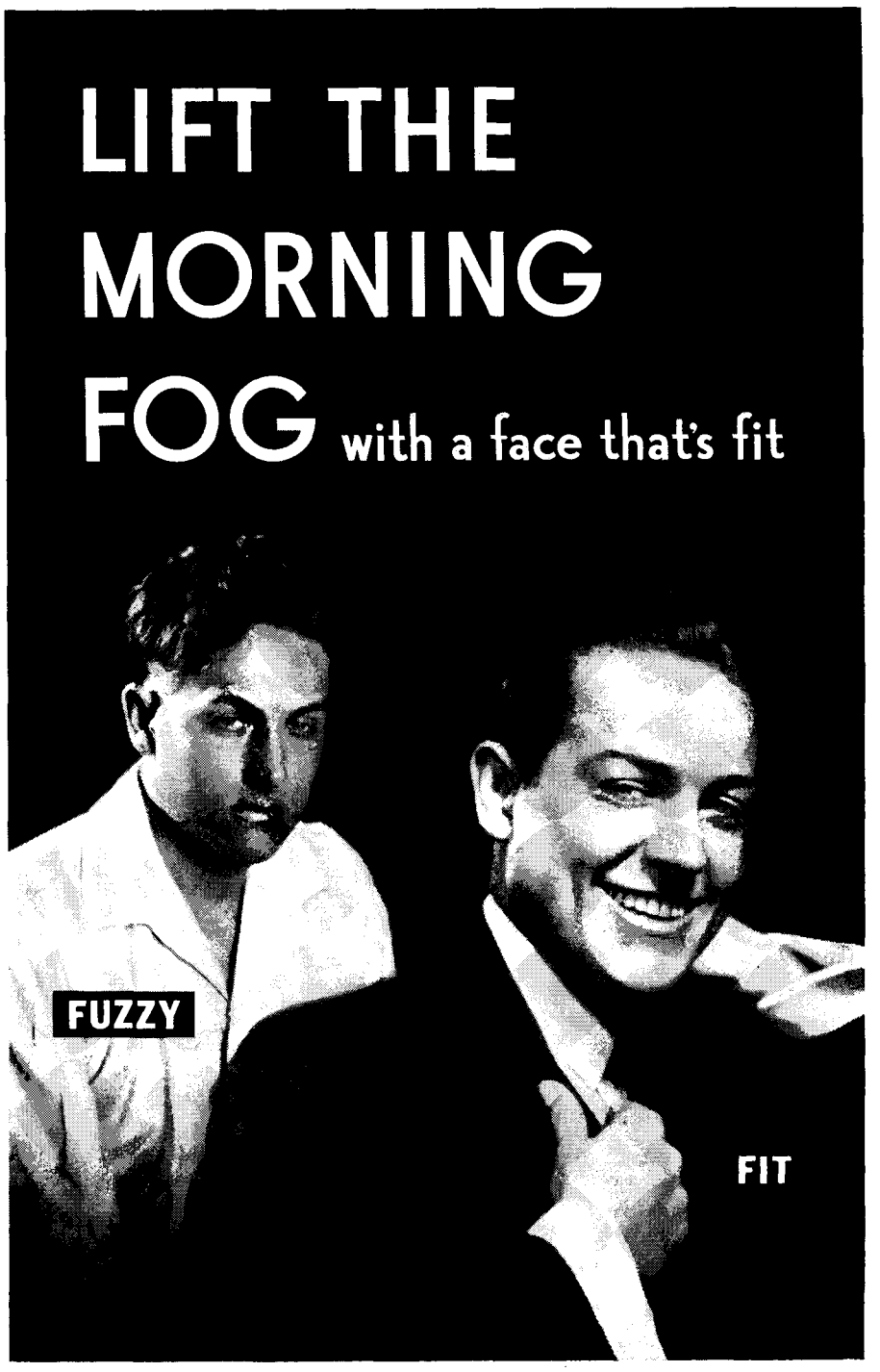
In the early summer of 1915, D. A. Thomas, later Lord Rhondda, sailed for the United States as a representative of Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions. Davison was well impressed with the Welsh coal magnate's plain-spoken ways. Mr. Thomas explained that they had been hearing all sorts of complaints, which were difficult to answer in Parliament, to the effect that the British government's representatives were not accessible to various people having supplies to offer; he was going to the United States to look into the whole matter and thoroughly investigate any complaints which he might receive. Davison assured him that the more he went "to the mat," the greater the service he would render to his principals and also to J. P. Morgan & Co.

Upon his return to the United States, Davison invited Mr. Thomas to come downtown and take part in the final discussions and negotiations as to some highly important Russian artillery ammunition purchases, sponsored and guaranteed by the British. It was explained to Mr. Thomas that there were representatives of seven different American companies in different rooms of the building, and that they would be interviewed in succession. After Mr. Thomas had been kept "on the job" all day, he showed a desire about dinnertime to get away. To this Davison demurred. He pointed out that it was "the firm's party" and that, as Mr. Thomas had been invited, it would not do for him to leave before the party was over. When he finally left the Morgan offices he was greatly impressed, as Davison had frankly desired he should be, by the unusual size of the transactions and the very considerable economies made for the British government. Mr. Thomas declared himself enthusiastic over the day's labor.

Lord Rhondda's Lost Papers

Other anecdotes were related by Davison about Mr. Thomas. When he first arrived he asked to be supplied regularly with copies of current memoranda bearing upon British purchases. The arrangement was hardly well started before one day his secretary in great distress called on the telephone from the Plaza Hotel where Mr. Thomas was staying. A sudden gust of wind had blown one particularly important memorandum, sent up to the hotel, out of the window, and it had disappeared completely. The British officials felt it was vital that the memorandum, written on three sheets of onionskin paper pinned together, should not get into German hands. In vain was a thorough search made throughout the whole neighborhood. In the late afternoon, however, came a heavy rain, and that was the end of the three sheets of onionskin paper. They were, of

(Continued on page 52)



You can't frown off that fuzzy, foggy A. M. feel. But watch it fade at the first pleasant touch of Williams lather. Mild, moist lather. It softens your beard, and keeps it soft . . . makes the going easy for your razor. Just rub your hand slowly around the smooth, comfortable face your blade leaves behind. Never any taut, dry after-feel with Williams. It's blandly neutral. It cleanses, unclogs the pores. You can feel your skin coming to life. Your face is clear and clean and fit. Looks it. Feels it.

That's the kind of shave that puts you on the sunny side of the morning in a hurry. Try it tomorrow morning.

Just say "Williams" anywhere shaving cream is sold.

*AQUA VELVA for after shaving. Tingling, wake-up tonic that keeps your face as fresh and fit all day as Williams lather leaves it. Try it.

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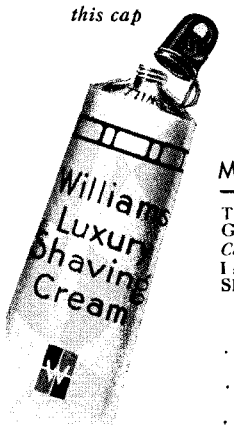

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Send check or money order for $2.75 (25c covers packing, postage, insurance)—or pay postman upon arrival. REFERENCES: Dun or Bradstreets or any bank in U. S. or Cuba.

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CONOCO

CONOCO TRAVEL BUREAU

(Continued from page 51)

course, never found, and undoubtedly had disintegrated completely in the downpour. To reassure Mr. Thomas, three sheets of onionskin paper, similarly put together, were trailed through the water in his bathtub. Their speedy disintegration made Mr. Thomas feel better. The whole incident sounded as if it might have been taken from an Oppenheim novel.

After Mr. Thomas had been in the United States a few weeks, he came downtown and with considerable heat announced that he was "through investigating." He said that he had had enough of such work, and he declared that the services of the firm were of such a character as to make any real criticism of its activities baseless. He had had long lines of people forming at his door, each professing to have some cause of complaint or grievance. After careful investigation, he had nowhere found the slightest basis for complaint.

One has some hesitation in chronicling these civil comments, proffered by the British authorities, upon the painstaking work of the firm's export department. But I have let some of them stand, because they are almost all quoted directly from Davison himself. It was a real satisfaction to him and his associates to have the British and French authorities become convinced—and so express themselves—that the firm, with all its natural desire to favor American trade, had rendered a just and effective stewardship to the Allies in the matter of purchases.

Upon the entrance of the United States into the war, in April, 1917, and the creation of Federal buying agencies, the firm withdrew from the purchasing field. In fact, J. P. Morgan & Co. insisted that the relationship should be entirely changed and that the British should effect new arrangements in cooperation with, and satisfactory to, the American government. Thus the actual purchasing was passed over to strictly British and French organizations, in the initial development of which the firm was able, through its long experience, to render considerable service.

During this two-year period, roughly from the spring of 1915 to the spring of 1917, almost every department of American industry and commerce was stimulated by the business proffered by the Allied governments. The supplies which were bought had to do directly or indirectly with the waging of the war, but they covered the widest possible range—all the way from hobnails to locomotives, and including such diverse commodities as clinical thermometers, steel box cars, liquid chlorine, cretonne, corned beef, barbed wire, and gasoline.

Of raw materials required to manufacture ammunition, shell steel, cotton linters, copper, spelter, and aluminum were bought in large quantities.

In connection with the purchases one heard occasional suggestions to the effect that, with its many reported industrial connections, the Morgan firm in all probability was considerably interested in the companies which were contracting to furnish supplies to the Allied governments. On the contrary, the firm's total interests of this nature were almost nothing. As a matter of sound practice, the firm from the start adopted the plan of informing the two governments as to what interest, if any, the firm or any of its partners had in any concern receiving a contract. The final record as to the British contracts showed that, of the hundreds of different concerns dealt with, there were only eleven in which the Morgan partners held any interest; and the largest interest they held in any one of those eleven did not exceed three per cent of the shares. In the case of the French, the percentage was even more trifling.

In recalling the general scope of the Allies' purchases in the United States, one comes to realize afresh the reason why, during the span of years mentioned, American industry received such an extraordinary stimulus. In fact, one begins to understand the almost complete reorganization of industry here, which this huge, insistent and continuous demand from the Allied governments served so largely to bring about. Whatever the extent of the slump which American business has suffered in recent years, no one can question the fact that our great material prosperity in the post-war years was in appreciable measure founded upon that solid basis of manufacture and commerce which the war demands of the Allies—guided and quickened by expert counsel

"He's tryin' to think! Says it gave some guy named Isaac Newton ideas" *Frank Owen*

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No more reaching — just open the door and THERE it is!

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—Use our Whyte-Fox Hair Oil Dressing—a modern creation, not greasy, gummy or sticky.

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Ingrown Nail *Turns Outward* —NO PAIN

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and coöperation—served to establish. Certainly, Davison's almost prophetic vision of the early days of the war had been more than fulfilled.

This part of my narrative, describing the purchasing of American supplies for the Allies, would be wholly incomplete without a further word upon the work of Edward R. Stettinius, the skillful and devoted head of this activity. Throughout all his complex and varied work, Davison was the partner that kept closest in touch with Stettinius, and the two men came to have the greatest admiration and affection for each other.

From late 1914 until some months after America entered the war (when he accepted appointment in the War Department, first as Surveyor General of Supplies and then as Second Assistant Secretary of War), Stettinius gave himself over more completely and devotedly to the work than any of us who had seen hard workers before could have imagined. The wide range of his activities never failed to astonish us all. His uncanny foresight was marvelous.

What Stettinius Accomplished

Thus it came about that, when the demands from the British and French governments became so all-embracing and so insistent as to exhaust the facilities of existing manufacturing organizations in America, in the line of military supplies, Stettinius set about developing new sources. The consequence was that before a year was over Stettinius had immeasurably broadened the field of production for Allied needs and had brought into active functioning many of the best known manufacturing plants of the country.

And the American public generally had reason to be grateful to Stettinius for the foresight which had thus created new manufacturing facilities on a large scale. The point was that, even though the United States, when it entered the conflict in April, 1917, was largely unprepared, yet in that one particular, of having ready-made organizations for the furnishing of military supplies, the country found itself well equipped. Somewhere, somehow, sometime, there should be set down the record showing how this twenty-hour-a-day worker, this great specialist in American production, helped to "prepare" this country for such mechanical effort and effectiveness as it was later able to show; without which all the cohorts of the American Expeditionary Force would have been comparatively helpless on the battlefields of France.

It was almost a romantic story—that of the Allied purchases in America: how from small beginnings they grew in an orderly way to the great totals that manifestly spelled such high degree of prosperity for American agriculture and industry, and that brought increased wages to the workingman; how the favorable effect of these purchases of all sorts of farm products and of manufactures spread and reached even the remote corners of the country. It is all a story that Stettinius could have told from start to finish—in a way to thrill any American interested in the economic and material development of his country in those early war years. But Edward Stettinius' voice is stilled forever.

One morning late in December, 1915, Davison and I were on our way to call on Mr. Morgan at his town house. Prior to this time neither of us had discussed at length with each other the relations of Stettinius to the Morgan firm. But on that morning Davison said to me suddenly: "Are you ready to join with me in recommending Ed for membership in the firm?" "I am," I responded. But when we took the matter up with Mr. Morgan, we found that he already had the same plan in mind. Thus it was that Stettinius came to enter the Morgan firm, of which he was a valued member up to the time of his death in 1925.

(To be concluded next week)

The Old Doll's House

Continued from page 9

"A large clock," she says. "A grandfather's clock."

"Do you happen to notice," Judge Goldstein says, "and do you now recall the hour indicated by this clock when the defendant leaves your home?"

"Yes," Miss Abigail Ardsley says, "I do happen to notice. It is just twelve o'clock by my clock," she says. "Exactly twelve o'clock," she says.

Well, this statement creates a large sensation in the courtroom, because if it is twelve o'clock when Lance McGowan leaves Miss Abigail Ardsley's house in West Fifty-fourth Street, anybody can see that there is no way he can be in Good Time Charley's little speak over five blocks away at the same minute unless he is a magician, and the judge begins peeking over his specs at the coppers in the courtroom very severe, and the cops begin scowling at the stool pigeons, and I am willing to lay plenty of 6 to 5 that the stools will wish they are never born before they hear the last of this matter from the gendarmes.

Furthermore, the guys from the D. A.'s office who are handling the prosecution are looking much embarrassed, and the jurors are muttering to each other, and right away Judge Goldstein says he moves that the case against his client be dismissed, and the judge says he is in favor of the motion, and he also says he thinks it is high time the gendarmes in this town learn to be a little careful who they are arresting for murder, and the guys from the D. A.'s office do not seem to be able to think of anything whatever to say.

So there is Lance as free as anybody, and as he starts to leave the courtroom he stops by Miss Abigail Ardsley, who is still sitting in the witness chair surrounded by her mouthpieces, and he shakes her hand and thanks her, and while I do not hear it myself, somebody tells me afterwards that Miss Abigail Ardsley says to Lance in a low voice, like this:

"I will be expecting you again some night, young man," she says.

"Some night, Sweetheart," Lance says, "at twelve o'clock."

AND then he goes on about his business, and Miss Abigail Ardsley goes on about hers, and everybody says it is certainly a wonderful thing that a doll as rich as Miss Abigail Ardsley comes forward in the interests of justice to save a guy like Lance McGowan from a wrong rap.

But of course it is just as well for Lance that Miss Abigail Ardsley does not explain to the court that when she recovers from the shock of the finding of her ever-loving young guy frozen to death, she stops all the clocks in her house at the hour she sees him last, so for forty-five years it is always twelve o'clock in her house.

THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY ARE THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, while running a natural gas station in a small Pennsylvania village, C. E. Frazier decided the era of the internal combustion engine was in its infancy and marvelous development was a certainty. The desire to go forward with it became a determination—a fixed idea overshadowing every other ambition.

He mixed an idea and midnight oil

Today, as a result of that idea and the sacrifices made for its realization, Mr. Frazier is president of Simplex Engineering Company, located at Washington, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh. This company, organized by him and world-wide in its operations, builds glass plants, coal handling equipment, power and batch plants, glass house machinery and glass melting furnaces, muffled annealing lehrs, steel buildings, metallurgical furnaces and complete factories. Simplex has over 1000 trained representatives in the United States, South America and Europe.

When he reached that conclusion back in 1898, Mr. Frazier checked opposite "Gas Engineering" on a coupon and mailed it to the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton. He completed the course after three years of study, then enrolled for "Steam Engineering."

He says: *"I know that I. C. S., honestly employed, will help. I learned it while using gallons of coal oil in an old wick-burner studying the subjects I was determined to master. ... Neither I. C. S. nor any college can put brains in a man's head. But if a man has brains and will employ them in hard study, he will be helped either by I. C. S. or college, as the case may be.* ***For the average high-school graduate who is prevented by economic conditions from going to college, I. C. S. will help him win his goal if he will work at it."***

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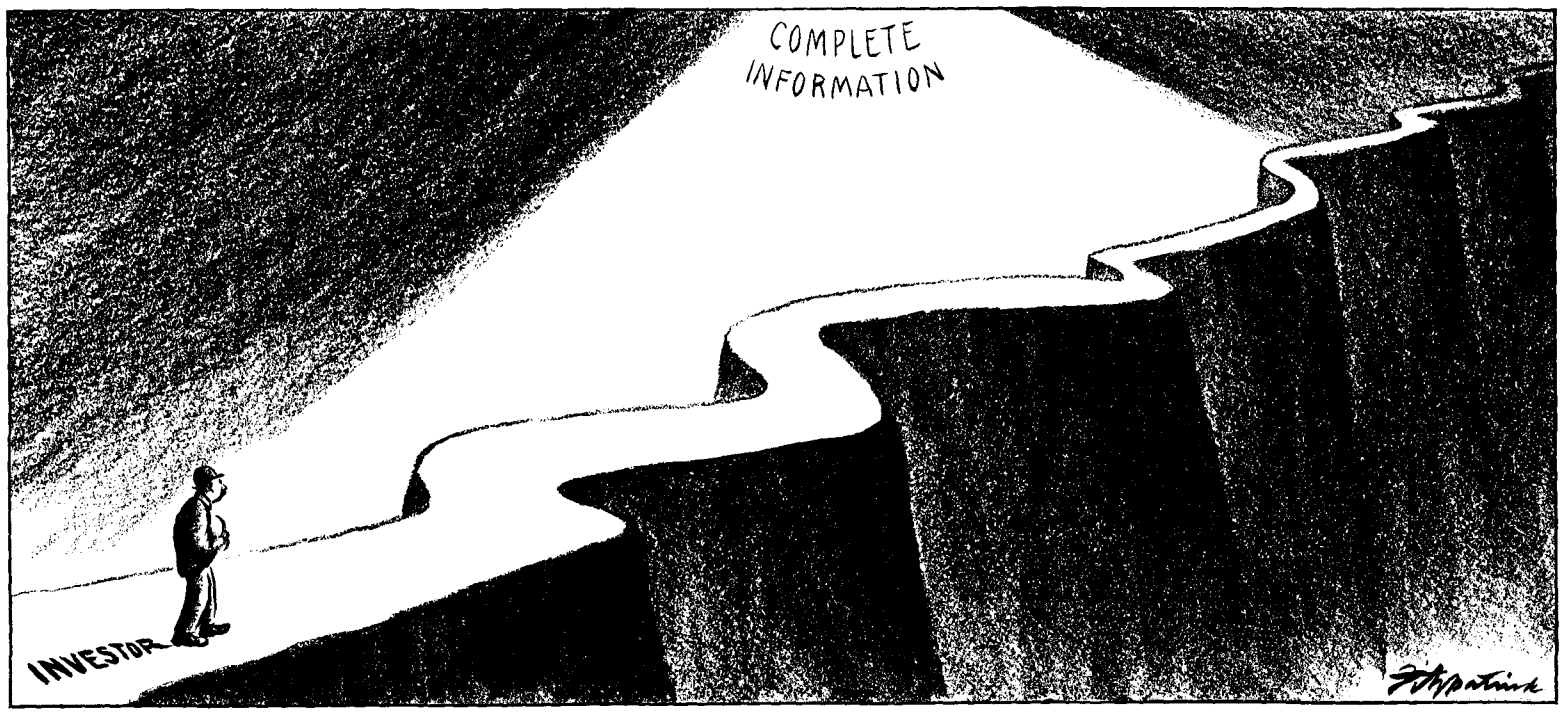

Let the Seller Beware

WHEN President Roosevelt was explaining to newspaper correspondents his securities bill he summed up his purpose in two Latin words, *caveat venditor*, meaning, let the seller beware. This is the exact opposite of the familiar rule of trade, *caveat emptor*, or let the buyer beware. The change is important, far-reaching and in the spirit of the times.

The new rule, let the seller beware, is intended to apply primarily to the sales of securities. Billions of dollars have been lost by investors during recent years and public opinion is profoundly and justly stirred. It is the duty of the government to do all that is possible to end this huge waste and to protect the thrifty in their savings.

The type of operation revealed in the Insull disaster must be definitely outlawed. Good morals, sound public policy and the very health of business itself unite in demanding that promoters and security houses be not allowed to prey upon the investing public as they did until recently.

We have been backward in our laws regulating the sales of securities just as we were in our banking laws. Up until now we have tolerated practices which years ago were made illegal and criminal in England, France and other countries. We feared to interfere with business. We have got over that.

The truth is that even an intelligent and energetic investor had great difficulty in getting disinterested and informed advice concerning the protection of his savings. The more cautious consulted their banks and that did not always help. In the smaller communities too many bankers were uninformed concerning the securities they recommended. In the larger cities some bankers were so much involved as merchants in selling stocks or bonds that they were incapable of giving disinterested advice.

The measures designed to divorce the so-called "security affiliates" from the banks will cure a part of this evil.

Not less important are the Federal measures, and the suggested state laws, requiring frank, full and honest statements about securities offered for sale.

We can assume that the laws will be stricter and more vigorously enforced from now on. The seller will be liable both for what he says and for what he craftily refrains from saying.

Not all of our losses, however, are due to fraud. Ignorance, and ignorance on the part of those who should have been informed, has also been tremendously costly.

Take the matter of private American investments abroad. At the last accounting Americans had more than fifteen billion dollars invested in foreign countries. Much of this was sound; too much was doomed.

The point is, however, that even honest bankers knew very little about the enterprises in which they invested other people's money. The directors who represented the investors of $150,000,000 of American money in Ivar Kreuger's International Match Corporation not only were ignorant of the division of profits among the Kreuger corporations, they did not know what the profits were.

Millions, we now realize, were loaned to businesses which can never repay the money borrowed. Railroads which can never be profitable were built in South America with the proceeds of foreign loans. Money was foolishly given to sustain governments which the most casual political observer could perceive were destined to fall.

Of course there were prudent lenders and careful bankers but the imprudent and the careless were free to do as they chose.

Before we resume foreign lending, as in time we shall, some agency should be set up to pass on the soundness of loans which are subsequently to be sold to American investors. This agency may, as has been suggested, be operated through the Federal Reserve System and the central banks of other nations. Whatever the method, our government should require the banker and the borrower to supply all the information necessary to judge the soundness of the proposed transaction.

Similarly, before bonds are issued in this country information should be presented to some public agency capable of passing judgment.

We need not fear this extension of governmental authority. We have the right to ask that the same kind of intelligent supervision now governing the distribution of foods and drugs be extended to securities. After all this is done for us we shall have plenty to do for ourselves. For at best a government can only require the observance of minimum standards.

Many will still speculate and gamble on long chances. Speculation cannot be prevented and ought not to be prevented. The discovery of America was a result of a gamble, not very profitable to the man who was principally responsible for the discovery.

But, and this is the gist of the matter, we have the right to know when we are investing and when we are gambling. If we bet on a horse race, we know that is gambling and many enjoy the risk. When we buy a real estate bond or a foreign security, we ought to be told just what our prudent expectations may be.

Under the new code this information will be ours for the asking. If we disregard it and decide to take the risks, we can do it with better grace. For we know, if we know anything, that no government can save us from ourselves.

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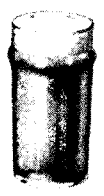

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ILLUSION:

In India, the fakirs present a spectacle to tourists. Two lovely performers appear, throw jagged pieces of glass into a box already filled with broken glass. They step *barefooted* into the box and do an Oriental dance. Their feet are miraculously uninjured.

EXPLANATION:

Before appearing the performers toughen their feet in a strong solution of alum water and thoroughly rub them with pulverized resin. They throw the freshly broken glass around the *edges* of the platform. The glass on which they actually do dance has the sharp edges rounded off. The girls just *pretend* to dance on the *sharp* glass.

SOURCE: *"Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions" by Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co., New York.*

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One of the tricks of cigarette advertising is to pretend that "Heat Treatment" is an exclusive process, making one cigarette better than any other.

EXPLANATION: *All* cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette ever made, and every one of the billions of Camels produced since, has received the necessary heat treatment.

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